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## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

THE principal changes which this new edition has made possible are in *The Women of Troy* and *The Bacchae*, where I have entirely re-written the dialogue in 'verse', using the relaxed six-beat line which I have used in the volumes called *Medea* and *Orestes*. My hope is that the change from prose has led to greater economy and tautness of expression. In *Ion* and *Helen*, however, which are comedies, prose remains, as probably the most flexible medium for pure entertainment. The lyrics in all four plays I have left almost untouched. The Introduction badly needed revision, and about half of it has been re-written; the Notes too have been considerably altered.

P. H. V.





## INTRODUCTION

EURIPIDES was born in Athens probably a few years before the decisive battles of Salamis and Plataea (480 and 479 B.C.) which, by putting an end to the menace of invasion from Persia, inaugurated for many of the Greek states, and particularly for Athens, that astonishing period of political activity, artistic creation, and intellectual brilliance, which we refer to as 'fifth-century Hellas'. During the first fifty years of Euripides' life Athens won for herself the position which Pericles described as that of 'the school of Hellas'. (For those to whom fifth-century Hellas is an unknown or shadowy world, the most direct way of beginning to discover it, and to see what that phrase of Pericles meant, is to read the passage where it occurs – Thucydides, Book II, chapters 34 to 46, and allow the rest of that work to exert its alluring power without resistance.\*) We have one play, *Alcestis*, written by Euripides in his forties; another, *Rhesus*, also from that decade, is of doubtful authorship. His first surviving tragedy, *Medea*, appeared when he was just over fifty, in 431 B.C.; his last, *The Bacchae*, was written after he had retired, in 407, to voluntary exile in Macedon, and was produced in Athens some time after his death in 406. The year 431 also saw the beginning of the war between Athens and Sparta known as the Peloponnesian War; and the other fifteen plays of Euripides which remain to us were all produced under the deepening shadow of this desperate struggle, which ended in 404 with the total defeat and humiliation of Athens.

The performance of a tragedy on a Greek stage was an *agon*,

\* Thucydides, *History of the Peloponnesian War*, translated by Rex Warner, Penguin Classics.

a struggle or issue. In Euripides' day it reflected, more than ever before, the experience of an agonizing audience; a nation of people tied by training and sentiment to a set of values, assumptions, and ideals which the facts of war-time living seemed to make irrelevant; a nation whose more thoughtful citizens were convinced that man is his own moral measure, yet bewildered by the conclusions to which this conviction led. An Athenian dramatist was expected to be the teacher of the citizens, to have a message. It was his duty equally to entertain the masses and to provide men of his own mental calibre with food for thought. To write about Euripides' message is hazardous; there is so much that even the most learned do not know about life in those times; and the few who understood Euripides in his own day failed to transmit their understanding to subsequent generations, so that even Aristotle, a century later, sometimes appears obtuse. The effort, however, is worth making. One experience which we have in common with that world is the suffering and the guilt of war. In this volume, *The Women of Troy* is entirely about war, and *Helen* has much to say on the subject; while *The Bacchae* was written between *Orestes* and *Iphigenia in Aulis*,\* two plays obsessed with the war-mentality, and is conspicuously an *agon*, and an essay on the psychology of violence. Another experience uniting us with Euripides' audience is the progressive loss of faith in any agency external to man himself which man might look to, either for aid in confronting the dangers of life, or for guidance in solving moral problems. The modern world has derived its traditional code of behaviour even more specifically from divine injunction than did ancient Greece; and today's irrational search for credible sources of guidance suggests parallels with that addiction to imported religions which made *The Bacchae* a topical piece. In fact, we today may well be in a better position to read and properly value Euripides' plays than any

\* Both are included in *Orestes and Other Plays*, Penguin Classics.

other generation in recent centuries. The reader who comes fresh to these plays ought not to feel that he treads by sufferance on ground already surveyed, mined, and recorded; but rather that he is entering a world whose mysteries are infinite because they are the simple ones of common human experience.\*

alist. In fact, theology is not the issue in this play; the entertainment is a melodrama, and the interest a conflict not of ideas but of two persons who are among the most lively characters in Euripides' work. At the same time there is also an element of theological interest, because the play allows of two alternative interpretations, suited to different sections of the audience. Those who are like Creusa can assume that Ion is in fact Creusa's son by Apollo, and that he was miraculously conveyed to Delphi by Hermes. Those who are like Ion can, with Xuthus as their ally, reject the supernatural, and recognize sinister undertones in the superficially happy ending.

One of the high points of interest in this play is that it shows a distinct development of its chief character in the course of the action – a feature which in many Greek plays is precluded by the convention of building a whole play round a single central event. Ion first appears as boyish, humbly pious, content and kind-hearted. His sympathy quickly responds to Creusa's sad tale; his piety equally quickly perceives the impossibility of pressing Apollo for an answer he did not want to give. In his soliloquy after Creusa and Xuthus have gone out, he shows that he has always accepted as pleasant myths the promiscuous loves of the gods; but that it is a severe shock to meet for the first time the personal story of a human victim, for whom the consequences have proved less pleasant. He concludes that 'the gods are to be blamed' for their behaviour. He has begun the process of growing up, of reconciling religious faith with the facts of human life. By the time of Euripides it was for educated Athenians no longer a question of believing or disbelieving in myths or miracles; that question the Athenian intellect could settle for itself. But the uneasiness of superstition survives the victory of intellect – Thucydides provides examples. And further, the intellect which rejected supernatural interference in mundane matters could, in both personal and political complications, use a hard-dying superstition for disingenuous ends; precisely as

Creusa, with belief and determination nicely mixed, offers Ion pious but quibbling explanations which he cannot for a moment accept. Against this corruption the only defence is individual integrity; and it is this integrity which Ion shows from the outset, by which he claims the alliance of the intelligent in the audience, and dominates the play.

Several remarks of Ion show how integrity and intelligence combine in his search for the truth. His immediate reaction to the story of Apollo's rape is, 'Nonsense! Of course it was a man.' When he sums up the discussion he says, 'If it were proved that Apollo had behaved so badly . . .' – in no way committing himself to believe Creusa's story. Yet he is shaken. His soliloquy is a genuine soliloquy, arising spontaneously from the situation he has just been faced with. It is entirely in character that he puts into plain words the dilemma inevitably produced by the mistaken assumption that gods are a source of moral guidance, and naïvely concludes, 'I must remonstrate with Apollo.'

Next comes his interview with Xuthus. He does not take to Xuthus, whose brusque tone has already suggested what his later behaviour confirms, that he is a hard-boiled egoist. However, Ion's rationalist instinct receives encouragement from Xuthus' blunt statement that 'the earth does not bear children'; which reminds us that in a few minutes we shall be confronted again with a woman who really believes that her grandfather was born in that picturesque manner. This comedy scene is richly entertaining; and the rest of what passes between Xuthus and Ion makes it clear that, whether Ion is Xuthus' son or not, he is almost certainly the son of some visitor to the Bacchic mysteries. Indeed we surmise that there must have been an annual crop of chance babies, most of them reared at home by their young mothers. Naturally Ion is not enthusiastic over the discovery; but when Xuthus overrides his objection, he suddenly resolves to cooperate with Fate, accept his father's will, and change Delphi for



alone. He will go – not because he must, but because he has no wish to stay.

An interesting point of criticism concerns the last few exchanges before the Chorus-Leader's closing lines. Scholars have disagreed over the ascription of the lines, since the MSS leave room for question. Interpretation partly depends on the untranslatable word *axios*, usually rendered 'worthy'. In the first edition I translated it 'just and honourable', and assumed that Creusa was thinking of the son she had gained. But the preceding line, 'Sit upon your ancient throne', must be addressed by Athene to Ion; and I now think that the words 'That possession is for me a worthy one' are Ion's reply. If so, it is a formal and meaningless remark and is intended as such. Ion's previous statement, 'Even before you came, that was not incredible', was equally ironical (it must surely imply 'Not incredible to Creusa'; since in the course of the play he has twice tried to persuade Creusa not to believe that her son's father was Apollo); and the result is to show him leaving Delphi for his dubious destiny still alone in his integrity, unable to speak a plain word because he knows that truth is of no concern either to Creusa or to Athene.





summer of the war, when the country population was crowded between the Long Walls that ran from the city to Peiraeus – a space of three and a half miles by three hundred yards – plague had ravaged Athens, causing frightful suffering. During these sixteen years success by land and sea had varied. The Dionysiac festival at which this play was produced took place only a month or two before the largest expedition ever equipped by a Greek state sailed from Peiraeus for Sicily, to win the alliance of the Sicilian states. Clearly by this time feeling in Athens for or against continuing the war was intense. For there was, and continued to be until the very end, a Peace Party; and Athens insisted on hearing their views, just as Hecabe insists that Menelaus shall hear Helen. Clearly, also, the fortunes of the Peace Party were lowest when hopes of the Sicilian expedition were so high. But the morale of the citizens on the launching of this vast enterprise was impaired by a sense of guilt at their action the previous year in the matter of the island of Melos. The Melians, having a tradition of friendship with Sparta, refused the Athenian demand for a contribution of men or money for the war, and asked to be allowed to remain neutral. The Athenians rejected this reasonable plea. They attacked Melos and ultimately captured it; they then put to death all the male inhabitants, sold the women and children as slaves, and colonized the place with some of their own citizens. In the Athenian Assembly there had been bitter controversy over a method of warfare regarded by many as needlessly rigorous even in the case of a barbarian enemy, and outrageous when practised against fellow Greeks. There can be no doubt that Euripides meant in *The Women of Troy* to give his fellow citizens a picture of what they had done to Melos, as well as a warning (in the mouth of Cassandra) of the folly of far-flung aggression. So topical a performance would certainly hold attention without the help of a plot; and the author evidently felt free to develop a reflective theme unencumbered by suspense or surprise.



who made the war – and a Spartan – has she no curse, but only praise of Zeus? Finally, into a sordid half-light which has accustomed the eye to greyness bursts, in all the radiance of her divine beauty, Helen.

Euripides' treatment of the figure of Helen is a fascinating study for which there is little room here. Certainly the words he gives her in this scene are puzzling enough at a first reading; more insight is likely to result from trying to see what lies under the irony, than from uncritical acceptance of the superficial meaning. In the first place, it should be remembered that this play was the third of a trilogy in which the first was *Alexander* (the other name of Paris); and it is at least possible that the part of Helen's speech which refers to the Judgement of Paris assumes a knowledge of what happened in the earlier play, and of the character of Paris there shown. The lines are extremely condensed, even to obscurity, and this points to the same conclusion. Suppose, for example, that Euripides presented Paris, not as the rather flat and colourless lover described in the *Iliad*, but as a natural genius who, conscious of his capacity to attain the summits of glory in the arts of government or war (the prizes offered by Hera and Athene), had deliberately set them aside and chosen instead the pursuit of beauty (and what symbol of eternal beauty should Greek folklore find, if not the face and form of a living woman?) – if, when the third play began, Paris was established in the minds of the audience as a real man with qualities on the heroic scale, the first half of Helen's speech would take on a clearer meaning. Let us now look at it in more detail.

'It was all Hecabe's fault, and Priam's, for not killing Paris at birth.' Thus begins the central speech in the central scene in the play. Such an opening is either infantile, or pregnant; it is spoken either out of vulgar ignorance, or like a daughter of Zeus. If the latter, the speech could mean something like this:

'You are trying to fix the blame for all this suffering – on



that is so, then not only is the play weak at the very point where we should expect it to be strong, but we find here the sole instance where Euripides portrays a contemptible woman. The common view of Helen in *Orestes* merely reflects the common interpretation of this scene in *The Women of Troy*. Even Alcmena (in *Children of Heracles*) is too formidable, even Hermione (in *Andromache*) too miserable, to be an object of contempt. Euripides presents men who are contemptible; not women. He regularly shows the weakness of heroic figures traditionally honoured; but women traditionally execrated for their crimes – Clytemnestra, Medea, Phaedra – are treated by him with neither extenuation nor malice, but with sympathetic impartiality. The onus of proof is with those who assert that he treated Helen otherwise. Greek society, in which for centuries men claimed power and privilege, while women had what men allowed them, used the name of Helen as a proverbial stigma. To deny this fact in a tragic play was impossible (what he did with it in *Helen* we shall consider presently). To question its justice with veiled irony is what we should expect Euripides to do.

We must now look at Hecabe's part in this scene. She has greeted Menelaus' arrival and his announcement of his intentions with a fervent thanksgiving. The man who more than any other made the war and destroyed her city, she welcomes as an ally. She begs the privilege of helping Menelaus to pass a just judgement on his wife. When Helen has finished speaking, the Chorus show that they are of one mind with Hecabe; they share in the fantastic change that has come over their queen with the appearance of Helen. 'There is something sinister here,' they say; but the most sinister thing is the united venom with which all the women present close ranks and face the woman they hate.

Hecabe begins her reply. It is absurd to suggest, she says, that Hera would be ready to bargain away her own city of Argos for the sake of a beauty-prize. Unfortunately, however, this



fully in the play called by her name. The still deeper truth is, that sublimity seems to us most vivid when exhibited as the achievement of an imperfect character; and that the pathos of the gall of hate poured from so noble a vessel is more effective than any other kind of pathos could be, in establishing the humanity, the naturalness, the inevitability, of those complexes of human suffering which Helen was trying to describe in her speech. Hecabe's burst of viciousness cancels the unreal pattern of black and white, villain and victim, and shows instead the balanced group of imperfect individuals, caught together in the noose of a relentless Fate, which is Euripides' habitual way of exhibiting the human tragedy.

The summing-up of the debate is again ironical. Menelaus in two short sentences shows that he has not listened to a word spoken by Helen, and could not have understood it if he had. Helen's 'The gods are to blame, not I!' comprises in fact the philosophical truth of the matter. She will not admit guilt or remorse; but she will ask forgiveness – the constant and universal claim and duty of man; and the creed of Euripides. The Chorus beg Menelaus to be worthy of his family; and we think of Atreus and Thyestes and the murdered Iphigenia. Hecabe kneels to speak for the Greeks dead in battle and their children; and we reflect on this broad sympathy that springs from an intimate hatred. Most ironical of all, the braggart Menelaus leaves behind him the certainty that he will not have the strength to carry out his intended revenge; that he will be as good as his reputation, and live a woman's man.

Now the play is out of balance; for the moment it has no central figure. Once Helen has gone, Hecabe must be raised again to dominate as before by native moral strength. This is supremely achieved by the mourning over Astyanax. After that the crescendo never relaxes until, in gathering darkness deepened by Troy's last flames, the final overwhelming crash of Pergamus merges in the howl of the rising storm.



## III

It is possible to enjoy a work of art for the succession of moving or delightful moments it provides, together with a vague impression of design and a strong sense of atmosphere, without troubling to acquire that knowledge of detail, association, and source which was assumed by the author as necessary to its full comprehension; as, for example, many English readers have enjoyed and will continue to enjoy such works of art as *Gulliver's Travels* or *The Waste Land*. In this way a reader may find great enjoyment in *Helen*, while allowing numerous questions to remain unanswered. It is impossible to miss the attraction of Helen herself – her grace, wit, lightness of touch; for gravity to remain proof against the sublime absurdity of Menelaus, his courage and his loin-cloth; or for one's sense of theatre not to respond to the play's racy, confident invitation to suspend now disbelief, now belief, as each quick-moving development may require. It was written in a good humour which is infectious, and in a poetic mood which quickens both eye and heart.

But it is in fact a play full of puzzles. Its plot is largely modelled on that of *Iphigenia in Tauris*, with an opening taken from *Andromache*, a lyric strophe and an entrance from *Hippolytus*; there are also very many verbal echoes, mainly from *Iphigenia*. Every dramatist sometimes repeats himself; but not to this degree, except in deliberate parody. It seems likely that this play was first written for private performance on the occasion of the festival of the Thesmophoria, when rites attended only by women were performed in honour of Demeter the Great Mother and her daughter Persephone. As Euripides had been taxed with never showing any virtuous woman in his plays, such a festival, dedicated especially to women, would be a suitable occasion on which to present at last the perfect woman, and in doing this to concede so much





of the dead Proteus in terms which seem to anticipate the voice of Socrates in his last days, and which may well have referred to some person known and mourned by the play's first audience.

The next Ode, the 'Nightingale Ode' (corresponding to the 'Halcyon Ode' of *Iphigenia in Tauris*), contains a direct appeal to the makers of war to cease their competition in bloodshed; and to philosophers to turn their attention from academic speculation to the needs of mankind; and then enters the barbarian king, who, by being several degrees more comic than Thoas, maintains the essential difference between this play and its more serious model. From here to the end the action pursues its obvious course; with a last mention of Menelaus' rags, a barrage of double meanings, a 'suspense Ode', a Messenger's speech and closing theophany both modelled on those in *Iphigenia*, and the tail-piece familiar from *Alcestis* and found again in *The Bacchae*.

The play, then, is rightly known as a comedy and, as such, it adds something special to our knowledge of the poet. It was first publicly acted in 412 B.C., less than a year after news reached Athens of the catastrophic defeat of the Sicilian expedition; and, woven into the fabric of the comedy, are some of Euripides' most forthright criticisms of the war. The famous statement quoted by Helen in her prologue from the *Cypria*,\* that Zeus caused the Trojan War 'to ease the earth of her burden of men', might be acceptable to an audience who were thinking of the twelfth century B.C.; but its effect on Athenians in 412, when there can hardly have been a family that had not lost a man at Syracuse, is difficult to imagine. Just before Menelaus enters, comes the passage already referred to:

\* A post-Homeric epic poem surviving only in fragments. This statement is quoted also in *Electra* and in *Orestes*, in each case in the epilogue.

But listen! Loud and full  
 Through Hellas too the same river of weeping runs,  
 And hands are clasped over the stricken head,  
 And nerveless fingers clutch and pull  
 The unfeeling flesh till the nails are red.

And again in the first stasimon:

... ten thousand Hellenes dwell with death,  
 Leaving heart-broken wives to mourn shorn-headed  
 In empty chambers . . .

There are other passages equally poignant. But the poet's condemnation of the futile war which Athens repeatedly refused to end is most powerfully conveyed by his use of the contrived tale, invented by Stesichorus a few generations earlier, that Paris went off to Troy with a phantom Helen, while Helen herself spent seventeen years in Egypt. By accepting this tale as true, he shows the greatest war in ancient history as a disastrous error from beginning to end, all its crimes and agonies a purposeless performance, its heroes puppets, its achievement nothing. It was nineteen years since Athens first went to war with Sparta; if her motives were clear then, and her purpose intelligible, in 412 only a phantom was left, and reason and motive had yielded to helpless paranoia:

CHORUS: You are all mad, who seek warlike reputation in the clash of spear with spear . . . If a bloodthirsty struggle is to be the only solution, war will never leave the cities of men. (Lines 1151 ff.)

Euripides has made yet a further use of Stesichorus' rather naïve invention; though there is room here only to suggest it, since the evidence lies in all eight of the extant plays dealing with the Trojan War. The commonly accepted picture of Helen as a shallow, worthless creature, her name a term of abuse, her life the sole origin of a thousand crimes – this figure is a phantom; Helen herself – whatever her acts – was a different person in the poet's mind. Such an interpretation

cannot be established from this single play, nor can it be proved from the considerations noted above in connection with *The Women of Troy*. But when all the references to Helen in eight plays are contemplated together, the reader is faced with two alternative views: either Euripides did not know when he was being tedious, and had no firm standard as a dramatist, or he had, underlying this repetitiveness, an ironic intention and a positive meaning. But that is as far as the matter can be taken in this context.

## IV

*The Bacchae* was one of Euripides' last two plays (the other being *Iphigenia in Aulis*), written when, past seventy years of age, he had at last left behind the hectic, exhausted, war-obsessed city of Athens, and escaped from a quarter-century of siege into the mountain-freshness of Macedon. The emotional experience involved in this change is hard for us to imagine; the painful act itself may have followed some years of hesitation; there was no prospect of return. The stimulus of new air and scenery is felt at work in the vividness of many lines describing the power and mystery of mountain scenery. The theme of the play, the Dionysiac cult, is new for Euripides; but the material in which the theme is worked out, the nature of human character and its relation to natural environment—this has the familiar stamp; and it is almost certain that so intense and complete a work was the result not of a sudden new inspiration, but of many years of thought. The play grew out of the Athenian world, out of the despairing feeling of a disillusioned people, and was addressed to them as the last testament of a man who knew them and their needs better than any other man except Socrates. Much, though, of what I have to say in this section is owed directly to R. P. Winnington-Ingram's fascinating and comprehensive exposition of the play, *Euripides and Dionysus*, and to the



approval; and was thus quite unlike what 'worship' means in a Christian context. It was simply a recognition that they existed, that they were an integral and immutable part of human nature, of human society, of the natural world, or of the physical cosmos; and that as such they had an inherent rightness, and an unquestionable beauty (an exception was Ares, whom both gods and men were at liberty to abhor). *The Bacchae* is – among other things – a demonstration that the consequences of refusing 'worship' in this sense to Dionysus are disastrous, since such refusal is a denial of undeniable fact; it is a 'condemnation', if you will, of intolerance, violence, and cruelty, all of which are generated when humanity tries to deny either of the two sides of its nature. Thus there is no place for the view once held by a number of scholars, that the play was the poet's 'recantation' – that after a lifetime of intellectualism and disbelief Euripides repented and wrote this play to express and encourage reverence for the gods, by showing the fate of those who oppose them. The question of 'believing in' Dionysus was irrelevant.

By the time the cult of Dionysus made its first appearance in Greece – at what date is not known – the Olympian gods were already firmly enthroned. Dionysus, however, seems to have taken his place among them within a very short time; he was accepted as son of Zeus, and given a place alongside Apollo at Delphi. He was primarily a spirit of life, and of all that produces or liberates life; liberates it from pain or fatigue, from tedium or ugliness, from the bonds of responsibility, law, pity or affection. One of his most common and popular gifts was that of wine; but his exclusive association with wine was a later development. Music, dancing, and above all the excitement of group-emotion, of *trunking* in a company distinguished by dress, *costume*, and a *ritual*.

source of spiritual power and *eudaimonia*. But those who refuse the demand in themselves or refuse its satisfaction in others, transform their act into a power of disintegration and *destruction*.



sciousness of power residing in mass-surrender to the supernatural – these were all means by which this cult attracted not only the more excitable Oriental, but the Greek who for one reason or another found the demands and restrictions of civilized life profitless and irksome.

Indeed it seems possible that the first rise of such a movement, whenever it may have occurred, was an instinctive reaction of the healthy, freedom-loving mind and flesh of humanity against the curbs applied by the spread of civilized communities and law. Greek common-sense recognized the necessity of such reaction, and provided a safety-valve by sanctioning Dionysiac rites at certain periodic festivals. But at the end of the fifth century the problem was showing a new urgency. For three generations, ever since the repulse of Persian power, many Greek states had tried in varying degrees to order their public life according to reason; autocracy had given place to assembly, debate, and the vote. This change had been followed by a generation of war; it had led to a degree of organization which had taken from life much of its liberty and beauty and joy and given anxiety in return. The life of reason was proving a heavy strain. Dionysiac worship offered an escape from reason back to the simple joys of a mind and body surrendered to unity with Nature.

The characteristic Dionysiac experience is fully described in the Herdsman's speech on p. 215. It begins with a large band of worshippers enjoying a delightful picnic in the mountains, all cares and responsibilities of domestic and city life left behind; they sing and dance in a modest and orderly manner. But at the first shock or stimulus excitement leaps up; they begin running; they find themselves endowed with enormous physical strength, released from inhibitions and impelled towards violence; as oneness with Nature has been the object of their surrender, they merge themselves in the larger life of the animal creation and act towards other species as animals do – with murderous ferocity; they hunt goats and

cattle and tear them in pieces; the hunt may be followed by a feast of raw flesh. Then, the ecstatic impulse fulfilled, they relax, wash themselves, and become again quiet and orderly human beings. In their peaceful moments they suckle young animals; in their ferocity they tear them. This combination of opposites is an essential feature of Bacchic madness; and Agauë shows it in precisely this form, for she was Pentheus' mother. There seems also to have been a belief that the prey they pursued and caught embodied the god himself; so that it was the god who was eaten, and thus entered into all his worshippers. This is illustrated by Pentheus; for it is only when his own personality has abdicated, and the god has entered into him, that he becomes a ritual victim.

In other plays, such as *Hippolytus*, Euripides shows gods as representing certain given elements in the natural or the social world. Unless we wish to court disaster, we must come to terms with Aphrodite, Artemis, Hera, Poseidon; and the terms will be theirs, not ours. We cannot expect the universe to be on our side, or even to be impartial; moderation, humility, a readiness to endure, and, above all, human kindness – these are the keys to a tolerable life; and the amorality of divine omnipotence cannot impair the ultimate dignity of man. But the presentation of Dionysus in *The Bacchae* is different. He is not a formally personified background, but the character who dominates the action. Aphrodite and Artemis are powers whose service, while not perfect freedom, is at least compatible with moderation, and whose resentment is only aroused by outspoken contempt. Dionysus on the contrary is himself the embodiment of excess; and while in the play no conditional way of accepting his divinity is proposed as an alternative to Pentheus' insane attempt to expel him by force, it is made clear that the attempt to ignore or banish him will render his nature not merely amoral but bestial, and hostile to the highest human values which the slow progress of man has won to distinguish him from beasts.

In all mystery religions, with their secret rites and initiations, the central notion is that of manifesting the nature of the god to his worshippers. In the prologue Dionysus announces his intention of manifesting himself as a god to those who at first have rejected him. Throughout the action the verb 'to show', and its correlatives 'to recognize' and 'to understand', are constantly repeated. And two distinct processes are implied: first, the acknowledgement of Dionysus' existence as a divinity; and secondly the understanding of the potential nature of this divinity – of the lawless and pitiless cruelty latent in human nature, which may be liberated when man's 'rational' part labours to produce violence rather than gentleness, organizes war instead of peace. In the course of the manifestation the language of the play presents as it were a series of moral claims made by the new cult, and the different appearance of these claims when revealed in the actions of Bacchic worshippers.

It is as though the Dionysiac apostle said to the world of Euripides: 'Civilization is diseased; get away from civilization, and have a *sound mind*. Your search for cleverness is relative and conventional; discover your oneness with Nature, and possess absolute *wisdom*. Civilization is responsible for ugliness, anxiety, and malice; escape from it to *beauty, peace, and gentleness*. The civilized world is unjust; Nature is *just*. A city life is materialistic, inhuman; go to the mountains and discover that man is divine.' The play shows how each of these claims, if scorned or opposed with violence, develops its own perversion. Rigid resistance evokes a like response: soundness of mind is revealed as imperviousness to pity; wisdom as knowing how to take revenge; beauty as natural, i.e., fortuitous and amoral; gentleness and peace as liable without warning to give place to ferocious violence; justice as personal vindictiveness; divinity as being superhuman in power, sub-human in nature, showing that the *beast in man* is worse than bestial, that the horned god is no other than a fiend.

The difference which *The Bacchae* shows in the treatment of the divine character is accompanied by a difference in the treatment of the central human figure. Outwardly Pentheus is at once recognizable as the king who yields to the temptation of power, commits *hybris* against man and god, and is overtaken by catastrophe. In the traditional pattern an heroic character is betrayed by a weakness which the particular occasion renders fatal. But Pentheus on his first appearance has already lost what heroic quality he may have had; he is 'extremely agitated', and his rational control is imperilled. His strength appears as obstinacy, his courage as plain folly, while his indignation is suspect, being coloured by an interest in the practices he condemns. Once rational control has left him, this interest becomes the craving which leads him to his doom. And the Fate which pursues him differs from that of other tragic heroes in that the element of chance is missing; as Professor Winnington-Ingram points out in his book, the word for 'chance', so constant a refrain in other plays, does not occur in *The Bacchae*. Pentheus is limited man confronting an irresistible force; since he will not bend, he has no chance.

There are two words which indicate how and why Pentheus has lost his battle, his *agon*, before it begins. The first is the verb 'to hunt'; Pentheus intends to hunt the Maenads and catch them. The idea of the hunt has already been mentioned by the Chorus in their opening song; the imagery of the hunt, which is unbridled violence, runs right through the action, until Pentheus himself is hunted and torn to pieces. The other significant phrase is used by Pentheus near the end of his first scene; in fury at the caution and the rebukes of Teiresias, he gives orders that his place of prophecy shall be 'turned upside down'. This very phrase is used three times more in the course of the play (see *Euripides and Dionysos*, p. 55, note) to describe the indiscriminate destruction which is characteristic of the violent phase of Bacchic possession. So here in his first appearance Pentheus shows that when

opposed, his instinctive recourse is to the same kind of 'berserk' behaviour which he is proposing to check and punish. This is the one point in the play which shows the fatal operation of that 'chance' which may await every man as a final test; Pentheus' curse, like Hamlet's, is 'that ever he was born to set it right'. For Pentheus is a Dionysiac by nature. His half-consciousness of this, his fear of what he is, produces his crude puritanism. This weakness, hinted at in the first half of the play, comes suddenly into full view when Dionysus seizes upon it as the means by which he will finally subjugate Pentheus. 'Do you wish to see those women ...?' And Pentheus, already weakened, now collapses, and the god enters into him.

In this final state he achieves two stages of understanding of which he was incapable while still 'sane'. First, he perceives that Dionysus has horns like a bull – the horns which were mentioned in the opening song of the Chorus. That is to say, he perceives that Dionysus stands for man's whole 'animal nature' – its splendour, strength, freedom and truth, and equally its imperviousness to human sensitivity, the pitilessness of a beast of prey; that he belongs to that mysterious world of experience around which the whole fabric of 'black magic' has been constructed. But Pentheus has already crossed from this world to that, and feels no horror. Secondly, in the last moments of his life, when his mother stands over him and grips him, 'he understood what end was near'. He awakes from his trance to see in a flash of time the meaning of his struggle and his folly; the only true perception he ever achieves.

A further respect in which this play differs from others is its use of the Chorus. Whereas in plays like *Medea* the existence of a Chorus is almost an embarrassing concession to necessary form, the Chorus of *The Bacchae* is collectively a chief character and always concerned in the action. The nature of Dionysus is expressed in deeds by the women of Thebes, whose activities on the mountain are successively reported in

words by the Chorus. Their first song (the 'Parodos') describes rapidly all the essential features of their worship, its delight and its terror, its beauty and its cruelty, but all conveyed in decorous phrases which help the pious mind to skim happily over the contradictions involved. The first Ode emphasizes the joy, gentleness, good sense, and peace which are the gospel of Dionysus. This is their answer to the violence which Pentheus is showing towards the meek and smiling god. In the second Ode they express indignation at their rejection by Thebes, and faith in the saving power of Dionysus, followed by a violent outcry against Pentheus and an appeal to the god to restrain him. There follows the scene in which Dionysus asserts his power, and baffles and humiliates Pentheus. After this episode the Chorus carefully avert attention from the violence and cruelty whose operation is now becoming evident, and sing of peace, justice, and the law of Heaven; but in a brief refrain they avow that for them the noblest of all things is the joy of revenge. Finally, when Dionysus has departed with his victim to the mountain, they throw off all restraint, and call for Pentheus' blood in words of pure savagery. When Agauë returns with her son's head they acclaim her; and their hesitation when invited to 'join in the feast' springs not from pity but from contempt.

Cadmus and Teiresias are both detailed and vivid studies. Cadmus, the wreck of a hero, obsessed with his family's reputation, who has learnt as a ruler to recognize strength when he meets it, and make terms in good time, finds that all his shrewdness cannot save either him or his family. Teiresias begins by disowning sophism, and proceeds to use little else. He speaks of wine as a necessary opiate for sorrow (an argument he can hardly have taken seriously), touches on the connection of Dionysus with war and prophecy (both purely academic or decorative points), and in general indicates the accommodating spirit in which Greece did in fact receive the new element in her religious life.

It remains to suggest very briefly a line of reflection about the place which this play holds among the other works of the poet, and especially those written in the last six years of his life: *The Phoenician Women* (about 410 B.C.), *Orestes* (408), *Iphigenia in Aulis* (406).<sup>\*</sup> Among these *The Bacchae* (406) stands alone. *The Phoenician Women* and *Iphigenia in Aulis* are unsparing denunciations of the way men behave when committed to a war; *Orestes* is a numbing picture of the mental state from which such behaviour springs. In *The Bacchae* we find no realistic treatment whatever of war, politics, or ethics. In their place we have a lyrical and symbolic ritual. This ritual includes in its pattern allusions to three themes which Euripides' plays have treated again and again: the destructive folly of violence; the sordid ugliness of revenge; and the subjection and suffering imposed upon the female by the injustice of the male. But these are allusions, not the main concern. The central theme of the play is the nature of the human soul and human society, presented in a world of legendary miracle where gods and men speak together. Athens and Sparta and their particular and contemporary agonies are forgotten; yet these particular and contemporary themes, which filled the action of *Medea*, *Andromache*, *The Women of Troy*, and the three late plays just mentioned, are also all here in *The Bacchae*, lifted to an abstract plane, their limited conflicts quieted and subsumed in the profounder contemplation of man himself. The more formal structure of this play, its more traditional language and metre, are not accidents due to the author's mood. *Iphigenia in Aulis* shows us that in the remoteness of Macedon he could still write as though he were among his besieged and desperate friends in Athens; but he could now do what was impossible there: choose a timeless theme and clothe it in a timeless form.

<sup>\*</sup> These three are included in *Orestes and Other Plays*, Penguin Classics.

## THE PLAYS





# ION

★

## Characters:

HERMES, *Messenger of the Gods*

ION

CHORUS of *women slaves of Creusa*

CREUSA

XUTHUS, *her husband, King of Athens*

OLD MAN, *slave of Creusa*

MESSENGER, *another slave of Creusa*

THE PRIESTESS of *Apollo at Delphi*

ATHENE

★

*Scene: The forecourt of the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. The play opens just before sunrise.*

HERMES *enters from a grove of laurels and olives beside the temple porch.*

HERMES: I am Hermes, servant of the Immortals. Almighty Zeus was my father; my mother was Maia, and she too was daughter of a goddess, and of Atlas, whose brazen shoulders wear the weight of the resting sky, the ancient home of gods. This place is Delphi, the centre and navel of the earth; and here Apollo prophesies to mortal men, chanting continually from his holy seat oracles concerning what is and what is to be. My reasons for coming here I must now explain.

You have all heard of Athens, known as the city of Pallas of the golden spear. There, at the foot of the mountain of Pallas, near a north-facing cliff called by the rulers of Attica The Long Rocks, Creusa, daughter of King Erechtheus, was found and raped by Phoebus Apollo. She said nothing to her father – Apollo wished it so; but carried her body's

burden in secret until her time came. Then she bore her son in her own home, and afterwards conveyed him to the same cave where Apollo lay with her; and there, in a deep rocking-cradle, she left him to die.

There was a tradition in her family which said that when Erichthonius was born of his mother Earth, Athene set a pair of entwined serpents as his bodyguard to watch him, and so entrusted him to the care of the daughters of Agraulus; and from that time to the present day the descendants of Erechtheus duly adorn their children with a necklace of golden serpents. Creusa observed this custom; she also wrapped round the infant a rich shawl woven by herself as a girl; and so left him to die.

Then Apollo – who is my brother – came to me with a request. ‘Go, brother,’ he said, ‘to the race that sprang from the soil of Athens – you know the fame of their city; there in a rocky cave lies a new-born child; bring him to Delphi – cradle, infant-clothes and all – to my oracle there, and put him down right at the entrance to my temple. The rest you may leave to me; for the child, you must know, is mine.’

So, to oblige my brother, I took the basket-cradle and brought it, and laid the child here on the temple-steps; leaving the curved lid wide open, so that he might be seen. Now it happened that just as the sun rode up the morning sky the Prophetess was entering the temple. She saw the infant, and was astonished that any Delphian girl should be so bold as to cast her secret labour at Apollo’s door. Her first thought was to put it outside the precincts; but pity overcame sternness, and Apollo too moved her to let the child stay. She took him and brought him up, not knowing either that Apollo was his father, or who his mother was; and the boy knows no more than she. So the temple became his home, and here as a child he wandered unrestrained. When he grew up, the Delphians appointed him guardian of the

temple gold and steward in general to Apollo; and so to this day he leads a consecrated life here in the temple.

His mother Creusa meanwhile was married to Xuthus. It happened in this way: Athens became involved in a serious war with the Euboeans, who are descended from Chalcodon. Xuthus fought as an ally of the Athenians and helped them to victory; and he received in acknowledgement the hand of Creusa, though he is no Athenian but an Achæan descended through Aeolus from Zeus. After many years of marriage he and Creusa still have no child; and it is this, their longing for children, that has now brought them to the oracle of Apollo – who, on his part, has not abandoned them as they suppose, but is guiding their destiny to fulfilment. When Xuthus enters the oracle, Apollo will give his own son to him, and will tell him that he, Xuthus, is his father; so that the boy may come to his mother's house, and be recognized by her, and receive the position due to his birth, without any exposure of her union with Apollo. He is to be called Ion; and Hellas shall know him as the founder of the Ionic settlements in Asia.

Now I'll retire into the laurel-grove, to see what Fate has in store for him. Here he comes, the son of Apollo, with his broom of laurel-twigs, to sweep the porch clean. I am the first of the gods to call him by the name he is to receive – Ion!

*Exit HERMES. Enter, from the temple, ION, with several temple attendants.*

ION:

The dazzling chariot of the sun  
Now lights the earth; and every star  
Flies from that fire's fierce rising ray  
Behind the night's mysterious bar.  
Smoke of Arabian frankincense  
Streams upward to the temple's height.  
Parnassus' pathless peaks grow bright

With welcome to the new-born day.  
Now on the holy tripod-seat  
The Delphian priestess takes her place,  
And daily to the Hellene race  
Her chanting tones repeat  
What her own ears have heard –  
The thunders of Apollo's word.

Servants of Delphian Apollo!  
Go to the Castalian spring;  
Wash in its silvery eddies,  
And return cleansed to the temple.  
Guard your lips from offence;  
To those who ask for oracles  
Let the god's answer come  
Pure from all private fault.

*Attendants go out.*

Now I will sweep the temple –  
My duty here since childhood –  
With a broom of laurel-branches,  
And purify the entrance  
With holy wreaths of flowers;  
Sprinkle the floor with water;  
And with my bow and arrows  
I'll send the wild birds flying  
That foul our temple treasures.

I have no father or mother;  
All I would owe to them  
I give to Apollo's temple,  
Which nursed my orphan childhood.

Come, little broom, of fresh and lovely leaves  
Gathered from the immortal laurel-groves,  
Sacred foliage fed by unfailing waters

That gush from myrtle-thickets – come, my broom,  
Used for Apollo's sacred hearth within,  
Used for the cleansing of this holy floor,  
When, as the swift sun wings the morning sky,  
This ritual task I offer to Apollo.

Apollo, Lord of healing,  
Apollo, son of Leto,  
Blest be thy name, Apollo!

Phoebus, the service of thy temple-court,  
The stewardship of thy prophetic seat,  
Is honourable. Slave to no mortal master,  
But an eternal god, I am exalted,  
Toil without weariness in praise and prayer.  
Apollo's temple nursed my infancy;  
He by his kindness made himself my father;  
I bless him by that name – I am his son.

Apollo, Healer, Saviour,  
Apollo, son of Leto,  
Blest be thy name, Apollo!

Enough of sweeping; rest, my laurel-broom.  
Now with pure hands knowing no carnal touch  
From golden jars I sprinkle earth's pure dew  
Fresh from the swirling fountain of Castalia.  
So may I live always Apollo's servant,  
Or, if I cease, good fortune be my guide!

Ha! See, from their nests on Parnassus the birds come  
flocking!

Keep clear of the temple walls and the golden roof!  
An eagle! Herald of Zeus,  
With talons stronger than all other birds,  
Take care! I will shoot again!  
And there – a red-foot swan! Away, away!

Though Apollo himself played his lyre to your song,  
That would not save you from my arrow!  
Away, fly on! Alight on the lake of Delos!  
If you will not obey me,  
The sweet notes of your song will drown in blood!  
Why, now! Another still? What bird is this?  
Ah! Do you want to build under these eaves  
And rear your young? My twanging bow shall scare you.  
Away to the banks of Alpheius, and there toil  
To feed your family, or to the Isthmian wood.  
These are the holy precincts and the treasures  
Of Apollo! There must be no uncleanness here.  
And yet I hate to kill you –  
You bring God's word to mortals.  
I am Apollo's servant  
And he is my protector;  
Then I will do his bidding  
And never cease to serve him.

*The attendants now return and perform sacrifice; then exeunt with ION. Enter the CHORUS; they walk to and fro admiring the buildings. Until ION re-enters they speak severally.*

CHORUS:

So holy Athens is not the only place  
Where the gods have pillared courtyards  
And are honoured as guardians of the streets.

– Apollo's temple too has the twin pediments,  
Like brows on a smiling face.

– Look – look at this! The Lernian snake  
Being killed by Heracles with his golden falchion –  
Do look, dear!

– Yes, I see.

But who is this other next to him

Waving a flaming torch? Is it the man  
 Whose adventures we are told at weaving-time,  
 The brave fighter Iolaus  
 Who went with Heracles to his labours,  
 And stayed with him to the bitter end?

- Oh! and look here  
 At Bellerophon astride his winged horse  
 Killing the monster with three bodies  
 And fire belching from its nostrils!  
 - I am looking eagerly on every side.  
 See, carved on the marble wall,  
 The Giants overcome by the Gods in battle!

- Yes, we can see it from over here.  
 Ah! but behold her there, brandishing  
 Her Gorgon shield over Enceladus -

- I see her, my own Pallas Athene!

- And the thunderbolt, smouldering and irresistible,  
 Which Zeus holds ready to hurl from heaven!

- I see huge Mimas fiercely raging,  
 Charred with the flame of the thunderbolt.

- Here's yet another earth-born giant  
 Destroyed by Dionysus with no weapon  
 But his thyrsus wreathed with ivy-shoots.

*Enter ION.*

CHORUS: You, Sir, by the doorway - may ~~we~~ ~~we~~ ~~we~~ ~~we~~ ~~we~~  
 shoes and go into the sanctuary?

ION: It is not allowed, friends.

CHORUS: Then I would like to ask you ~~a~~ ~~a~~ ~~a~~ ~~a~~ ~~a~~



ION: What do you want to know?

CHORUS: Is it true that Apollo's temple stands at the centre and navel of the whole earth?

ION: Yes, the Navel-stone is here, hung with wreaths, and the carved Gorgons on either side.

CHORUS: Just as we were told!

ION: If you have made your sacrifice of oil and honey, and wish to ask Apollo some question, you may come up to the altar; but you may not go inside the temple unless you have sacrificed sheep.

CHORUS: I understand. We only want to do what is allowed. We like looking round outside.

ION: Yes, look round at everything that is open to the public.

CHORUS: Our mistress gave us permission to come and see the temple.

ION: Who is your mistress? Of what family?

CHORUS: A royal family. My mistress's home is the home of Athene. But here comes the Queen herself.

*Enter CREUSA.*

ION: Whoever you are, my lady, I can see at once you are noble both in birth and nature. Royal blood shows in the face and bearing. – What? Oh, my lady, what is the matter? Who do you hide your eyes? Your cheeks are wet! The sight of Apollo's oracle has made you weep! What can be making you so unhappy? To see this temple gives joy to everyone else, but you – weep!

CREUSA: Young man, you are surprised at my weeping: that is no discourtesy in you. At the first view of this house of Apollo I retraced the path of an old memory. My mind strayed – far away from here. Oh! the wrongs of women! the wickedness of gods! When our oppressor is all-powerful, where shall we fly for justice?

ION: I don't understand you, my lady. What distresses you?

CREUSA: Nothing. I have shot my arrow. From now on I will be silent – think no more about it.

ION: Who are you? Where do you come from, and what is your family? What name may I call you?

CREUSA: My name is Creusa. I am the daughter of Erechtheus, and my native land is the city of Athens.

ION: My lady, I reverence you both for the famous city which is your home and for the great king who was your father.

CREUSA: Yes, I am fortunate in them – not in other things.

ION: Now, in Apollo's name tell me – is the common story true –

CREUSA: What story, young man? What is it you're asking?

ION: That your father's ancestor was born from the earth?

CREUSA: Erichthonius, yes. My descent from him has not helped me.

ION: And did Athene really take him up out of the earth?

CREUSA: She did. But she was a virgin; she was not his mother.

ION: And then, as we see in so many paintings –

CREUSA: She gave him to Cecrops' daughters to keep, but forbade them to look at him.

ION: And they, naturally, opened Athene's box, I have heard –

CREUSA: And for that they met a bloody death on the sharp rocks.

ION: Oh! . . . There is another story –

CREUSA: What do you want to ask? I have time enough.

ION: Is it true, or merely a tale, that your father Erechtheus killed your sisters in sacrifice?

CREUSA: It was for Athens that he steeled himself to it – children as they were.

ION: And how did you escape their fate?

CREUSA: I was a mere baby in my mother's arms.

ION: And is it true that your father was engulfed in a chasm which opened in the ground?

CREUSA: The sea-god's trident struck the earth – that was his grave.

ION: In your country there is a place called The Long Rocks?

CREUSA: Why do you ask that? – You reminded me of something.

ION: It is a place honoured by Apollo; he reveals himself there in lightning-flashes.

CREUSA: Honoured by . . . Honoured! If only I had never seen it!

ION: It is a place Apollo loves dearly. Why do you hate it?

CREUSA: It is nothing. The caves there hold a certain shameful secret that I know of.

ION: What Athenian is your husband, my lady?

CREUSA: No Athenian; I am married to a foreigner.

ION: Who is he? No doubt a man of royal blood?

CREUSA: Xuthus; son of Aeolus and descended from Zeus.

ION: How could a foreigner win a wife of the true Athenian blood?



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ION: How could a foreigner win a wife of the true Athenian blood?

CREUSA: Athens was at war with the neighbouring city of Euboea –

ION: A city divided from you by an arm of the sea – yes?

CREUSA: Xuthus fought on our side and conquered Euboea.

ION: And then your ally became your husband?

CREUSA: I was the prize awarded for his valour.

ION: Are you making this pilgrimage with him or alone?

CREUSA: With him. I left him at the precinct of Trophonius.

ION: Has he come sightseeing, or for consultation?

CREUSA: He has one question to ask both Trophonius and Apollo.

ION: What is it about? His harvests? Or about children?

CREUSA: We have no children. We have been married a long time.

ION: You mean that you never bore any child all your life?

CREUSA: Never any child – Apollo knows how true that is!

ION: How sad! So much happiness – yet so great a sorrow!

CREUSA: But who are you? I am sure your mother is to be envied.

ION: They call me Apollo's slave, my lady; and so I am.

CREUSA: Did some State present you, or were you bought?

ION: I know nothing except that I am said to belong to Apollo.

CREUSA: Then it is now my turn to pity you!

ION: Yes, I know neither my father nor my mother.

CREUSA: Have you a home, or do you live in the temple?

ION: My home is any part of the temple buildings I happen to sleep in.

CREUSA: Were you a baby when you came here, or older?

ION: A baby, they tell me. I don't remember.

CREUSA: And so some Delphian woman suckled you and reared you?

ION: I was never nursed at the breast.

CREUSA: Poor child! You have suffered as I have.

ION: I was brought up by Apollo's priestess. I think of her as my mother.

CREUSA: And how have you been kept all these years?

ION: There were always the altar-offerings, and gifts from visitors.

CREUSA: Your poor mother! I wonder who she was.

ION: I am the child of some woman who was wronged, perhaps.

CREUSA: You are handsomely dressed. You must be well provided for?

ION: I am Apollo's slave; these clothes are all his.

CREUSA: But did you not do all you could to trace your parents?

ION: No, my lady. I have no evidence at all.

CREUSA: None at all! . . . [*Then, with hesitation*] There is someone who has suffered the same fate as your mother . . .

ION: Who is she? I would gladly find someone to share my sorrow.

CREUSA: It is for her sake I came here before my husband.

ION: What is it you want, my lady? I will help.

CREUSA: I want an answer from Apollo on a secret matter.

ION: Tell me. I will lay your question before him.



CREUSA: I will not. Tell me more about the question I asked you.

ION: Well: do you see that your case is very weak in one point . . .

CREUSA: Is there any point in which – her case is not weak, poor woman?

ION: I mean this: is Apollo to reveal what he intends should remain a mystery?

CREUSA: Surely his oracle is open for every Greek to question?

ION: No. His honour is involved; you must respect his feelings.

CREUSA: What of his victim's feelings? What does this involve for her? .

ION: There is no one who will ask this question for you. Suppose it were proved in Apollo's own temple that he had behaved so badly, he would be justified in making your interpreter suffer for it. My lady, let the matter drop. We must not accuse Apollo in his own court. That is what our folly would amount to, if we try to force a reluctant god to speak, to give signs in sacrifice or the flight of birds. Those ends we pursue against the gods' will can do us little good when we gain them. What heaven gives us gladly will bring blessing.

CHORUS: You may meet people in every variety of fortune and condition; but happiness in human life is hard to find.

CREUSA: Apollo! To the absent woman that I speak of, you were unjust then and you are still unjust. You ought to have protected your own son: you did not protect him. You are a prophet: yet you will not answer his mother's question, you will not help her to bury him if he is dead nor to see him again if he is alive. So I must go without the knowledge that I long for, since God denies it . . . Sir, I see my husband Xuthus arriving from the shrine of Trophonius. Say not a word to him about our conversation. I might incur some



disgrace for undertaking my friend's cause without his knowledge, and the matter might be unravelled beyond what I have told you. Life is harder for women than for men: they judge us, good and bad together, and hate us. That is the fate we are born to.

*Enter XUTHUS.*

XUTHUS: My first greeting is to the divine Apollo. My next to you, Creusa. You look disturbed: were you anxious at my delay?

CREUSA: No. A little – but then you came. Tell me, what does Trophonius say? Are we to have children?

XUTHUS: He would not anticipate Apollo's answer; but he told me this: neither you nor I shall return home from this temple childless.

CREUSA [*turning aside*]: Leto, holy mother of Apollo, bring us home in happiness! All that your son has been to us in the past – turn it to good!

XUTHUS: Amen. – Now, who is the god's interpreter?

ION: I will take you to the sanctuary door; inside you will be guided by others, Delphian noblemen, appointed by lot to places near the Tripod Throne.

XUTHUS: Good; that is all I want to know before entering. I understand that a general sacrifice has been offered before the temple on behalf of all visitors, and that the day is auspicious. Today, therefore, I wish to receive the divine answer. Meanwhile, Creusa, go round all the altars and decorate them with laurel-branches, and pray that I may hear from Apollo the promise of children.

*Exit.*

CREUSA: I will, I will! – If Apollo now will at least put right past wrong, – that could hardly make him my devoted lover; yet as much love as he wishes to show I will accept. He is a god.

*Exit.*

ION [*alone*]: What are these ambiguous hints? Every word held

a veiled reproach against Apollo. Is it all love of this friend for whom she asked her question? Or is she keeping back something best left unspoken? The daughter of Erechtheus is nothing to me. I will get the golden jars and fill the purifying-bowls . . . I must remonstrate with Apollo: what can have come over him? He ravishes girls by force, then abandons them? He begets children by stealth, then leaves them to die? Apollo, no! Since you possess power, pursue goodness! Why, if a man is bad, it is the gods who punish him. How can it be right for you to make laws for men, and appear as lawbreakers yourselves? Why, if – suppose something impossible, for the sake of argument – if you, Apollo, and Poseidon, and Zeus King of Heaven, are to pay to men the lawful indemnity for every rape you commit, you will empty your temples in paying for your misdeeds. You put pleasure first and wisdom after – and it is sin! It is unjust to call men bad for copying what the gods find good: the sin lies with our examples!

*Exit.*

CHORUS:

Come, my own Athene, who at Prometheus' touch  
Sprang in unlaboured birth from the helmet-crest of Zeus,  
Athene, holy victory, hear my prayer!  
Fly from golden chambers of Olympus  
To the streets where the prophetic temple stands,  
Where from the tripod seat, from the central altar of earth,  
Go forth unfailing oracles to the religious throng.  
Athene, come! Come, Artemis! Sisters of Apollo,  
Sisters in chastity and godhead, lend your untainted prayer,  
That the ancient house of Erechtheus may receive after  
many years  
A clear answer, and the promise of children!

Happiness beyond measure, wealth inexhaustible,  
Belong to the man who guards in his father's house

A golden fruitful store of sons and daughters,  
To inherit his possessions and bequeath them;  
Defence in trouble, delight in peace;  
A strong sword arming his native land.  
Give me children of my own to rear and be proud of,  
Rather than riches or a royal palace.  
A life without children – I have no use for it,  
No, nor for anyone who wants it.  
I would rather be only moderately rich, and have a fine  
family.

I think of the Long Rocks,  
The cliffs and caverns, haunts of Pan,  
Where the ghosts of the daughters of Aglaurus  
Dance on the grass before Athene's temple,  
While fluttering flute-notes call  
From Pan piping in the sunless cave!  
There comes the girl Apollo loved,  
Bringing his child, with bitter tears;  
Leaves him as a feast for vultures, a prey to the bloody claw,  
To mock the cruel moment that begot him!  
Many a song and story I have heard  
Of sons that mortal women bore to the gods,  
And not one tells of happiness.

*Enter ION.*

ION: Women – you have been waiting here by the temple-steps watching for your master – tell me, has Xuthus yet come out from the oracle, or is he still there making his inquiry?

CHORUS: He has not come this way, Sir; he is still inside. But I hear a sound at the door; someone is coming out. Yes, here he comes; this is our master.

*Enter XUTHUS; he sees ION, and runs up to him.*

XUTHUS: My son! All happiness to you, my son! Before anything else I must wish you joy.

ION: Thank you, I am quite happy. If you will behave sensibly it will be the better for us both.

XUTHUS: Let me kiss you and embrace you!

ION: Sir, are you in your right mind, or has some god sent you mad?

XUTHUS: I have found what I longed for. Is it mad to show my love?

ION: Stop! Take your hands away – you will break my wreath.

XUTHUS: What does that matter? I'm no pirate! I've found you, and you belong to me.

ION: Stand off, before you get an arrow between your ribs.

XUTHUS: Why do you run away from me? Doesn't instinct tell you to love me?

ION: I don't love teaching strangers good behaviour. You are being vulgar and crazy.

XUTHUS: Very well, kill me – but you will have to bury me too: I'm your father!

ION: My father? You? Is this a joke?

XUTHUS: A joke? No! Isn't that plain? Don't you understand?

ION: What do you mean?

XUTHUS: I am your father! You are my son!

ION: Who says so?

XUTHUS: Apollo! It was for me that he brought you up.

ION: So you say; but –

XUTHUS: I heard the divine oracle –

ION: You heard some riddle and misunderstood it.

XUTHUS: Then I must be deaf or silly.

ION: What was Apollo's oracle?

XUTHUS: He said, whoever met me as I came out of the temple –

ION: Whoever met you – yes: what about him?

XUTHUS: – is my son!

ION: Your son by birth, or merely by gift?

XUTHUS: A gift, yes; but mine by birth too.

ION: And I was the first one you met?

XUTHUS: No one else, my dear boy!

ION: How could such a thing happen?

XUTHUS: I know; it puzzles me too.

ION [*with a sudden cry of joy*]: Ah! Then you know my mother! Who is she?

XUTHUS: I have no idea.

ION: Apollo said nothing?

XUTHUS: I didn't ask him; I was too delighted –

ION [*bitterly*]: Ha! another child of the earth!

XUTHUS: The earth doesn't bear children.

ION: But how can I be your son?

XUTHUS: I don't know. I'll ask Apollo.

ION: No. Let us try to reason it out further.

XUTHUS: Yes, that would be better.

ION: Did you have some love-affair?

XUTHUS: I was young once, and foolish.

ION: Before you married?

XUTHUS: Yes; never since.

ION: So that would be how you begot me?

XUTHUS: The time tallies.

ION: But then – it's a long way to Delphi: how did I come here?

XUTHUS: I can't imagine. I feel bewildered.

ION: Were you ever in Delphi before?

XUTHUS: Yes, I came once for the Bacchic mysteries.

ION: Yes?

XUTHUS: And I was taken by my host, along with some Delphian girls –

ION: To the revels, no doubt?

XUTHUS: Yes. They were in a state of – religious frenzy.

ION: Were you sober or drunk?

XUTHUS: I had enjoyed the celebrations.

ION: So that was my beginning!

XUTHUS: That is how Fate appointed it, my son!

ION: How did I come to the temple?



ION: Things have one appearance when far away, and quite another when looked at closely. I welcome the chance that has discovered you as my father; but there are certain facts that I realize now. The Athenians, I am told, are not settlers, but a race born of their own soil; and I shall arrive among them with two disadvantages – my father a foreigner, and myself born, as you say, under a cloud. So long as I remain without power, this disgrace will brand me as a nobody. If, on the other hand, I struggle to be somebody in politics, and reach the front rank, I shall be hated by those who have no ability – success is always unpopular; while those who have ability, and could rise, will be clever enough to sit back and look on, and laugh at me for a busy fool inviting the slander of the city. Established politicians will use their brains and their influence to frustrate my ambition. It is always so: place and power have no mercy on a rival.

Then, your home is not mine: I am an alien. Your wife has no child; now, instead of sharing her sorrow with you as before, she must bear it alone in bitterness of heart. She will hate me, and rightly. When she has no son, how could she endure to see me stand next to my father's throne? If you favour her, then you slight me; if you honour me, you have your house in an uproar. Many a woman, when driven to it, has used the knife or poison against her husband. Besides, Father, I pity her. She is your wife; she is growing old without any child. It is not right that she should have no heir to such a noble family.

As for being a king, it is overrated. Royalty conceals a life of torment behind a pleasant façade. To live in hourly fear, looking over your shoulder for the assassin – is that paradise? Is it even good fortune? Give me the happiness of a plain man, not the life of a king, who loves to fill his court with criminals, and hates honest men for fear of death. You may tell me the pleasure of being rich outweighs everything. But to live surrounded by scandal, holding on to

your money with both hands, beset by worry - has no appeal for me. A simple, untroubled life is what I want; that is what I have here, Father; and I have been happy. I enjoy the prime blessing of leisure; I am free from most annoyances; the unmannerly jostling of a city street, the humiliation of having to make way for the low rabble - here, I escape all this. Whether at prayers, or in conversation, the people I help are happy, not miserable. I welcome new guests, and enjoy their company, as they do mine, because it is always fresh; then I say good-bye to them as friends. Duty and nature alike have kept my life innocent - as a man should pray to be, even if he prays reluctantly - and fit for Apollo's service. So, weighing everything together, I value this life more than what you offer me, Father. Let me choose my own way! To allow me the humble life that I love, is as generous a gift as the pleasure of greatness.

CHORUS: I am glad you want to stay here. That would certainly be the happiest thing for our dear mistress.

XUTHUS: No more of this: learn to accept good fortune. I intend to celebrate a public feast of thanksgiving here where I found you, and to offer the sacrifices I did not offer when you were born. For the present I shall ~~consider you~~ not as my son, but as someone I am taking home with me on a visit, to see the sights of Athens. I ~~don't wish to~~ ~~disturb~~ my wife, now that she remains childless. I ~~shall~~ ~~do~~ what I wanted. Later on I shall choose a name for you and persuade her to accept you as my son. I shall give you a new name, 'Ion', after our meeting. I shall be the first to meet me as I came out of the temple. I shall gather all your friends to the banquet. I shall say good-bye to them before leaving. I shall say nothing about all this; if you ~~do~~ ~~not~~ ~~do~~ I will kill you.

ION: I will go. But there is ~~one thing~~ ~~more~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~must~~ ~~say~~ ~~to~~ ~~you~~ ~~before~~ ~~I~~ ~~go~~ ~~and~~ ~~that~~ ~~is~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~am~~ ~~not~~ ~~going~~ ~~to~~ ~~leave~~ ~~you~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~ ~~mother~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~ ~~friends~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~ ~~country~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~ ~~life~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~ ~~all~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~have~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~ ~~all~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~love~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~ ~~all~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~have~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~ ~~all~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~love~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~ ~~all~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~have~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~ ~~all~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~love~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~ ~~all~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~have~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~ ~~all~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~love~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~ ~~all~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~have~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~and~~ ~~my~~ ~~all~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~love~~ 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for all this, Father, unless I can find my mother. And, if I might choose, I would like her to be an Athenian; then I should have free speech in my blood! A foreigner, coming to a city of unmixed race, must curb his speech: the law can enfranchise his name, but not his tongue.

*Exeunt XUTHUS and ION.*

CHORUS:

There will be tears for this! This day will cause  
Gloomy rejoicings, tears among the applause,  
When the Queen sees him happy with his son,  
And knows herself left childless and alone.  
Prophet Apollo, son of Leto! Why  
Wrap up your chanted word in mystery?  
Who is this youth reared in your temple halls?  
In whose womb did he lie?  
I do not like your answer: it rings false.  
It is too simple. Where such chance may lead  
I dare not think. This juggling makes no sense.  
Why should chance choose this boy of alien breed?  
There's trickery here! Who wants more evidence?

Women, shall we tell Creusa this?  
Shout her husband's treason in her ear?  
Every hope she had, poor soul,  
Lay in him, was shared with him.  
Now despair will drown her --  
He sails on, successful!  
She, his wife, dishonoured, sad,  
Sinks to grey old age alone;  
He, a wretch, an alien, came to Athens,  
Walked into wealth, and gives no fair return.  
Traitor to my mistress,  
Curse him, traitor, curse him!  
When he offers sacrifice and prayer,  
When the holy flame flies up to heaven,

Then may gods ignore him,  
May his prayer fall powerless!  
He shall learn where my allegiance lies.

Now the time is near;  
Soon the feast begins;  
The new father comes with his new son.  
Listen, peaks and ridges of Parnassus,  
Enfolding high rock and cloudy seat,  
Where Bacchus, with flaming torch held high in the  
night,  
Swiftly leaps onward among his frenzied followers –  
Let that boy never come to my city!  
Let his new life be death to him!  
Is Athens now so impoverished  
That she welcomes foreign invasion?  
Erechtheus founded our city,  
And his family shall rule us!

*Enter CREUSA with an old SLAVE. They have to climb steps on to the stage, and CREUSA helps the old man up.*

CREUSA: Come on, old friend! When my father was alive he trusted you to look after me; so you must come up to the temple, to share in my happiness, if the oracle has promised us children. When joy comes, it is good to have a friend to share it; and if sorrow comes – which God forbid – the deepest comfort is to see it reflected in the eyes of a friend. Yes, I am your mistress; but I am only returning the kindness you used to show my father.

SLAVE: My daughter, that's like you – and like your father. Your father was noble, a true son of Greek soil; and you're a credit to him. Yes, take my arm. Pull – pull me! Prophecy lives up a steep hill, eh? I'm worn out; you must patch me up. Your legs are young.

CREUSA: This way; mind where you place your foot.

SLAVE: There! I try to go faster than I can.

CREUSA: Feel the ground with your stick.

SLAVE: Well, if I'm short-sighted, my stick's blind!

CREUSA: Yes, I know. Don't give up, now.

SLAVE: Not if I can help it. But I can't use strength I haven't got.

CREUSA [*turning to the CHORUS*]: Women: we have so often worked together at our weaving, that I trust you as friends, though you are slaves. I see my husband has gone – tell me, what is appointed for us? What answer did he get to our question? Shall we have children? Make me happy with good news, and I will show you my gratitude.

CHORUS: Oh, gods!

SLAVE: That's a bad beginning.

CHORUS: My poor lady!

SLAVE: You mean the oracle gave my master bad news?

CHORUS: Well, what are we going to do? It means life or death!

CREUSA: Why do you say that? What are you afraid of?

CHORUS: Shall we tell her? Or say nothing? What shall we do?

CREUSA: Tell me. I understand: you have bad news for me.

CHORUS: You shall be told, even if I die twice over. My lady, you will never hold children in your arms or put them to your breast.

CREUSA: Oh! Let me die!

SLAVE: My daughter . . .

CREUSA: This answer has broken my heart, I cannot bear it, I will not live!

SLAVE: Oh, my child, my child!

CREUSA: Despair stabs me through like a sharp pain.

SLAVE: Yet wait! Keep your tears till we know whether –

CREUSA: Now is the time for tears. What more is there to know?

SLAVE: Whether your husband has bad news too: does he bear this blow with you, or do you suffer alone?

CHORUS: Apollo has given Xuthus a son. He has his good fortune to himself; Creusa is left out of it.

CREUSA: Oh! this is the bitterest of all! Why did you tell me?

SLAVE: This son you speak of – did the oracle say he was to be born of some woman, or is he born already?

CHORUS: He is already born and grown to manhood! Apollo presented him to Xuthus here before our eyes!

CREUSA: What? Impossible! Incredible!

SLAVE: Impossible indeed! Tell me more exactly – how was the oracle put into effect? Who is this young man?

CHORUS: Apollo promised to Xuthus, for a son, the first person to meet him as he came out of the sanctuary.

CREUSA: His son! [*She sobs aloud.*] But I may go childless, there is no son for me, my house remains an empty desert!

SLAVE: Then whom did the god mean? Who met him? – My poor lady! – Where and how did he find him?

CHORUS: Dear Mistress, you remember the lad who was sweeping the temple here? It is that same lad!

CREUSA: Oh! if I could but soar up through the melting sky, far from the land of Greece, beyond the Western stars! . . . Have pity on me, friends; you see what I suffer.

SLAVE: What name is his father giving him? Has he said, or is it not decided yet?

CHORUS: Yes, he is calling him 'Ion', because he was the first to meet him.

SLAVE: Who was his mother?

CHORUS: We don't know. But – I will tell you all I can – Xuthus has gone now to have a tent set up and a banquet arranged for his new son. He is saying nothing about it to our mistress. He will entertain Ion as a friend; but in fact he intends to offer the sacrifices due at the birth of a son.

SLAVE: My lady, I feel as you do: we have been betrayed by your husband. This is a deliberate scheme to insult us and oust us from Erechtheus' palace! I am not speaking from any

dislike of your husband, but because I love you better. Why, it's clear enough now: after coming and planting himself on Athens – a foreigner – and marrying you, and taking over your palace and everything you inherited, he goes and secretly breeds children with another woman, – yes, secretly. Listen: when he saw you were childless, he was not content to be childless too and share your misfortune. No, he went behind your back to some slave-woman, and from her got this boy; sent him away from Athens; gave him to some Delphian to bring up. For secrecy, the boy is dedicated to service in the temple, and is educated there. Now, when your husband knows him to be full-grown, he persuades you to come here inquiring about children. It was not Apollo who told lies, but your husband: he was rearing the boy all the time! And see the plot he laid so carefully: if he were found out – it was the god's responsibility; if not, if time went safely by, he would fetch him and invest him with the royal power of Athens; and his name, Ion, after all this time he passes off as a new name given because of the way he met him.

CHORUS: How I hate such men! They contrive malicious mischief, and cunningly cloak it over. Poor and honest makes a better friend than clever and treacherous.

SLAVE: Now, to crown all, you are to have this nobody, this slave's brat, brought along to lord it in your house! Why, it would at least have been a single insult if he had got himself a son and heir from a free-born woman – after asking your permission, and in view of your barrenness; and if you objected to that, well, he ought to have married one of his own race. Now you must do something: show yourself a woman! Kill your husband and his son, before they put an end to you! Either use a sword, or do it indirectly, or by poison. I mean it – if you flinch you will lose your own life. If two enemies come to live in the same house, it's bound to be the worse for one or the other. I'll help you do it: I can

slip in where the boy's preparing the feast and stab him. You've been a good mistress to me, and I owe it to you, if it costs me my life. Yes, it's only the name of slave that carries disgrace with it; in every other point a loyal slave is as good as a free man.

CHORUS: My dear mistress, I will be loyal too; I am with you in this, whether for life or death.

CREUSA:

My soul, how can I keep silence?

Yet, how strip off shame, and show

That lustful act in open light?

What is left now to hinder me?

What prim glance now could make me blush?

My husband has turned traitor!

I have no home now, no child; no hope left now.

I thought, if I hid my ravishing,

If I hid my baby's birth, and all my tears,

I could bring those hopes to fulfilment;

But I could not. Now by the starry throne of Zeus,

By the Guardian of the Rock of Athens,

By the holy shore of the Tritonian Lake,

I will ease the load from my heart,

Hold my secret no longer.

With tears falling from my eyes, my soul tormented

By the scheming cruelty of man and god alike,

Who demand love and give treachery in return –

I will expose them!

Listen, Apollo, you who can wake to song

The seven strings of your lifeless lyre

Till they chant immortal music to lonely shepherds –

Here in the white light of heaven I denounce you!

You came to me, with the gleam of gold in your hair,

As I was picking an armful of yellow flowers

Whose petals, pinned on my dress, mirrored the same  
golden gleam;

You gripped my bloodless wrists,  
Dragged me, shrieking for help, into the cave,  
Bore me to the ground – a god without shame or remorse! –  
And had your will – for the honour of Aphrodite!

I bore you a son; and, in dread of my mother's eye,  
With many tears I laid him  
On the same cruel bed where you ravished me.  
Where is he now, our little child?  
Torn and devoured! – and why should you  
Lay down your bragging lyre, or stop your song?

Listen to me, Apollo, seated at the earth's centre,  
Dispensing oracles from your golden throne –  
I shout it in your ear: vile betrayer!  
My husband never did you service,  
Yet you give him a son to inherit his house,  
While my child – yes, and yours – like a beast you leave to  
die,  
To be torn by vultures from the crib where his mother laid  
him.

Your very birth-place hates you,  
Your sacred laurel and soft palm-tree hate you,  
Where Leto laboured in her holy labour  
And bore you, the Son of Zeus!

CHORUS: What treasure of suffering is here laid bare! Who  
would not weep for her?

SLAVE: My daughter, the look in your eyes makes me grieve  
for you; but I do not understand. There I am, weeping be-  
cause you have no children, when you take me by surprise  
with a very different story; you leave today's unhappiness  
and wander off into the past looking for other trouble.  
What is this? What do you accuse Apollo of? You had a  
child, you say? What child? You left him somewhere in  
Athens, for beasts to bury? Tell me again.

CREUSA: I will tell you; though I am ashamed – you have known me so long.

SLAVE: I can sympathize all the better.

CREUSA: Listen, then. You know a cave on the north side of the Acropolis – a place called the Long Rocks?

SLAVE: I know; there is a temple of Pan and an altar.

CREUSA: It was there that I suffered a terrible ordeal.

SLAVE: Suffered? What? There are tears in my eyes already.

CREUSA: Apollo . . . raped me.

SLAVE: Oh my daughter! Then – that was what I noticed?

CREUSA: What did you notice? If you are right I will tell you.

SLAVE: You were ill and miserable, but you kept it to yourself.

CREUSA: That was what I tell you of now.

SLAVE: But – how did you hide what had happened?

CREUSA: I bore a child. – Why should you have to listen to all this? – but be patient!

SLAVE: Where? Who helped you? Or did you go through that alone?

CREUSA: Alone; in the same cave where –

SLAVE: But where is he now? You need not be childless any longer!

CREUSA: Dead. Given to the beasts.

SLAVE: Dead? Apollo was brutal enough to allow that?

CREUSA: He allowed it. My son has Death for a father.

SLAVE: Who exposed the child? Not . . . you?

CREUSA: Yes. In the night I wrapped him in a royal shawl; no one knew what I was doing; I was alone with Fate and darkness. I left him there in the cave – how could I bear to do it? I said my pitiful good-bye to him, steeling my heart to cruelty.

SLAVE: Cruel! but Apollo was crueller.

CREUSA: You would have said so, if you had seen him stretch out his hands to me, reaching for my breast, feeling for my arms, wanting his rightful place, which I took from him.



SLAVE: What were you hoping for when you left him?

CREUSA: That Apollo would care for his own son.

SLAVE: A noble, flourishing house – how it has fallen!

CREUSA: Friend, why do you cover your face and weep?

SLAVE: Because you and the royal line are brought low, and  
I have lived to see it.

CREUSA: That is our mortal fate. Nothing is permanent.

SLAVE: We must stop weeping, my dear. There are other  
things to think of.

CREUSA: What things? Misery drives out other thoughts.

SLAVE: The first to wrong you was Apollo. Take your revenge!

CREUSA: What can I do against the power of a god?

SLAVE: Set fire to this holy temple!

CREUSA: I dare not. I suffer enough already.

SLAVE: If that's impossible – kill your husband!

CREUSA: No; he has been a good husband to me in the past.

SLAVE: Well, then: this boy who is foisted on you!

CREUSA: If I could . . . How? . . . Yes!

SLAVE: Provide your servants with swords –

CREUSA: I will. Where shall they do it?

SLAVE: In the tent where Ion's entertaining his friends.

CREUSA: No: too open, and – with slaves – too uncertain.

SLAVE: If you're afraid, I give it up. Think of something  
yourself.

CREUSA: I have a way – secret and certain.

SLAVE: Both good things – and I'll help.

CREUSA: Listen, then. You have heard of the war of the  
Earth-born Giants against the gods, among the Thracian  
volcanoes?

SLAVE: Yes.

CREUSA: At that time the Earth, to help her children and  
dismay the gods, produced that fearful monster, the  
Gorgon, which was killed by Athene, daughter of Zeus.  
Now this fierce and terrifying beast was armed with a  
snake which coiled round it like a breastplate –

SLAVE: I remember the story – Athene wears the skin of this snake on her breast, and they call it the Aegis, or Athene's robe, since the day she won it in the battle of the gods – well, how can that injure your enemies?

CREUSA: Erichthonius – you know whom I mean? – my grandfather, first of my race, born from the earth, – when still an infant, received from Athene a gift –

SLAVE: Yes – what? Why do you hesitate?

CREUSA: Two drops of blood from the dead Gorgon, which have miraculous power upon the human body: the one kills, the other heals.

SLAVE: Yes, I have heard: the drops were in a phial which she hung round the child's neck by a golden chain.

CREUSA: Erichthonius gave that phial to my father; when he died it passed to me; and I wear it here on my wrist. [*She shows it.*]

SLAVE: And how are those two opposite effects brought about? How must the drops be used?

CREUSA: The drop which fell from the hollow vein repels disease and nourishes life. The other –

SLAVE: Yes?

CREUSA: – is the poison of the Gorgon snakes. It kills.

SLAVE: And the two are not mixed? You have them separate?

CREUSA: Nothing could mingle them. They are good and evil.

SLAVE: My dear child, you have everything you need!

CREUSA: He shall die by the poison; and you shall be the poisoner.

SLAVE: Only tell me how and where: I'll do it.

CREUSA: Do it – in Athens, as soon as he reaches my house.

SLAVE: You disliked my plan: I think yours is unwise.

CREUSA: Why? You see a risk? – Ah, yes!

SLAVE: You will be called the murderer, even if you're innocent.

CREUSA: Of course: the jealous stepmother.

SLAVE: Kill him here, where you can deny any hand in it.

going to New York and the admiral was proceeding to Washington. The admiral was met by a Navy car; Kirkpatrick took a taxi home, and Harrison and Weeks were greeted by a personable young man whom they did not know, but who knew them. He escorted them to a black Lincoln limousine in which Weeks was first driven to the Broad Street Station, after which Harrison was taken to the Philadelphia Club. Harrison joined two Philadelphia friends, and the personable young man, who was a member, went upstairs and whiled away the time in a game of Sniff.

Weeks arrived at his apartment in East Seventy-first Street at the end, the noisy end, of a cocktail party. As chance would have it, he was acquainted with none of the eight or ten men and women in the foyer of his apartment, and those who looked at him gave him the blank look that greets the strange late-comer to a party of that sort. He went up the winding stairs to his bedroom. The door was closed. He opened it and a man in his middle thirties was standing beside Weeks's dressing table, changing his clothes. He was wearing a white shirt and a black four-in-hand tie, and the trousers of a tuxedo.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Weeks," he said.

"Oh, hello, there."

"Mrs. Weeks said it would be all right if I changed my clothes here."

"Sure, by all means," said Weeks. There was an oddly shaped piece of luggage on the floor, besides the calfskin Gladstone on the bed.

"I told her I could work if I didn't wear my uniform, so I brought my tux and changed here."

"I see," said Weeks, and he did see. Now he recognized the man as an accordion-player frequently to be encountered in New York and on Long Island.

"Nice party."

"Glad to hear it," said Weeks. "I guess I just about made it, myself."

"This looks good for another hour at least, but I told Mrs. Weeks, I gotta hit the sack early. She understood."

"Well, I'm sorry I didn't get here while you were still playing."

"A couple quiet choruses of 'Rose Room,' Mr. Weeks?"

"No, no thanks," said Weeks.

"How's Mr. Clark these days?"

"Fine, fine. Couldn't be better," said Weeks.

"You and Mr. Clark, you're the only ones that can stick me on those old tunes."

"Well, he's much better than I am."

"Oh, it's pretty close. You know quite a few he can't remember."

"Not so many. Would you like a drink before you go?"

"Uh—well, I'll have one with you."

"Scotch is all I have here," said Weeks.

"Well, I guess you know I'd rather have Scotch than anything else."

"I guess we'll have to do without ice," said Weeks. There was a cut-glass decanter on the dressing table and two glasses. They filled the glasses with whiskey and water from the bathroom faucet.

"All the best, Mr. Weeks."

"The best," said Weeks. He drank, and lit a cigarette. "Been to a funeral. I never go to funerals, or I say I never go to funerals. Seems to me I go to a lot of them these days."

"Yeah," said the man. His tuxedo was in the Gladstone and he was now in his uniform blues.

"All the way to Pennsylvania and back in one day. Not the best thing for a man my age."

"Pennsylvania. I've worked in that state all right. Plenty. And my first wife came from there."

"Is that so?" said Weeks.

"Practically a one-nighter, we'd call it in the band business. Nothing against the girl, but God, her family. God, did they give it to me. But I don't want to talk about that." He put on his cap. "Shoving off."

"You've—been taken care of?"

"Oh—yes indeed, thanks. Mrs. Weeks, always there with that check, you know. And always generous."

"Good. Thanks for coming, and see you soon, I hope."

"Right, Mr. Weeks. And cheer up. *You* know."

"Absolutely," said Weeks.

The man departed, toting his bags, and Weeks sat down and took off his shoes and put on a pair of cracked patent-leather pumps. The hall door was knocked on and his wife came in.

"Hello, dear," he said.

"Hello, darling," she said. She kissed his forehead and cheek. "Are you going to join us, or are you tired? I heard you were home."

"I may stay up here, unless they know I'm here," he said.

"Say, what's the name of that fellow, the accordion-player?"

"Charley. Charley Bongiorno."

"That's it. I was almost sure of the first name, but I can never remember the last."

"I told him he could change here. He's perfectly trustworthy, and nice."

"Oh, sure. I just couldn't remember his name. Nice fellow. What about dinner? Are there people staying for dinner?"

"I haven't asked anyone. I can."

"No, no."

"They'll all be gone very soon, and we can have dinner here, or would you like to go to 21 or some place?"

"I've got a lot of work."

"I'll get rid of those that are left and we can have dinner by ourselves. Was it an ordeal?"

"Well, it was no pleasure trip."

"How was Edith Chapin?"

"Oh—splendid, of course. Splendid."

"Aren't you being a little splendid too? About her?"

Weeks smiled. "Touché," he said. "Edith never liked me and never will, but at least I'll never have to see her again." Softly he whispered a few bars of "Rose Room."

The Governor, his private secretary, Henry Laubach, and Mike Slattery were having coffee and homemade doughnuts in a small cardroom at the Gibbsville Club.

"Mike, you're putting me on the spot."

"On the Chernowski matter?" said Slattery.

"I can't pardon him, and I should think you'd know that. Have you read everything on him?"

"No, I haven't," said Slattery.

"Have you read any of the testimony, or the appeal stuff?"

"No," said Slattery.

"Whose word are you taking?" said the Governor.

"Legally? A local man. Good lawyer. He said a pardon can be justified."

"I'm told the contrary," said the Governor. "Who wants this pardon?"

"A couple of our fellows. It's important, Governor. There's a second-generation Polish vote here, you know. You and I, we're liable to make the mistake of thinking the Poles are just illiterate miners. But that's not so any more. I saw the figures the other day for how many Polish boys are in the armed forces. I mean in this country, Governor. This was an accurate list, compiled from church records, so we didn't lose track of boys that Americanized their last names. We'd like to see Chernowski get a pardon. It'd be a great thing for our side."

"I'll have to think it over a little more, but I'll be frank with you, I don't want to encourage you."

"I see," said Slattery. "What about the Schneider matter?"

"That's the—" The Governor's secretary spoke.

"I know," said the Governor. "Motor Vehicles. I might be able to do something for you there, Mike."

"We'd appreciate that," said Slattery.

"Have we got anything we'd like to take up with Mike?" the Governor asked the secretary.

"No, sir," said the secretary.

"I was afraid of that," said the Governor. "Mike, you always have everything under control, or nearly always, so consequently when you ask for something it's difficult to turn you down. I'm sorry about this Chernowski business. Now then. When are you and Mrs. Slattery coming to dinner with us at the Mansion?"

"We were hoping we could get you to have dinner with us while you're in town."

"I have to be in Erie tomorrow, sorry to say, but you thank her for me. How are all your daughters?"

"Fine, thank you," said Slattery.

"Henry, anything I can do for you?" said the Governor.

"I don't think so, thank you. I'd like to put in an extra word for Mike on the Chernowski pardon, but I guess that's a lost cause."

"Well, not entirely lost. The man's in for life, so don't give up." The Governor had a habit of patting his knee rapidly when annoyance was setting in. He now patted his knee rapidly. "Joe Chapin pretty well fixed?"

"Edith'll have over a million," said Slattery.

"Net?"

"Net," said Slattery.

"Well, she's lucky. It would have taken that and more to elect Joe to the job I have. Why did he want it so much?"

"The honor," said Slattery. "And there was a lieutenant governor in his family tree, back in 1830, 1840, somewhere around there. Joe had other ideas, too, I think."

"Such as?"

"What every American boy aspires to," said Slattery.

"Not this American boy," said the Governor. "When I finish my term I'm going back to Erie and stay there."

"Don't like to hear that kind of talk, Governor," said Slattery.

"Mike, you don't have to horseshit me. I want while longer, watch my grandchildren grow

roomful of souvenirs, and my name on some iron tablets, and I'll be in the record books as Governor. All I have to do is keep out of prison a little while longer and then I can sit back and relax. Any son of a bitch that thinks he'd like to be President of the United States ought to try being Governor of Pennsylvania for a few years. Tom Dewey may like his job, but I don't understand him anyway. So Joe Chapin—did he think he had a chance?"

"He never came right out and said so," said Slattery.

"I didn't realize he had such ambitions," said Laubach.

"Governor, yes. But President?"

"Well, at least he had as much chance of being President as he did Governor," said Slattery.

"Amen," said the Governor. "I guess Mike's right, even though he was being sarcastic. I guess this country's full of guys that secretly wish they could be President. I wonder why I never did. I guess the governorship looked so far away that the White House was way out of sight. You know something? This conversation relaxes me. I'm beginning to realize, really realize, that I actually did fulfill my life ambition. Very relaxing. Yeah, but now I'll start thinking maybe if I'd had an ambition to be President, maybe I could have made that. Gentlemen, you have just seen a man bitten by the presidential bug, and if you call yourselves friends of mine, you'll see to it that I never even get a favorite son nomination. I mean it."

"We may not respect your wishes in the matter," said Slattery.

"Now, Mike," said the Governor. "Now, Mike."

"The party may need you," said Slattery.

"Mike, if you don't cut that out I may double-cross you on the Schneider proposition. I want to retire while I can still walk around a golf course and stand up in a trout stream. But imagine Joe Chapin. Gentleman Joe. Did Joe go to Harvard?"

"Yale," said Slattery. "Penn Law School."

"Not even Harvard Law School. Always thought of Joe as a Harvard man, but I guess there are quite a few of the same type at Yale. Always polite, trying to have a good time, but always making you think perhaps your fly was open or your necktie was crooked."

The secretary spoke: "Governor, you asked me to remind you when it—"

"You're right. Gentlemen, a great pleasure to see you again and I wish I could sit here and chew the rag some more, but I have to move along. Henry, drop in when you're over in

Dauphin County. Be sure and do that. And Mike, you going to be at that meeting in Philadelphia next week?"

"Oh, sure, the good Lord willing," said Slattery.

They shook hands and put on their coats. "Reed, get me a copy of Bob Hooker's paper to read in the car. Can we get one downstairs? I don't want to stop at his office, because that'll mean another hour and I want to take a nap in the car."

"They'll have a copy downstairs," said Slattery. "The club gets a half a dozen copies. Good-bye, Governor, and thanks again for coming over. I won't say Joe would have appreciated it, but on a more practical basis, it was a good thing for local solidarity."

"A very fine thing," said Laubach. "Joe was a real party man, and the rank and file like to see that fact recognized."

"That's why I did it," said the Governor. "So long, gentlemen."

"We'll walk to the car with you," said Slattery. "It makes us look good, you know."

"Mike, you're a smooth Irishman," said the Governor.

"Yep. One of those bright young immigrant boys," said Slattery. "If you don't look out, pretty soon we'll be running the place."

"What are you talking about? You do now," said the Governor.

He waved and was driven away. Slattery and Laubach watched the official limousine until it passed Sixth Street, two and a half blocks away, then they returned to the clubhouse.

"He'll take care of the Schneider matter, but on the Chernowski matter we're licked, and licked good. Somebody else got to him first. That's the kind of thing a man loses sight of when he gets to be Governor."

"What's that, Mike?"

"The implications; the far-reaching effects. I don't worry about Chernowski's own parish. I leave that to the ward guy. But I could sure use a nice big gesture to show the Catholic vote and so-called foreign vote. You know, Henry, by rights this ought to be a solid Democratic county. Working people. Foreign-born or second-generation. We've been *stealing* this county from the Democrats because we had an organization. But now *they* have an organization and it's on the move. By the way, that fellow in Washington, I hear he's a sick man."

"So I heard," said Laubach.

"This Harry S. Truman. I don't know much about him, and



you can be darn sure if I don't, the people don't. Colorless. Inconsequential. We can worry about him when the time comes. Meanwhile, I'm asked to deliver without a heck of a lot of help from the Governor's Mansion, and it isn't easy."

"I appreciate that, Mike," said Laubach.

"Let's go over and say hello to Billy English," said Mike.

The old gentleman was sitting in his chair at one of the large plate-glass windows on the street side of the reading room. His arms rested on the chair-arms, his hands hung over the edges of the arms and opened and closed as though he were beating time to silent music.

"Good afternoon, Billy," said Henry Laubach.

"Ah, good afternoon. Who is that?"

"Henry Laubach, and Mike Slattery."

"Billy," said Slattery.

"Hello there, Mike. Henry. Take a seat," said the doctor.

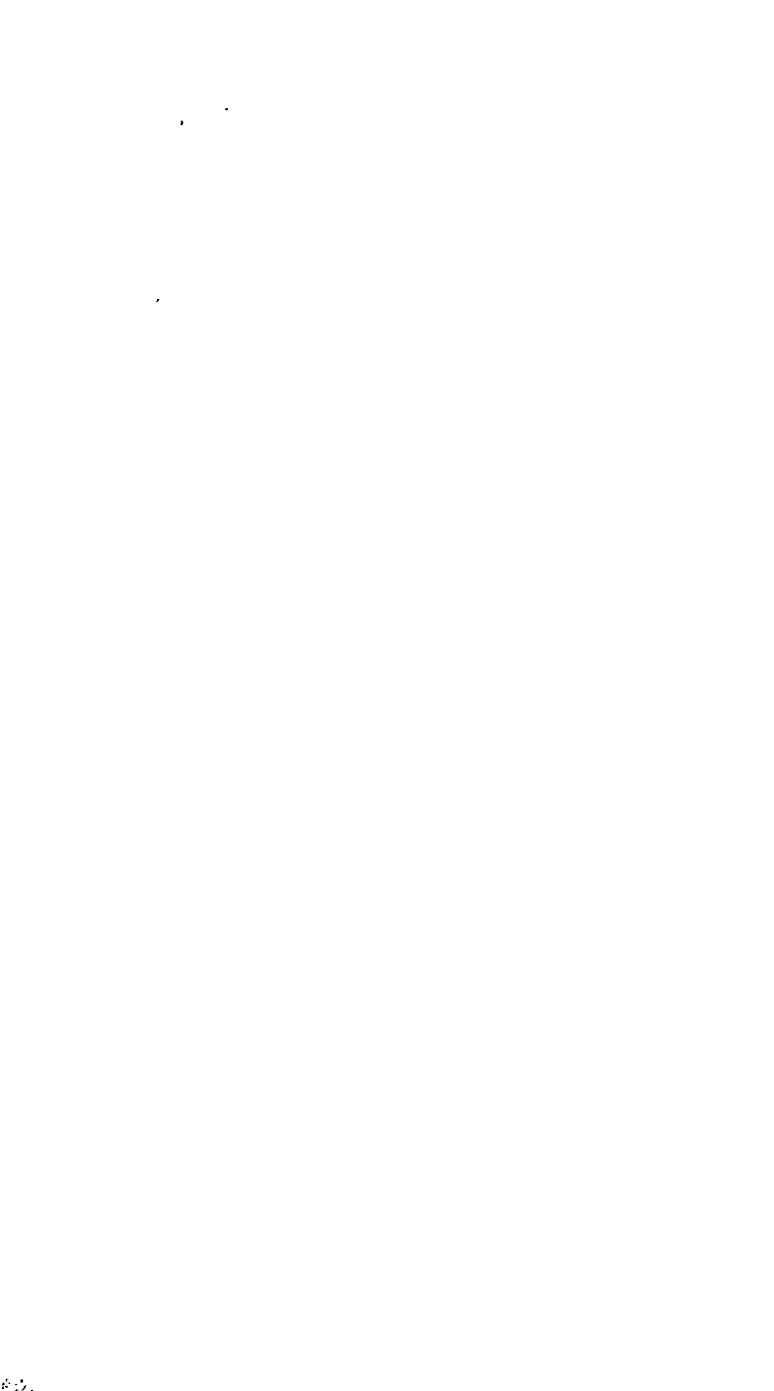
"Well, Joe's gone. Another dear face passed on. Since I've had this trouble with my eyesight I always seem to think of people as faces. I haven't been able to teach myself to recognize people by their voices. I'll miss Joe."

"Yes," said Laubach.

"Since I've been living here at the club, Joe and I took lunch together once a week, every Friday, unless he was out of town or in court. Kept me up to date on what was going on, and usually he used to read a few articles out of the *Time* or the *Newsweek*, items of interest I couldn't get on my little radio." He clasped his hands together, gently rubbing the signet ring with the indistinguishable crest that he always had worn (except when he was operating). "Once a month I'd go over to Frederick Street for dinner. About once a month, Edith'd have me. Always remember their kindness to me when Julian died. And of course Mrs. English. This trouble I have with my eyesight—I would have liked to have seen young Joby and Ann. I brought them into the world, you know."

"That's right, you did, didn't you?" said Laubach.

"Yes. Ann arrived a little sooner than we expected. She was what you might call an early bird. Three o'clock in the morning. Joby, I think Joby was sometime in the afternoon. But Ann, she cost me a night's sleep. I've said that to her many times. They had the same Marian working for them that's working for them now, and she telephoned me and said she'd keep an eye on Edith, and Harry, their man, he was at my front door with the car by the time I finished dressing. Big Pierce-Arrow with the headlights on the fenders. Do you remember them?"



"Play it off the six-ball," said the judge. "It'll kiss in."

"I don't think so," said the pool-player whom the judge was advising.

"Sure it will," said the judge. "It's practically dead."

"Dead?" said the pool-player.

"Well, not dead, but it's an easy shot. Use high right-hand English and you'll break up that pile. Do you want me to show you? I'll bet you five dollars I can make it."

"No bet," said the player. He took a shooting stance and played the shot. As the judge had predicted, the object ball kissed off the six-ball and into the pocket, and the pile was broken.

"See?" said the judge.

"You were right," said the player. "But now what do I play? I'm safe."

"Well, you didn't hit it hard enough. You should have slammed into it," said the judge. "What were you saying, Arthur?"

"No luck on the bridge game."

"What about Laubach and Slattery?" said the judge.

"They're leaving."

"Yeah. Don't feel like it. They wanted something out of the Governor, but they didn't get it, whatever it was. I think I know what it was, too," said the judge. "Play the twelve, play the twelve. Don't play the cock-up now. Save it."

"Pardon me, Judge, but this is a tournament match," said the player.

"Is it?" said the judge.

"I just want to call your attention to the sign," said the player.

"I didn't notice it. What does it say? 'Silence is Requested During Tournament Matches.' Excuse me. Come on, Arthur. We're too noisy." The judge got up and went to the reading room, followed by McHenry.

"How often do they have these tournaments?" said the judge.

"Once a year," said McHenry.

"I guess it's too late for me to enter this year, but next year, from what I've seen I could win it. Those fellows we were watching, I could spot them fifty to thirty easily. At the Collieryville Elks we had at least ten better shots than those fellows. Care for a cigar?"

"No thanks," said McHenry.

"A drink? I'll buy you a drink."



telling you, it's a fair bargain. All she does is support him till he gets established. Why is it so much worse for a young guy to sleep with an elderly woman than a young girl to go to bed with an elderly man? You look around this club. You know yourself, half the members of this club are giving money to young girls for some kind of satisfaction."

"Half? That's pretty high."

"Arthur, your own friends are doing it, and you know it."

"No, I *don't* know it," said McHenry. "I suppose there are two or three . . ."

"You think I have a dirty mind. Well, I don't give a God damn what you think, or anybody else. Nothing personal. I just see what I see and I don't shut my eyes to it. There were sixteen men pallbearers for Joe Chapin today. What would you risk on how many of them never had a young girl after the age of forty? If you want to know what my guess would be, my guess would be that Doc English and Mike Slattery were the only ones that never went to bed with a young girl after he got to the age of forty. I don't think Slattery was ever in bed with any woman except his wife. And Doc English—well, the old story of doctors and nurses. With me they're guilty till proven innocent."

"You can't include me in that list," said McHenry.

"I should have stated, present company excepted. I'm protesting innocence myself, too."

"Jenkins, from the bank."

"Jenkins! He's so holy that I suspect him automatically."

"I'm afraid you have a very low opinion of your fellow man."

"I was assistant district attorney three times, district attorney twice, Army in the first World War, and brought up in a patch, not to mention private practice and what I've seen since I was elected judge. My opinion of my fellow man is that the man that reaches fifty without ever doing time—has been lucky. I don't care who he is, and myself included. That fellow I was telling how to play his pool shots—how far away was he from second-degree murder? I've come to the conclusion that the safest way to live is first, inherit money. Second, marry a woman that will co-operate in your sexual peculiarities. Third, have a legitimate job that keeps you busy. Fourth, be born without a taste for liquor. Fifth, join some big church. Sixth, don't live too long."

"I know somebody that—"

"Sure you do. Joe Chapin. Who else did you think I had in mind? Seventh, figuratively speaking, carry a rabbit's foot."

That includes Joe Chapin, too. Luck. There but for the grace of God go I. Sometimes I sit up there in my courtroom and a case'll come along and the defendant reacted so much like the way I would in the same circumstances—why, it's like a good detective story, I'm so anxious to see how it comes out. The people smell better in this club than they did where I learned to shoot pool, and they've learned some restraint. But there isn't a hell of a lot of difference between the guy that politely shut me up and some bohunk that would wrap a cue-stick around my neck. You know what's going on all over the world, right this minute?

"People are killing each other, and getting medals for it. First they're trained to do it, taught to do it skillfully, given enough time to learn how to be a bricklayer or some minor trade. Then they're ordered to kill. Kill, take away human life. Kill. I hate that word. And I'm not deluding myself. I kill when I send a man to the electric chair, and I knew I was going to do it when I ran for judge. Yes, I have a pretty low opinion of my fellow man. He's just as evil as I am, and that's saying plenty. But I'm a judge, thanks to the kindness of my fellow man and Mike Slattery. My fellow man and Mike Slattery very wisely decided that they would be safer if they put me on the bench, where I couldn't do as much harm as I would running loose. I have to know what's in certain books, and go by what it says. That way the people are pretty well protected from my evil inclinations. Before a man is elected judge he ought to be examined for criminal tendencies, and if he has enough of them he ought to be qualified. Now you, Arthur, you'd make a lousy judge."

McHenry smiled. "By your standards, I hope so, thank you."

"I shall now proceed to break a law by getting moderately intoxicated. Clear head in the morning, remembering everything in the books. But I shall take in enough alcohol to cause me to be unfit to drive a motor vehicle, then while under the influence of the alcohol I shall drive said motor vehicle to my domicile in Collieryville. No one will know that I am intoxicated, but I'll know that my reflexes and my vision will not be unimpaired. If I were one of those show-off judges I would long since have signed an order taking away my driver's license. There's always a show-off judge in Los Angeles, California, or Toledo, Ohio, fining himself for violation of a parking ordinance. Arthur, have I given you any ideas to chew over?"

"A great many," said McHenry.

"Just bear in mind, I'm a patch lad exposed to book learning. That can make for a great deal of discontent, because now I'm a patch lad to the educated, and an educated man to the patch lads."

"Lincoln was a kind of patch lad, educated patch lad. That ought to be some kind of consolation."

"Take it from me, it isn't," said Williams. "Every self-made son of a bitch in the United States of America compares himself with Lincoln. It's an overworked comparison. But I *have* given you some ideas to chew on. That's good. If I can't be popular, at least I can make an impression. Court is adjourned."

"You're leaving, Judge?"

"Yes, and one thing more, Arthur. You got me in this place and I appreciate it. I always wanted to belong to this club. But don't think you have to take the rap for me. Now that I'm a member, you know, I can stand on my own two feet. If they want to kick me out, you let them. I release you from all responsibilities implied or real. Nothing like me has happened to this club since young English wrecked the joint, fifteen-twenty years ago."

"Perhaps they need a little shaking. What about that drink you were talking about?"

"The hotel bar. I'm told the place is full of twenty-dollar whores these days."

"So I've heard," said McHenry. He helped the judge with his coat.

Williams put his hand on McHenry's shoulder. "Arthur, you may not be the greatest lawyer since Fallon, but you always have one or two surprises up your sleeve. And you're a good fellow."

"Thank you, Lloyd," said McHenry.

The judge's car was parked free of charge in the lot across Lantenengo Street from the hotel. It was a small graft that the judge accepted as part of the honor of being judge, and in using the lot as his downtown parking place he considered that he had bestowed an honor on the place. He did not accept free gasoline, oil, car washing, tires, flashlights or other goods and services. The fact that the judge used that lot was an endorsement and an advertisement, and a mutually satisfactory arrangement. The same space was always reserved for the judge, and he did not have to tip the boys. A pleasant greeting was all that was expected. (It was not likely that the owners would ever ask the judge for a major favor, but if they did he would take his custom elsewhere, and if he were to





to open the door for the judge. He knew better. The judge unparked his own car and drove it away.

He carefully obeyed all ordinances. He was a good driver, considerate and well co-ordinated. At only one point did he denart from any rule or regulation involving courtesy or consideration: in the 1900-block on Market Street he sounded his horn: one long and two short. There was no apparent reason for blowing the horn.

But he did it every afternoon, in the 1900-block on Market Street.

As a young man, as a law student, and as a young lawyer getting started, Lloyd Williams drank with the boys, whoever the boys of the moment might be. He was able to take in more alcohol with less inebriating effect than spirits had on his drinking companions, and he was respected for that ability. He did not have to drink every day to maintain his reputation as a drinking man, but the reputation followed him through life. In cigar-store discussions he was held up as the example of the brilliant lawyer who drank, just as a couple of doctors were cited as drinking surgeons. In Lloyd Williams's case the drinking was a political asset; he was a man, not a hypocrite, and another part of the asset was his reputation for being quite a man with the women. In his youth the drinkers were the patrons of the better whorehouses, and Williams himself went along with the boys in that activity. In any single year he was likely to go to one of the better whorehouses often enough to be welcome and respected, but in no single year did his visits to whorehouses number more than fifteen. There were other men, less conspicuous men, who went to a whorehouse every Saturday night, or every payday, but Lloyd Williams was hardly ever an inconspicuous man, and whatever he did was magnified. He acquired his reputation for success with women on little more than a monthly visit to a whorehouse, but the reputation was not confined to association with whores. Men somehow believed that all women interested Williams, and many women joined the men in that belief.

His reputation as a hellraiser flourished and was helped by the fact that he married rather late in life. And yet no one ever bothered to inquire too deeply into the renown as drinker or womanizer. Men assumed that because they got drunk with Williams, Williams had been drunk too; they assumed that because he went to bed with whores, he was going to bed with mysterious mistresses who were not being paid. In fact, in the presence of non-whores, Williams was the shyest of men,

but even that characteristic was taken to be part of tactics and great discretion.

When finally, at forty-one, he married, the choice he made did nothing to disillusion his friends. Lottie Williams was a childless widow of his own age, a Gibbsville girl whose first husband died in the great influenza epidemic of 1918 while serving as a sergeant in the Quartermaster Corps, Frankford Arsenal. Lottie Danner and Jimmy Franklin had been a high school romance and an ideal one; Lottie, a girl with a startlingly flawless complexion, beautiful teeth, and wavy auburn hair, and somewhat on the stout side, had a contralto voice that kept all other girls out of singing competition for the four years she attended high school; Jimmy had the quick reflexes and spare build of the natural athlete and starred in baseball, basketball and sprint events and was good enough to win two letters in football. After high school and his failure to make big league baseball, he played town ball, semiprofessionally, but devoted himself chiefly to beer, drinking it and selling it. He attended all sports events in the area, and in the beginning his brewery employers encouraged his interest with an expense account. But his usefulness as a good-will representative came to an end with a succession of fist fights. He was partisan to a degree; he bet large sums and did not always pay off when he lost; he was suspected of bribing a participant in a high-stake pigeon-shooting match. By the time he joined the Army he had been a bartender, house man in a poolroom, auto salesman, political hustler, bill collector, insurance salesman, sewing-machine salesman, and private detective. Most of his jobs had been obtained through the intercession of Mike Slattery, who had admired his athletic ability in high school and who even then was building a personal political organization. During the years of unsteady employment Jimmy refused to permit Lottie to take a job, but within a month of his death she was at work as a millinery saleslady and within two years of it she had her own shop on Second Street, just outside the high-rent district. The Danners were solid, respectable people; Lottie's father was a letter carrier, prominent in the anti-Catholic fraternal organizations. Lottie was called Lottie Danner for most of the years of her marriage to Jimmy Franklin; they were a small-town version of two theatrical celebrities who have married but retain their professional names, although Lottie called herself Lottie Franklin. Lottie lived at her parents' home, as she had done throughout much of her married life. When her father and mother died she inherited the house on Locust Street. ~~the~~

instead of taking in roomers, she converted the house into apartments, retaining the first floor for her own use. With the success of her millinery and the renovation of her father's house a new life began for Lottie.

Women, Lantenengo Street women, often dropped in at Lottie's shop merely to smoke a cigarette. The shop, in fact, became the younger women's idling place that corresponded to their husbands' cigar store. Only the oldest women of Lantenengo Street withheld their patronage from Lottie, and their absence was helpful. Lottie not only had the youngest hats; she had the young for customers. The men of Gibbsville, Lantenengo Street or not, remained totally unaware of the noncommercial aspects of Lottie's shop. All they knew was that their wives had dropped in at Lottie's and had, or had not, bought a hat. Whether they bought or not, Lottie made them feel welcome. She supplied cigarettes; she had a clean toilet; a box of aspirin and a carton of sanitary napkins; a telephone in her small office. And Lottie did not mind if a young woman closed the door of the office.

Lottie's first love affair as a widow was with a doctor, a newcomer to Gibbsville and a bachelor, who was six years younger than she. George Ingram was a University of Pennsylvania M.D., a native of Trenton who had heard that doctors prospered in Gibbsville, in spite of the seemingly large number of doctors in proportion to the population of the town. He was sponsored by Dr. English, who sent him patients and helped him socially, but George Ingram was not quite so ready to marry as the available young women of Lantenengo Street had hoped. He was twenty-nine years old and determined to repay the aunt who had helped finance his education. When Lottie Williams came to him with a torn fingernail and in pain, she was a patient and no more, but she knew a good deal about him through the talk at her shop. On her third, and what was to have been her final office call, she made sure to be the last patient of the evening.

"Won't need another dressing," he said. "You can stop at the drug store and tell them to give you a rubber finger to wear at work, but I wouldn't even wear that all the time."

"Fine," said Lottie. She smiled at him and made no move to go. She continued to smile at him, and he smiled back.

"You make me feel as if I forgot something. Did I forget anything?"

"No," she said. "Do you have a cigarette?"

"Why, yes," he said.

"Let's you and I smoke a cigarette then," said Lottie.

"Okay, let's. Do you smoke these?" He offered her a Fatima.

"Beggars can't be choosers," she said.

"What is your regular brand?"

"Lord Salisburys," she said.

"Sorry I can't oblige," he said. "I'll have some the next time."

"That's good news," said Lottie.

"Oh, I take good care of my patients."

"So's that, good news," said Lottie.

"What made you think anything different?"

"I didn't think anything different, Doctor. I meant it was good news there's going to be a next time, and good news you take good care of your patients. I guess you're pretty lonely in town."

"Oh, I don't know."

"All the young Lantenengo Street girls after you, but you're giving them the cold shoulder."

"Well, I don't want to get serious."

"I don't either," said Lottie. She smiled at him and said no more while she inhaled her cigarette. He smiled back uncertainly.

"Does that door lock?" she said.

"Mm-hmm."

"Would you care to kiss me? And lock the door first?"

He got up and turned the key.

"Do you want me to take everything off?"

"Yes," he said.

"You don't say much, do you?"

"We understand each other," he said.

She stood up and they kissed each other.

"Turn your back," she said.

"All right," he said.

"I wish you could outen the big light."

"I will," he said. He snapped the ceiling light. "I'd better leave the other one on."

"I don't mind the other one. It's the big one," she said. In a few minutes she spoke again. She was lying on his sofa, the front of her body draped with her petticoat, but she was wearing nothing. "You take everything off too."

"I intend to," he said.

Their love-making lasted not very long and she said only one thing, when he was inside her for the first time: "God, I needed this."

"So did I," he said.

When they had finished she said: "Will you let me have one of those Fatimas?"

"Mm-hmm."

"Where do you live? Do you still live at the hotel?"

"Yes."

"That's too bad," she said. "Do you ever go away? Philly or New York City?"

"Only once since I came here."

"I'd like to be in a real bed with you and we wouldn't have to be in such a hurry."

"But you're all right, aren't you?"

"Sure. You could tell. You're a doctor."

"Sometimes I'm not."

"I'm glad of that. What if I get in the family way?"

"Well, let's hope you don't."

"Let's hope I don't is right. Did you like me?"

"Yes."

"Enough to have another date sometime?"

"Sure."

"When?"

"Well—I don't know exactly. You decide."

"A week from tonight?"

"That's a Monday? Fine."

"Will I come here with my sore finger, or what?"

"Get here a little later, after eight-thirty."

"Any time you say. Listen, I don't want anybody seeing me any more than you do. I'm a respectable widow and business woman. I don't want any talk either."

"That's good."

"And you're younger than I am. I always used to think a woman that—well, I guess it doesn't make much difference, does it?"

"No, I guess not."

"Give me another kiss and then I guess I'll get started on my way home."

He kissed her briefly on the mouth.

"It makes you feel how much you've been missing over two years. It isn't that long for you, though."

"No," he said.

"Men are lucky," she said. "If you have to go out on a call next Monday, will the Monday after be all right?"

"I'll be here."

"For sure?"

"Well, unless there's some accident or something on that order."



"The way I did it with them."

"The regular way?"

"Yes, the regular way."

"Then why did you do anything? Why did you do it at all?"

"I had to. A man has—desires. When I had mine I went to a whore. But it wasn't what I wanted to do. What I do with you was always what I wanted to do."

"Why can't you do the same thing with me that you did with the whores? It's what I want."

"I can't help it what you want. All I can do is what I do. Once a month I'd go to a whore and get satisfaction, quick. With you I don't want to have satisfaction, not the same kind. I want *you* to have satisfaction. Why don't you? You won't let yourself."

"Didn't you do the same thing with the whores?"

"No, I tell you. I hated them. I respect you."

"Is that what it is? Respect?"

"You'd never find me doing that to a whore. Never."

"I don't understand it."

"Can you understand this? You and the whores are the only women I ever knew. And what I always wanted to do I do with you."

"That's almost as if you only knew two women in your whole life."

"That's what it is. I only knew two women. The other woman was all the whores, and I hated them. And I don't hate you. I love you."

"My God," she said.

"Listen, I'm not half as queer as some people. You ought to hear some of the things in court."

"I don't want to."

"Well, then you'd know."

"I don't want to know."

"You ought to hear some of those things."

"Why don't you change? Why should I be the one?"

"Listen, I'll give you some books to read. Havelock Ellis."

"Aw, books. I never read a—"

"Not novels. Scientific."

"Doctor books. I don't want doctor books. I know what I am: a woman. And you're supposed to be a man. Are you a fairy, too?"

"Like hell I am. I wouldn't be in love with you."

"What kind of love do you call this?"

"It's a kind. There's all kinds."

"Huh. Well, I'm going to sleep."

"All right."

"You were supposed to have—you were supposed to be Rudolph Valentino and Wallace Reid rolled into one."

"If you knew more you'd understand better," he said.

"I understand enough."

"No. You don't."

"There's one thing I understand and that's there's some things I don't care if I don't ever understand."

So—he loved her; he used the word. What he meant by love was not what she had always meant by love, which was simple, irresistible, and satisfactory. At forty-three she was having to learn about a kind of love that was as distant as death without death's inevitability. Death was acceptable and postponable; this kind of love was not within her imaginable experience. And yet she was experiencing it. She made some compromises; her secret reading of Havelock Ellis was some help, and so was a furtive, embarrassed consultation with George Ingram, who was not a mental healer but who reassured her by telling her that she was not the only woman in the world, or in Gibbsville, who was experiencing dissatisfaction. What he told her was hardly more than what she would have discovered by listening to the court cases Lloyd had spoken of, but the difference was that coming from George it had greater value; George had been her lover; George was a medical man. The compromise she made was a difficult one and long in the making, but it was achieved. It was simple. She learned to be Lloyd's wife on his terms. And at precisely that moment she began to lose him. For a year they were happy. He had converted her, and she was a convert. Moreover their differentness gave her a hidden sense of superiority over other women. But he had won, and she was losing, and then there began to be nothing.

Ruth Jenkins had lived all her life in Gibbsville, never had been out of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania except for two one-day excursions to Atlantic City, but in twenty-six years she had never been inside the courthouse. Every day of her life, practically, she looked at the courthouse clock and that ended it. Like many residents of Gibbsville, her attitude was that the courthouse was county, not town, and a place that drew to Gibbsville a lot of ignorant miners in trouble and a lot of lawyers trying to get them out of it. Nothing could have persuaded her to set foot in the place, nothing but the kind of thing that did: the legacy from her aunt, the papers to be signed, and Mr. J. B. Chapin the lawyer to accompany



her up the hill. The business in the office of Register of Wills was brief and she would have been home in another hour had it not been for her casual mention to Mr. Chapin that it was her first visit.

"Well," said Mr. Chapin. "Wouldn't you like to see what makes the wheels go round? Court's in session. Let's have a look in Number 3 Courtroom. We might run across something interesting." She was unequal to the problem of how to refuse the invitation. He led her to Number 3, to a row of empty chairs inside the rail, and they sat down.

"This is assault and battery with intent to kill. The defendant is that Italian man with the mustache."

"I see," said Ruth Jenkins.

"The witness is being questioned by Mr. Williams, Lloyd Williams, from Collieryville. Assistant district attorney, and smart as a whip. Watch him tie that witness in knots."

"I object, your Honor!"

"That's defense counsel. Mr. Troutman from Taqua," said Joseph B. Chapin.

"And quite rightly," said the judge.

"Judge *Bramwell*," said Joseph B. Chapin.

"Mr. Williams, shall we read back to you so that you'll know better next time?" said Judge Bramwell. "Twice in the past four minutes I've sustained Mr. Troutman's objection to that same line of questioning and now you persist in continuing it."

"I apologize, your Honor," said Williams. "I am only trying to show—"

"I think I know what you're trying to show, Mr. Williams. Right now the clock shows the hour to be past my lunch time and I think we'll all be the better for a recess. Let us adjourn until two o'clock."

"All rise!" shouted a tipstaff.

They held their places during the confusion of adjournment.

"I'm afraid this was a disappointment," said Joseph B. Chapin.

"But let's go over and say hello to Lloyd Williams."

"All right," said Ruth Jenkins.

"Lloyd! Lloyd!" Chapin called.

Williams turned and saw Chapin. "Hello, Joe," he said, and it was another first-time for Ruth Jenkins; the first time she ever had heard anyone call Chapin, Joe.

"I would like you to meet Mrs. Jenkins. Ruth, this is Mr. Lloyd Williams, our eminent assistant district attorney."

"How do you do, Mrs. Jenkins," said Williams. They did

not shake hands; his were occupied with papers and large heavy-paper envelopes. "You in the courtroom?"

"Just got here," said Joe Chapin.

"Bramwell's been like that all morning," said Williams, to Chapin, and addressed Ruth Jenkins: "Are you Mrs. Edwin Jenkins?"

"Yes, I am," she said.

"I thought so," said Williams. "Edwin has a very pretty wife."

"Oh, now," said Ruth Jenkins.

"He has indeed," said Joe Chapin.

"Your client, Joe?"

"I have that honor," said Joe Chapin.

"Well, you're in good hands, Mrs. Jenkins," said Williams. "Unless you get in trouble with the law and I have to be on the other side. Then you'd see me ripping Joe to shreds."

"Unless, of course, we were before Judge Bramwell," said Joe Chapin.

"Oh, him. He should have retired ten years ago while he still had possession of all his faculties."

"Uh—Lloyd doesn't—uh—"

"Oh, Mrs. Jenkins isn't going to report me, are you, Mrs. Jenkins?"

"What for?" said Ruth Jenkins.

"For saying what I think. That Judge Bramwell should have retired. That remark of his about knowing what I was trying to show. That kind of a remark might come in handy on appeal, in a different set of circumstances."

"I thought of that," said Joe Chapin.

"He knows I can't lose this case, so he's having some fun at my expense. Be glad your husband isn't a lawyer, Mrs. Jenkins."

"You wouldn't be anything else," said Joe Chapin.

"You're right, I wouldn't," said Williams. "Would you care to see my office, Mrs. Jenkins? As a taxpayer, you might like to see how some of your money is spent."

"I'm afraid we have to be running along," said Joe Chapin.

"Whatever you say," said Ruth.

"Come on, have a look," said Williams. "Then I'll ride downtown with you, if that's all right."

"Would you like to do that?" said Joe Chapin.

"All right," said Ruth Jenkins.

"But I can't give you a ride downtown. You know that, Lloyd. I always walk."

"Have you got a car, Mrs. Jenkins?" said Williams.

"Yes, I do," said Ruth Jenkins.

"Then she can give me a ride, that is if she wants to."

"It would be a pleasure," said Ruth Jenkins.

It was so arranged. They had a look at Williams' office, which he shared with other members of the district attorney's staff and which reflected no personality; then they parted from Joe Chapin and got in her Ford two-door sedan. "I'm having a valve job done on my wagon," he said. "Could I ask you to drive me out to Klein's Garage and see if it's ready?"

They drove to Klein's Garage; his car would not be ready until later in the afternoon. She heard him telling the mechanic that that was a hell of a note, and she heard the mechanic say that that was when they'd promised it. She wondered about that, but not disturbingly. When he returned to the car he said: "That's always the way."

"Where else can I take you?" she said.

"Do you have to be home right away?"

"No," she said. "Ed eats at the 'Y' Cafeteria."

"I go there sometimes, I've seen him there. I guess he goes there every day."

"Just about, except Saturdays," she said.

"A day like this, I often just get in my car and drive around instead of eating."

"That's not good for you," she said. "You ought to eat!"

"Yes, but sometimes I get more out of going for a ride and getting rid of that courthouse air. I like fresh air, but my work keeps me indoors most of the time."

"I like fresh air, too," she said.

"But you're probably hungry."

"No, I'm not so hungry. I had a milk shake around ten. Milk shake and a couple pretzels."

"You wouldn't feel like taking a ride down Beaver Valley way?"

"I don't know. Maybe," she said. She turned and looked at him. "Just down Beaver Valley and back?"

"That's all," he said.

"I don't know. Maybe we better not," she said.

"You don't want to start anything?" he said.

"What is there to start?" she said.

"It's started already. You can tell," he said.

She nodded. "I was never out with anybody but Ed since we got married."

"What about before?"

"I used to go out with fellows, but not seriously."



"You're clever. You got talking and got me talking, and now we're practically out of town. You did that on purpose."

"To some extent. But at least we're now getting in the country and not so many people can see us."

She was silent.

"Are you alone a lot of the time?" he said, gently.

"Yes," she said.

"What do you do when you're alone?"

"When I'm alone? My housework."

"But you're very neat, I noticed that. And I'll bet you don't have to use up much time doing the housework."

"No, not much," she said. "I do my sewing."

"Oh, you can sew?"

"I like to sew. I make some of my own dresses. The ones at the store are too dear, and half of them don't fit right. I make some dresses for other girls, too. They give me the material but I do the dressmaking. Usually I select the patterns."

"Why don't you go in the business?"

"I thought of that, but Ed wouldn't let me. He says it wouldn't look right, a man at the bank's wife a dressmaker."

"There's money in it."

"Don't I know that? I can make around fifty a month just making dresses for friends of mine."

"How does Ed feel about that?"

"What he doesn't know won't hurt him."

"Oh, you don't tell him."

"He'd stop me," she said.

"What do you do with the money?"

"I've got it hidden."

"It's a wonder he didn't hear about it, one way or another."

"He won't, because the girls I make the dresses for, they get like twenty-five to buy a dress but I make one for around fifteen, and they keep the other ten, only they tell their husbands they bought the dress. They wouldn't want to spoil that for themselves."

"No, I guess not. Do you know what you are, Ruth?"

"What?"

"You're a kind of bootlegger."

She laughed. "Another Ed Charney. I don't care. Every penny Ed Jenkins makes goes into investments. If I didn't make my own dresses I'd look like something the cat dragged in. He wants me to look neat and well dressed but he won't give me the money for it."

"What would he do if you told him you decided you wanted to go into business?"

"He'd say I couldn't."

"But what could he do?"

"What could he do? Why—he could forbid me."

"Yes, and then what, if you said you were going to."

"I don't get what you mean," she said.

"Yes, you do," said Williams.

"You mean how could he stop me?"

"Exactly."

"Well, I never thought of it that way."

"Then think of it."

"Yes, maybe you're right. But he's my husband."

"It isn't as if you had children to look after. You have plenty of time and ability. It isn't right for you to lose all that money on account of his pride. That's what it is, it's his pride."

"Well—I guess we better not talk about it any more."

"All right," he said. "Ruth, you told me some secrets."

"Yes. I don't know if that was such a good idea."

"Yes it was. I'm great at keeping secrets."

"Well, just so you keep those."

"Something inside you allowed you to tell me them. Is that right?"

"I guess so."

"You know so. I want to ask you something."

"Is it personal?"

"Yes, personal and secret. Shall I ask you?"

"Well—all right, if it's not too personal."

"It's very personal, but it's secret," he said. "No, I changed my mind. Do you want a cigarette?"

"I don't smoke," she said.

"I didn't think you did. It doesn't go with the rest of you."

"I just don't like it. I have nothing against it," she said.

"What was it you were going to ask me?"

"I don't think you'd answer the question and I wouldn't want to ask it if I wasn't going to get an answer. It's a very personal question. Private. Secret."

"What kind of a question?"

"If I told you what kind of a question, that would be as much as asking it."

"Ask it."

"Does Ed thrill you when you're together?"

She made no answer. They drove in silence for a couple of hundred yards.

"I don't have any right to be sore at you. I made you ask me," she said.

"I don't want you to be sore at me, that's why I wasn't going to ask it."

"Why do you want to know?"

"I want to know all about you."

"There isn't much to know."

"As long as there's one thing I don't know, I'll want to know it."

"Maybe I don't know what you mean by thrill."

"Yes, you do."

"All right, I'll tell you. He doesn't believe girls are supposed to get the same thrill as men do."

"I could thrill you."

"Yes, I guess you could," she said.

"Do I now, just talking about it?"

"Yes."

"I am, too," he said.

"We'd better turn around," she said. "I don't like this. You shouldn't get me like this. You ask me those questions and I don't know what comes over me."

"It's all right, Ruth. Turn around."

"Don't ask me any more questions."

"I won't. Do you want me to drive?"

"No, no. I want to keep occupied."

They said no more until they were at the city limits of Gibbville. "Will you let me off at the Reading Station? I'll take a taxi from there."

"All right," she said.

"Are you sore at me?"

"No. I was, but not now."

"I know you were."

"Well, you expected me to be," she said.

"I guess I wouldn't like you as much if you weren't."

"Don't like me, I don't want you to like me or dislike me. Because I'm never going to see you again."

"I don't blame you, Ruth. But I wanted to know."

"Well, you found out."

"I'm not going to phone you—"

"You better not!"

"I won't. But you may want to phone me."

"You're wrong."

"If you do, tell the girl that answers that it's Mrs. Jay. In our office we get a lot of calls that people don't give their names."

"Don't worry, I'll never phone you."

But she did; in two years, a hundred times, from the house in the 1900-block on Market Street. And he never let her forget the two years. The horn signal was his constant reminder.

In the comparatively brief period in which Gibbsville had had a mayor, a period dating from its changing from a borough to a third-class city, the office had been held by some scoundrels of varying degree, who had used money of their own in their campaigns, confident that after election their investments would be returned. The confidence was always justified, and in two cases so well justified that the confident men left Gibbsville to settle in California and Florida, never to return to the home town. Other men had invested in the office with less spectacular returns on their money, and they remained in Gibbsville. Conrad L. Yates was the only man to spend a large sum of money on his campaign and continued to spend his own money during his tenure of office. In that respect he was like the Lord Mayor of London, treating the position as a luxury he could afford and satisfied with the honor of the title. He liked being called Mayor; he liked better being called Mr. Mayor; and, in police court, Your Honor. He liked having letters addressed to The Honorable Conrad L. Yates. He liked having the radio and siren and blinker lights and city seal on the Cadillac he owned and equipped with his personal funds. He enjoyed making speeches and serving on committees. Like Fiorello H. La Guardia, a man whom he did not admire politically, he gave a weekly radio talk. His chauffeur, whom he called his driver, was a temporary special policeman, on the city payroll for a dollar a year, but entitled to wear a police uniform. (The driver's actual salary was paid by Yates.) "What's wrong with it?" he would say to his friends. "Some men want to be a general. Knudsen, the big man at General Motors. He's a general. I ain't a big shot like Knudsen, so I won't never be no general. But I can be Mayor. That I like. Mayor I always wanted to be. Now I am."

He was a short, stout man, fast-moving and quick-thinking. He always seemed to be doing two things at once; if he ordered a beer he drank it quickly and talked interestedly and incisively. It was as though he were telling his thirst to lie down now while he did his brainwork. When he made a speech the words came out, jovially and often ungrammatically, but he seemed to be one man making the speech and



another man studying the individual members of the audience. He was surprised and delighted to be chosen as a pallbearer for Joseph B. Chapin, a man he admired without reservation, but during the hours of actual service as pallbearer he was uncomfortable. Here were big shots who made his limited celebrity seem small indeed. The Governor knew him and he knew the Governor, but here were Mike Slattery and Arthur McHenry and Henry Laubach and Bob Hooker and Whit Hofman and Doctor English and Lloyd Williams, from town, who were more genuinely big shot than he was. The man named Weeks, the Philadelphia lawyer Kirkpatrick, the admiral, the Wall Street man Harrison and Paul Donaldson from Scranton were big shots who had no idea who he was. He could feel like Mayor and Big Shot only to Edwin Jenkins, whom he could buy and sell, and young Johnson, the new school superintendent. He realized that his selection as pallbearer was no tribute to him; that any man who happened to be Mayor would have been selected, so long as he was a Republican. No one thanked him for the expeditiousness of the movements of the funeral cars, or for the extra police, or for keeping nonessential traffic out of Frederick Street. If Joe Chapin had been alive, and a pallbearer, Joe Chapin was the kind of a fellow that would notice these things and remember to thank him. As a pallbearer Conrad was where he had always wanted to be, in a small group of important men, publicly recognized as a man of importance. But when it was all over and he returned to his office in City Hall he privately conceded his disappointment.

The office walls were covered with framed, signed photographs of himself and the prominent people he had met, however briefly. Movie stars and starlets, band leaders, politicians, the military, radio personalities, singers, lecturers, business executives. No man or woman of prominence was allowed to set foot in Gibbsville, whether for a bond drive or in ordinary business pursuits, without having his picture taken shaking hands or kissing Conrad L. Yates. And on his not infrequent visits to New York and Philadelphia night clubs his arrangement with the maitre-dee at almost any famous hot spot provided him with out-of-town photographs of himself with George Jessel, Frank Sinatra, Dorothy Lamour, Jack Pearl, a Royal Air Force wing commander, Ted Husing, Winthrop Aldrich, and a batboy of the New York Yankees; as well as one of the few photographs of Betty Grable taken from the front. They were precious souvenirs, usually dependable as



"Mr. Shapin, excuse me vonce."

"What is it, old chap?"

"I vant to ask you your advice."

"Well, that's what we're here for."

"Ach, now, you're making chokes wiss me."

"You want another kind of advice? That it?"

"Ja. Yes. I vant to stop work as messenchah poy."

"Have you inherited a million, Conrad?"

"Making chokes wiss me again yet, Mr. Chapin. People lige to make chokes wiss me. My sice is too small already."

"No more jokes, Conrad. What can I do for you?"

"Vell—I haf sree hunret dollahs safed up. Some say go to Philly, some say stay in Gippswille. Vhat do you say, Mr. Shapin?"

Joseph B. Chapin patted the tips of his fingers together. "Hmm," he said. "You want me to advise you as a friend?"

"Yes, sir," said Conrad, never having been called a friend by anyone.

"Hmm. Well, you've been in town how long?"

"Going on four years I vas here."

"You've made quite a few friends in that short time."

"Vell, I know some people, two hunret maybe."

"You've worked hard, saved a nice little nest-egg in Gibbsville, and now you are thinking of trying your luck in the big city," said Joseph B. Chapin.

"Yes, sir."

"But you've never been to New York or Philadelphia."

"I vas nefer to Reading down."

"Well, Reading is bigger than Gibbsville, three or four times as large, and Philadelphia is ten times larger than Reading. You probably are thinking that means that many more opportunities. Possibly it does. But let us take into consideration the fact that you have a pretty good job here, and no job in Philadelphia. Friends here, and no friends in Philadelphia. And I can tell you from experience, it's easy to get lost in a big city until you know your way. I daresay you've thought of these things."

"Yes, sir."

"Then there's one more consideration, Conrad."

"Yes, sir."

"Your English. Here in Gibbsville we're accustomed to the Pennsylvania Dutch manner of speaking. We're used to it. But in a place like Philadelphia or New York—they think it's funny, and they're liable to laugh at it. They wouldn't



kept more attractive. He donated land for a hospital with the understanding that the area be designated a zone of quiet. He happened also to own much of the surrounding acreage, which became a peaceful residential development. He had a zoning law changed so that a prospective tenant could install carpet-cleaning machinery, which is noisy. He watched real estate prices go down as the neighboring housewives began to lose their minds, and when the prices were low enough, he bought the houses and sold them to a man who wanted to put up a planing mill, which is even noisier than a carpet cleanery.

As a businessman mayor he protected the citizens from any too-raw or too-large deals. His vigilances was not appreciated; everybody was making wartime money and when everybody is making money, deals are overlooked, Conrad well knew. But he was making sure that nothing too awful would be charged against his administration in future, less cynical years. Conrad, Junior, and Theodore Roosevelt Yates were in the Army, and between them had provided the Mayor with five grandchildren, which gave Conrad a sense of responsibility to his town and country. Moreover, to his great surprise and pleasure he had discovered, or had had discovered for him, the fact, and it was a fact, that an ancestor of his had fought in the American Revolution and that he and his children were eligible for membership in the appropriate societies. The discovery caused some embarrassed confusion at the Gibbsville Club, which had quietly blackballed Conrad for many years, and which as quietly admitted him in the nature of a fiftieth-birthday present. When a man who had thought of himself as a lowly member of the community finds that he has enviable ancestry and living descendants for the future, and has made himself a millionaire, he likes to pay his respects to future and past by some gesture that will have permanence. It seemed to Conrad Yates that a term as Mayor of Gibbsville, the metropolis and county seat, would make him a desirable ancestor of his unborn great-grandchildren and put him in almost the same category as his own Revolutionary forebear. He accordingly went directly to Mike Slattery, not to the merely local boys, and arranged with Mike to be elected Mayor. To Mike he was a welcome visitor. Except for the men whom he had bested in business deals, Conrad was a popular figure and could have won the election at a considerably smaller outlay than he made, but he wanted to win big, and Mike was happy to see the faithful workers get the money. The respectable element of the party regulars, such as Joe Chapin and Henry Laubach, were more than willing

to sponsor Conrad, and so were the church people, the business community, the former poor, the young voters, and a sizable number of citizens who knew him only as Wie Galt's Yates. He won handsomely without the endorsement of organized labor, which correctly suspected him of a tendency to sympathize with big business (several parcels of Conrad's land were available for factory construction); and he got only token support from the slot-machine and whorehouse factions, which correctly suspected him of good morals.

... Now, back in his City Hall office after the funeral and the luncheon, he was momentarily a little man again. But that, too, would pass. He sat in the high-back leather swivel-chair, which he had swung about so that he could see the row of photographs that included a cabinet-size likeness of Joseph B. Chapin, which Joe had given him after repeated requests. The inscription was noncommittal enough: "To Conrad L. Yates From His Friend Joe Chapin." Conrad had wanted to get Joe Chapin to add to the inscription something about how Joe had made him stay in Gibbsville, but now it was too late. It was too late for a lot of things. He had wanted Joe and Edith Chapin once, just once, to come to his house for dinner. He had hoped for and half expected some small Christmas present from Joe, especially in one year when he had paid McHenry & Chapin (formerly McHenry & McHenry) a respectable sum in fees. But that year, as in other years, Joe Chapin sent him a chaste seasonal greeting, from Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Benjamin Chapin. The electric clock which Conrad had in reserve was unpacked and ended up in Teddy Yates's bedroom. As he looked now at the photograph of the man he admired, Conrad Yates realized that it would not have been *like* Joe Chapin to write the kind of intimate inscription that was on the photographs of movie actresses and ballplayers; no more than it would have been *like* Joe Chapin to send him a Christmas present, or even, for that matter, come to his house for dinner. Earlier in the day he had heard a dozen men and women comment that it was the first time they had been inside the Chapin residence. From that observation Conrad proceeded to the admission that there were plenty of people he did business with that he wouldn't have in *his* house. He did give away a lot of presents at Christmastime, and enjoyed doing it, but that was one of the differences between him and Joe Chapin. Joe Chapin did things one way, he did them another. And it pleased him to find that he and Joe had that point of similarity on the question of who was invited to your house.

In the mood engendered by that thinking Conrad put his mind to work on a project to honor the memory of Joe. He flipped a key on his intercom. "Get me Bob Hooker at the *Standard*," he said.

Gibbsville's outstanding man of letters was reading the galley proofs of his next day's editorial page material. He glanced perfunctorily at the proofs of the syndicated columns, saw that they had been initialed by one of the proofreaders downstairs, and devoted his attention to what was sometimes called, but not within his hearing, his daily masterpiece. Bob Hooker's own editorials never were set in type lower than 10-point, whether they appeared on the editorial page or, as on certain occasions, page one. No other editorializing or reporting was set in the same type, a rule which made it less difficult for style detectives to guess when Bob Hooker had spoken. When Bob Hooker spoke, his readers knew without further questioning what to expect in the way of policy or action from the Coal & Iron Company, the Taft-Grundy-Pew-Slattery faction of the Republican organization, the Ministerial Association, the American Red Cross, the Shade Tree Commission, the Greater Gibbsville Committee and Clean-Up Week. Since not everything he said was automatically popular, he was proud of the name Fighting Bob Hooker, and he lived in yearly expectation of favorable comparison with William Allen White and Ed Howe. Actually he had been so compared, but only locally, at luncheons, and he was waiting for similar word from New York. An article he sold to *The Saturday Evening Post* was a constant reminder to Gibbsville citizens that their man of letters was good enough for national publication; the inference, which was drawn and encouraged, being that Bob could do it any time he wanted to, but that the Gibbsville *Standard* and Gibbsville had first call on his talents. A later article, intended for the *Post's* Cities of America series, was returned to Bob with such reluctance that readers of the letter could not understand how the *Post* editors could bear to part with the article. It was not, however, wasted effort. The article was printed up as a leaflet for the Chamber of Commerce, for which Bob received an honorarium of \$250.

Very little indeed of Bob's professional effort was wasted. His newspaper enjoyed quiet subsidies from the Coal & Iron Company and the Republican party war chest, which seldom differed on policy, and when they did differ, the differences were not irreconcilable. A citizen who wondered what kind of cars Bob owned would not have had to peer in his garage; he could make his deduction from the advertising in the





Smith Premier Invisible. It was one of the few objects retained from the old office. Signed photographs of Herbert Hoover and Calvin Coolidge, Andrew Mellon and Mike Slatery, Joseph B. Chapin and George Horace Lorimer, E. T. Stotesbury and Gene Tunney and Mrs. Robert Hooker (Kitty) were framed in blue pinseal and placed at strategic points in the office, where they would catch the eye of the visitor. The other photographs of political and sporting figures, of Bob Hooker's high school class and National Guard company, of coal breakers and high-tension towers and the starting of the *Standard's* R. Hoe press, as well as caricatures and cartoons and letters from important people—they were all removed from the office and stored in the Hookers' town cellar for future hanging in his little den in the farmhouse down country. The knotty-pine paneling had been built into the den, but the framed souvenirs rested in the cellar.

Bob Hooker, as literary man, permitted himself a few mild eccentricities. He was a pipe collector, for one. He shaved himself with a straight razor, for another. He wore high-laced shoes. He carried a hunting-case watch that wound with a key "for show," and wore a time-piece on his wrist. There was nothing dangerously queer about him, but as a man of letters he knew he was not expected to be like everybody else. Another of his gentle aberrations was his insistence on an old-style desk instrument for telephoning. It was distinctive, and it cost him nothing. At its ring he picked up the receiver. (At this hour of the day only important calls were put through to him.)

"It's the Mayor," said the switchboard girl.

"Okay," said Bob Hooker. "Hello, Mayor."

"Hello, Bob," said Conrad Yates. "Bob, I been sitting here in my office thinking about Joe Chapin."

"Yes, yes," said Hooker. "His memory will live with us a long, long time, Mayor."

"That's exactly why I wanted to speak to you. Exactly."

"How's that, Mayor?"

"His memory. Joe's memory. Did you ever know Joe Chapin kept me in Gibbsville?"

"Why, uh, didn't you tell me something to that effect, I believe so."

"Some thirty-five years ago I was thinking of moving to the city and Joe talked me out of it."

"Talked you out of it. Well, that was a good thing for you and Gibbsville, Mayor."

"Thanks, Bob. I appreciate what you say."



I was thinking. And these things take time, you know. We don't want to get started too soon."

"No, and we don't want to get started too late."

"I understand that, Conrad."

"I'm ready to start with a thousand dollars right now."

"Mm-hmm. Naturally I'll get behind it as soon as we have a few meetings and arrive at some decision."

"Uh-huh."

"And I still think we ought to have the meeting here, or anyway, some place preferable to City Hall. You see what I mean, Conrad?"

"I guess so."

"I've got a nice office, and we won't be interrupted."

"All right," said Conrad Yates.

"You'll be hearing from me," said Bob Hooker.

"Or you'll be hearing from me, either one," said Conrad Yates, hanging up.

Conrad Yates kept his hand on his telephone while he thought out his next move. His next move was to flip the intercom. "Is Joe Raskin in the building?"

"I don't know, but I'll find out," said his secretary.

"I want to see him."

In less than a minute his intercom flashed. "I got Joe Raskin. He's on his way up."

Raskin entered the office: "Hyuh, Mayor," he said. "What's cookin'?"

"I got a little story for you," said Conrad Yates.

"I can use one," said Joe Raskin, who covered police headquarters and City Hall for the *Gibbsville Morning Sun*.

"I want it to get in tomorrow morning's paper."

"That'll be easy," said Raskin. "You decided to run again?"

"Nothing like that, Joe. But maybe if I like the way you handle this, maybe when I make the other announcement I'll let you have it first."

"Mayor, everybody knows you aren't running again, but what's the story?"

"For tomorrow's paper," said Conrad Yates.

"You sound as if you weren't going to give it to the *Standard*."

"I ain't going to give it to the *Standard*. They can copy it from you, if they want to."

"All right. What is it?"

"Well, Mayor Conrad L. Yates, Mayor of Gibbsville, announces that he is going to donate a thousand dollars, one thousand dollars, to start a memorial in honor of the late

Joseph B. Chapin, the distinguished lawyer and citizen of Gibbssville because I always admired Joe Chapin for being a great citizen and true friend."

"A thousand bucks, eh?" said Raskin, taking notes. "What kind of a memorial? A statue, or something of that kind?"

"Haven't decided. In a few days the Mayor will gather together a group of representative citizens to form a committee to decide about the memorial. Maybe one of them things, a plaque? Anyway, something nice, and I'll start the ball rolling with a thousand dollars."

Raskin smiled. "What are you sore at Bob Hooker for?"

"Sore at Bob Hooker?"

"He's going to be sore at you if this is in the *Sun* before he can print it."

"No, I just want to make the announcement as soon as possible," said Conrad Yates. "Get things started."

"Okzy by me," said Raskin. "Any more?"

"That's all, Joe. Thanks."

"Thank you, Mayor," said Raskin.

Joseph B. Chapin was finally dead. They had started fighting over him.

In 1909 there were so many old, quite old houses on Lantenengo Street that Gibbssville did not need to have the still older residences of North Frederick Street and South Main. Lantenengo Street had houses that were old enough for all sociological purposes, and in fact the more antiquated places of Frederick and South Main were not much older than the landmarks of Lantenengo. Five or six houses on Lantenengo antedated some of the South Main and Frederick houses. But even in 1909 there was already one marked difference between the people who remained on Frederick and South Main, and the people who lived on Lantenengo: it was the difference that no one coming up in the town's business and social life was moving to Frederick or South Main, while slowly (and even in 1909) the old Frederick and South Main houses were being given up by the families that owned them. A Christiana Street man began to amount to something in Gibbssville, and he moved to Lantenengo Street, to live with the other people who amounted to something. A move to Frederick Street or South Main would have been a move downward. In 1909 to build a house beyond 19th Street was considered foolish because it was too far out, and a house on Lantenengo beyond 19th Street was not considered an important symbol. "Anything to live on Lantenengo," people would say of their Christiana Street neighbors who built in the 1900-block or

past it. A 1900 or 2000 Lantenengo Street address carried no more social prestige locally than a 1900 Park Avenue address in New York. Still it was Lantenengo Street and things were happening in Lantenengo Street; things that had to do with progress. In 1890 the social outpost had been 16th Street; in 1909 it was 19th. But in the Twentieth Century nobody wanted to move to North Frederick Street or South Main, and the people who did live in the two oldest residential parts of town were fond of two statements: "I was born here, and I'm going to die here," and "When I get my price, that's when I'll sell."

The money was older on South Main and North Frederick. And in some cases, there was more of it. But it was not the amount of money that mattered in the social scheme of things; Family X, living on Lantenengo Street, might be an old Gibbsville family with money, or might be a Gibbsville family with new money; but Family Y, living on North Frederick Street or South Main, belonged to the old *and* the rich of Gibbsville.

The abandonment of North Frederick Street and South Main Street in favor of Lantenengo Street and the "Roads" and "Places" and "Drives" that were developed on the West Side of Gibbsville during the Twenties, was almost entirely the doing of the young people, the young men and women who were coming to maturity in the second decade of the century. And their abandonment was, by the end of the third decade, so complete that the families that remained in the old houses were either mildly (or not so mildly) eccentric, or so old and conservative that their age and conservatism were themselves a kind of eccentricity. No children were being born in those houses, into those families that remained; the grandchildren were being born, but in the new or remodeled houses on Lantenengo Street and the roads, places and drives. (Or, worse, in one of the Gibbsville hospitals.) The desertion was so nearly total that even before Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt and his ideas arrived in Washington, the old homes on South Main Street and North Frederick had become monuments of a passing way of life, reluctantly and fearsomely recognized as such by the sons and daughters who had deserted the monuments, and visited only at Christmas and family holidays.

The big westward movement paused briefly, but it paused, on October 14, 1909, and the temporary halt was caused by the marriage of two of Gibbsville's best young people. The marriage of Edith Stokes and Joe Chapin was important enough because of the bride and groom and the family connections involved; but it was in addition a source of satisfac-

tion to those residents of South Main and North Frederick who were disturbed by the westward trend. Edith Stokes was South Main; Joe Chapin was North Frederick. and what was more, he was taking his bride to live at Number 10 North Frederick. It was just short of a rebuke to the other young people, those who had decided to build or buy on Lantenengo. If North Frederick was good enough for Benjamin Chapin's son Joe, it was good enough for anyone else in Gibbsville—so said the older ones. Joe's decision earned him their gratitude and their confidence; the gratitude and confidence of people who gave neither freely. It was especially gratifying to learn of Joe's decision because as a rich, handsome and young man, and the prince of an old Gibbsville family, he could have lived anywhere he chose and no one would have criticized him. He could have built a California bungalow in the 2100-block, and some excuses would have been found for him. Joe Chapin, as Joe Chapin, took on a sort of ready-made popularity among the friends of his parents, but when there were added to that the fact of his money, the fact of his good looks, the fact of his choosing to marry a Gibbsville girl, and the fact of his favoring North Frederick Street over Lantenengo, Joe Chapin established himself as a young man who could be relied upon not to confuse change with progress, and a young man who would not reject the good things of the past merely because they were of the past.

There were those who believed, without insisting upon it, that Edith Stokes was entitled to some of the credit for Joe Chapin's good sense. For of the qualities of her elders found in Edith Stokes, none was more frequently cited than her good sense. "Edith is a girl with remarkably good sense," they would say. Nor was it a remark made exclusively by the men; the women said it too. But among the men and women who were slightly inclined toward Joe as between Joe and Edith (there was, of course, no real controversy), it was always pointed out that Joe had had the good sense to pick a girl who had good sense. "Joe could have had any girl in Gibbsville, not mentioning any names," they would say. "But he had the good sense to pick Edith." There was no one in Gibbsville, at least no one who counted, who would have been so discourteous as to suggest that Edith's enormous good sense might make up for the absence of mere facial beauty. It was still the custom of the North to say of a girl that she looked very pretty today, with no intentional implication that the prettiness was not the case yesterday or likely to be tomorrow. Few girls seriously questioned the compliment, but Edith Stokes was one who

never let it pass. "Oh, but I'm not pretty and I know it," she would say, saying it with such conviction and such complete lack of coquettishness that her honesty contributed to the general regard for her good sense. Just as it was somehow known, somehow common knowledge without its being discussed, that for Edith Stokes there never had been anyone but Joe Chapin. Most other girls would at least have gone through the motions of enjoying the society of young ladies and gentlemen, friends her own age. But Edith stayed away from the picnics and the boating parties at The Run, she found excuses to exclude herself from the sleigh rides and chicken-and-waffle suppers. She rode horseback and played tennis, sometimes with young men friends, but the only young man who had ever taken her to an Assembly was the young man whose name she would bear throughout her lifetime. It was never a question of breaking a date to be with Joe Chapin; when Joe Chapin was in town she would not make dates, so that when he would write her a note, or encounter her on North Main Street, he could always know that whenever he wanted to see her, she would be ready and free. "I don't consider it quite fair to pretend that you're keen on a boy when you're not, and besides, I wouldn't know the first thing about flirting," she would say.

A girl of great good sense, of honesty and simplicity, so much that the young man whose approval of her virtues was sought finally approved. She waited for him all through the last years of prep school, of college and law school, hoping to see him, merely to *look* at him, when he came home for Christmas (that awful Christmas when he went visiting a college friend in New Orleans and never came home at all). She watched the face become more beautiful, the form more perfect, the manner and the manners so polished and easy through his associations and his travels to distant cities that were to her no more than stars on the map. She had no fully developed idea of what she would do with him if she were alone with him and owned him; her information on the possession of one human being by another was incomplete, based largely on hearsay and logical comparisons of her own body and functions with those of animals. But no man or boy had touched her skin under her clothing nor caressed her on the outside of her clothing, and the caresses she shared with a girl in her single year at boarding school were pleasant and even exciting, but had no finality, not, at least, to the degree that she knew would be possible if she could own Joe. She had owned the girl in school, had surprised herself

by the ease and rapidity of her possession of her. The girl wrote love letters to her, did favors for her, performed menial tasks, and risked expulsion night after night by visiting her curtained bed in the dormitory, but the experience, aside from the immediate pleasure, only confirmed for Edith what she had always half known: that a girl would respond passionately to certain caresses that a man could give, and the man she wanted them from was Joe Chapin, who could also give more, but whatever more or less he could give, it would be Joe Chapin or nobody. Thus what passed for her shyness was actually restraint. Toward other girls it was restraint and superior knowledge and experience and lack of curiosity. The ease with which she had taken possession of the girl at school convinced her that it would be no more difficult with girls she had known all her life. With young men other than Joe Chapin the curiosity did not become as strong as the desire to own Joe, and in the years just preceding their marriage she became convinced that when she owned Joe she would be owning someone whom no one else had owned. She had acquired a special wisdom about Joe, and one night in her bed, alone with her thoughts, she realized that he had belonged to no one else. He was intact, virginal, uninformed, and innocent. Her own experience, which had taught her much because she was willing to learn, and the new realization of Joe's virginity, gave her an advantage that Joe could not suspect or overcome. After that she was careful, but there was a change in her; and Joe was proud of the change because, he declared, he felt that in a small way he might be responsible for giving her more confidence in herself. Which was, indeed, the truth. Joe, she was sure, would have had a talk with his father sometime between the wedding, and the mechanical techniques she could learn from him and with him, but what he did not yet know was that there were depths to passionate expression and when she owned him she would use him to explore those depths.

Such pleasures were worth waiting for, and the very idea of risking them for the honors and amusements of social intercourse was foolish and absurd. There were friends of Joe's and of hers who had had relations with women, but they had nothing to offer her. She was more than content to have them think of her as the virgin which technically she was, and the unsuspecting girl that she was not. Moreover, she was content to appear to be naïve because her naïveté kept them ignorant of her subtle efforts to make them and their bad habits unattractive to Joe. He had gentlemanly standards, but



it would have been easy to compromise his standards if he were allowed to believe that affairs with women were an attractive feature of those of his friends who led that kind of life. She encouraged his friendship with Arthur McHenry, which needed no encouragement, but when she was asked to comment on other friends of Joe's—Alec Weeks, for example—she would say: "You mustn't ask me about people like Alec Weeks. He is your friend, and I don't like to say anything in criticism of your friends. Women see things in a man that other men don't . . . Well, if you insist, I can't help feeling that he's sneaky, and I like honorable men." The effect was as she wanted it to be. Joe did not give up his friendship with the Alec Weeks type of man, but the Alecs were made to seem unattractive and their conduct unworthy of emulation by honorable men like Joe Chapin and Arthur McHenry. She caused Joe to believe that he had chosen his own way of conducting himself, rather than the Alec Weeks way, because his own way was preferable, superior, more fastidious, and, of course, honorable.

They had many discussions about honor, in which she encouraged him to repeat so often the conventional observations on the subject that he came close to sounding like its principal champion, if not the inventor of it. Because of the layman's association of Honor with The Law, which causes an honorable lawyer to appear to be slightly more honorable than anyone else, she was able to speak with genuine conviction when she uttered her admiration for him as a custodian of the principle. She had no knowledge or understanding of the law, and was quick to say so, but in spite of her remoteness from it she theorized that the study and practice of law offered a fortunate young man the opportunity to learn and employ secrets about honor that were not available to the layman. Honor, indeed, became a secondary career in itself. From discussions of honor, in which they were in total agreement, they sometimes proceeded to discussions of religion, and in such discussions they were again in complete accord, even more so, if possible. And since honor could be illustrated with stories of dishonorable behavior, honor was discussed more frequently and at greater length than religion. Four years at New Haven and the years in the somewhat more inquisitive atmosphere of the Penn Law School had made no apparent change in Joe's religious belief, which was Episcopal, and Edith's acceptance of the same faith enabled her to avoid detailed discussion of a topic that is never settled anyway. Their over-all belief, which was not unique at the time, was that

friends who professed the other Protestant religions were likely to be overconcerned with matters of theology; that Catholics (Roman) were people who had lost control of the beauties of ritual; and that Jews were strange Biblical characters in modern dress. The church they attended, Trinity, was comfortably Low and not vulnerable to little jokes about the Pope and incense. Attendance at Trinity was good numerically and afforded a by no means unpleasant opportunity for weekly contemplation of the relationship with God, in sanctified but not severe surroundings and in the company of persons of one's choosing. In Trinity you were in another world, where the first rule was silence, but you bowed and smiled to your acquaintances as though in that other world you were seeing friends from home. Religion was a comfort; Trinity was nice.

If they talked oftener than most young couples about religion and honor, it was not altogether an accident. During what might be termed the early days of Joe's courtship Edith was anxious to have him depend up on her for a companionship that she could offer and that would become a habit with him; a companionship that was not based on qualities that other girls had more abundantly than she. There was, first, her good sense, which everybody knew about. But what everybody did not know about was Joe's unsureness of himself, that had nothing to do with his good manners. His manners were exquisite even in a day when good manners were the rule. But she became convinced of his unsureness of himself when she had her instinctive realization of his virginity. With that knowledge she encouraged him to talk to her and to reveal himself without quite exposing himself. On matters pertaining to the law and honor and religion they were on safe ground; in her company he became an authority on everything they discussed, and above all they were not there to argue. They did not argue. More and more he would permit himself to say what he thought, either as simple statement or hopelessly complicated theory. She listened to everything he said and her questions were slight rephrasings of his statements, which proved to him how attentively she listened and how respectfully she heard. For a year they had no physical contact beyond the clasp of hands, but what she provided was habit-forming and exhilarating and intoxicating. When he left her of an evening she could hear him whistling a Yale marching song and she knew that he was already looking forward to their next meeting. She would wash her face with Roger & Gallet soap and brush her hair, and lie in her bed and want

to own him. She did not yet know that there were degrees of technical proficiency in love-making between a man and a woman, as well as fumbings and acute dissatisfaction; consequently in her imagination she gave little thought to his pleasure other than to take for granted that since he was a man, his pleasure would come. Her owning him was for her own pleasure; he would be hers. She never thought that *she* would be *his*. It simply never occurred to her to think of herself as his. Whatever he could do with her—caress her, lie on top of her, insert himself in her—was part of her wakeful dream of undefined sensuality, of which he was the essential and enormously desirable instrument. She was convinced that he never had seen a live nude woman close to, and she would lock her door and parade herself about her bed, wearing no clothing, and pretending that he was lying on the bed and looking at her for the first time. She had reason to be proud of her figure. It was a time of the long, tailored line, when ladies' outfits came in three pieces of skirt, blouse and ankle-length coat, following the natural waistline. The design was to make women look tall, with vertical stitching and piping to further the scheme. Edith was an ideal model for the suits and dresses, and even the hats, which were enormous and elaborate (and expensive), were, if not "becoming," effective in drawing the attention away from the face that was less than beautiful. No man ever had seen her unclothed, and that too was going to be part of the great sensuality when she owned Joe. She was quite aware that men of her class expected the girls of her class to be virgins, and in most cases the expectation was justified. Not knowing exactly what to expect, limited only by her unlimited imagination, she conducted orgies of the mind with herself after an evening with Joe, while at all other times maintaining a calm that was her public character. It was also the character she presented to Joe Chapin; calm, attentive, interested, sympathetic, eager to learn from him the things of the mind, the intellect.

After a while he became totally dependent upon her without realizing it. Gradually other girls had become, he told her, so frivolous and empty-headed that he was regretting invitations that would involve his having to be paired off with them. His own friends, too, his contemporaries, were beginning to appear in a bad light; they were not taking things seriously enough, not buckling down to work, not thinking things through. It was not exactly their fault, he said. They had no

one to help them think things through. With this conversation Edith moved into the first stage of owning him. She began to let him do things for her. She would ask him to stop at a shop to pick up something she had ordered. She had him do little errands for her on his visits to Philadelphia. She asked for and took his advice on investing a small sum of cash. She had him read a letter of sympathy she had composed on the death of a far-off cousin. She sought his help in mapping out a trip to Europe which in truth she never intended to take. Then, so fortuitously that she would not have dared plan it, she was stricken with acute appendicitis and had to undergo emergency surgery.

At that time the appendectomy was years away from the routine operation it was later to become, and a stay in the hospital was likewise a matter for great concern. The newspapers of the day always spoke of a patient as going under the knife, chloroform was the usual anaesthetic, and the word hospital was considered to be suitable evidence of the extremity of the patient's condition. The horses drawing the ambulance proceeded at a walk or a slow trot, and the ambulance bell, pressed by a large pedal button, was more of an announcement than a warning signal. The doctor and the nurse rode inside with the patient and because of the comparatively slow pace of the team of bays, the citizens were able to have a good look at the faces of the professionals. The faces told little more than the seriousness of their mission. Nothing about the trip to the hospital or the hospital itself was likely to dispel fear or create optimism.

ness relieved by an abundance of flowers.

Chapin. But Edith's room was not unpleasant, with the bare-grubby visitors to mining-accident cases were all new to Joe the corridor and the coughing and the walking patients and the duct him to Edith's room. The odors and the darkness of stood in the waiting room until a probationer arrived to conduct him to Edith's room.

On the appointed day Joe Chapin walked to the hospital and are miserable or unhappy at the way she looks." through quite a siege. And above all, don't show that you up a little, but don't be surprised by her appearance. She's been have a chance to have the nurse brush her hair and pretty her "When the time comes I'll tell her ahead of time so she'll

"By all means, Bill. By all means."

"When we have her all well again, time enough then, don't you agree?"

"I promise you, not a hint."

either."

ing to upset her or even—well, nothing of a romantic nature, your conversation must be confined to cheerful topics, and I do allow you to see her, it will only be for five minutes, and telephone, next four or five days. But you must bear in mind, if family and get their permission, and then I'll ring you on the I'm glad to hear it. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll speak to her "I'm glad to hear that, Joe. Not altogether surprised, but even Edith herself. But I'm in love with Edith."

"Bill, I have to tell you this. I've never told anyone else, not that to consider."

lady doesn't always look her best in a hospital gown, so there's "And as a man of the world, you understand that a young

"Of course."

understand."

on her to guard against any post-operative complications, you understandable. But for the time being I'm keeping a close watch "Yes. Yes. That hardly comes as a surprise; and very un-

see her."

"I'll abide by your decision, but I'm really very anxious to

anybody except her family."

shouldn't think it'd be a week before she'd be ready to see nurse and a night nurse. She's still on the critical list, and I "I don't as a rule encourage visiting, Joe. Edith has a day

"Oh, of course."

sion from her family."

"And you understand, of course, you'd have to have permis-

"Well—not for several days at the earliest," said Dr. English.

Edith looked up at him from her pillows and raised her lower arm. "Hello, Joe," she said.

"Edith, how good to see you again." He took her hand for a moment, then let it fall back to the bedcovers.

"This is Miss McIlhenny, my day nurse," said Edith.

"How do you do, Miss McIlhenny."

"Good afternoon," said the nurse.

"Your flowers have been lovely. There they are, do you see them? Recognize them?"

"I'm glad you like them," said Joe.

"It was nice of you to come."

"Nice of me? Oh, Edith, I've been trying to ever since you've been here. How do you feel?"

"Well, much better, thank you. I've lost track of the days."

"Bill English told me you're a very good patient."

"Did he? I don't think Miss McIlhenny will agree on that score."

"Indeed I will, she's been a darling, and never a whimper," said the nurse.

"I haven't much news for you, I'm afraid. I've been in court most of the time. Everybody's asked for you, but I've been asking *them*. Every little scrap of information I could get."

"Everybody's been so kind, especially here in the hospital. They've done everything for me, everything. I've never had so much attention, kindness. But naturally I'll be glad when it comes time to go home."

"Do you know when that will be?"

"In another week, I believe. Isn't that so, Miss McIlhenny?"

"That's what we're hoping."

"Miss McIlhenny is going with me. Shall I tell *him* about the belt?"

"Sure, go right ahead if it won't embarrass *him*."

"Did you know that you have to wear an *elastic* belt after you've had an operation for appendicitis?"

"Yes, I guess I'd forgotten that."

"Oh, Joe. You're a dear."

"Am I, Edith?"

"Yes, you are."

"Well," said Miss McIlhenny, taking her watch out of her pocket. "If Mr. Chapin wants to come again, he can't stay any longer this time."

"Then I'll go immediately, because I want to come back soon. May I?"

"Oh, I hope you do," said Edith. She held up her hand and he took it.

"Good-bye, Edith, dear," he said.

"Come back soon," she said.

"Thank you, Miss McIlhenny," he said, and went out. The nurse followed him.

"You done her a world of good," she said, in the corridor.

"I did?"

"And what's more, I'm going to say so to Dr. English. You gave her a lift in the spirit, and that's as good as medicine any day."

"Thank you, thank you very much. She's so pitiful, so weak."

"We almost lost her, you know, and that's a fine young lady. If she's your intended, you're a fortunate man, because I see all kinds and I know. I'll drop the hint to Dr. English. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, and thank you," said Joe Chapin.

At the first opportunity he went to Philadelphia, to the establishment of Bailey, Banks & Biddle, where he made the purchase of a solitaire. It remained in the drawer of his dresser until he had seen the convalescing Edith half a dozen times after her emergence from the hospital. Her strength returned quickly, in spite of a diet consisting chiefly of junket, and on the evening before his actual proposal she began to feel once again in command.

"When I was in the hospital do you know what I missed most of all?" she said.

"What?"

"Our evenings together."

"I hoped you would say that," he said.

"Before you came to see me, about a week before, they sent for my family one night. They were sure I was not going to—not last through the night. I don't know whether I overheard something or what it was, but I knew my condition was serious. And that was the only time I cried. I didn't cry with the pains or anything of that sort, but when I thought you

and I would never have these lovely talks together again, I was so unhappy that I shed tears, and that isn't like me."

"Oh, Edith."

"And that was when I made up my mind that if I ever got well, I would tell you how much our evenings have meant to me. But then when you came to see me, Miss McIlhenny was there, and I was shy, and weak. But now I can tell you, Joe. Our evenings mean more to me than anything else."

"They do to me too, Edith. As I told you before, I wandered about in a daze. My life was nothing without you, and I was so angry and at the same time felt so futile, not to be able to do something. I slept badly and I ate hardly anything, and finally Arthur caught on and told me to ask for a postponement of the case I was trying, which I did. The other lawyers agreed, very kindly. Arthur's really a very understanding friend, you know."

"I know," said Edith. "I was sorry I couldn't see him when I was in the hospital, but I wanted to save my strength for your visits."

"Oh, he understood, Edith."

"I'm sure he did," she said. "But now that I'm getting well again, slowly but surely, I don't want you to think that you have to go on seeing me and no one else."

"I don't want to see anyone else . . . You mean other girls?"

"Yes. Our friendship—"

"It's more than a friendship, Edith. You must know that by this time."

"Must I, Joe? Remember I'm not going to be able to ride or play tennis or go bathing at The Run for an awfully long time, and I don't want you to think that our friendship, or whatever you wish to call it, gives me the right to monopolize you."

"Edith, you don't think the horseback riding and tennis are all that's important to me? It's being with you that matters, dear."

"It matters to me. Oh, Joe, I shouldn't say this, but sometimes in the hospital I longed for you."

"Edith, my darling," he said. He kissed her mouth and her eyes, and again her mouth.

"We mustn't now," she said. "My dearest."

"No," he said. "But now you know I love you."

"Yes," she said. "And I love you. That's what I was saying when I said I longed for you. With all of me, Joe. You are the only man that could make me happy, just being with you. You must go now. Please, darling."



"Yes," he said. "I know, my dearest."

"I won't see you to the door. Just let me sit here."

He got up. "Tomorrow evening, my dearest?"

"Yes," she said.

The next evening they greeted each other with smiles and when he sat beside her he took the solitaire out of its velvet box. "I want to show you something," he said.

"Oh . . ."

"Oh, it's a ring, of course. But I want to show you the box. Look at it."

"Bailey, Banks & Biddle," she said.

"Have you deduced anything?"

"You're going to propose, I hope."

"But the name of Bailey's, doesn't that tell you anything else?"

"I guess I'm not very deep."

"My dearest. You know I haven't been to Philadelphia. Now do you deduce?"

"You've had the ring?"

"Exactly, dearest. I bought it weeks ago, hoping."

"I'm waiting, dearest, and I think you know the answer."

"Will you marry me, Edith?"

"Oh, my darling, of course I'll marry you." She held back her head and he kissed her.

"Try it on," he said.

"It fits perfectly, perfectly, and how lovely, what a beautiful diamond. Exquisite. I have a present for you, too."

"Did you know I was going to propose?"

"Hoped. I've been hoping. Of course I've been hoping all these months that we would fall in love, and then we did. And when we did—I went out today, shopping." She got up and went to the spinet desk. She handed him a small package. "Open it."

He did so and held up a moonstone stickpin. "Edith, what a beauty!"

"Do you like it?"

"It's—perfect. You've noticed that I needed one."

"Yes, you lost the one you got at graduation."

"Will you put it on for me?"

"Of course, dearest. I'm so glad you like it."

"Like it! I'll treasure it the rest of my life."

"And I my solitaire. Isn't this a happy evening, Joe?"

"It is, dearest," he said. She put on the stickpin.

"What are you frowning for?" he asked.

"Was I frowning? I didn't mean to show it. I just remembered my operation. I wonder how long before we can be married. I don't like very long engagements, do you?"

"I've never had one," he said.

"Oh, Joe, seriously."

"I'm sorry, dearest."

"I never thought of it, but we have to, don't we?"

"Yes," he said.

"That side of marriage is—a complete mystery to me."

"I know, dearest."

"You will have to—I must learn everything from you. Men always know, don't they?"

"Yes, we find out."

"Shall I ask Billy English? He's really not so much older than we are. I didn't mind his operating on me, that was different. But this is—do you think I could go to that new doctor, that woman? Dr. Kellems?"

"If you prefer, dearest. I could ask Bill English. He knows I'm in love with you. I told him while you were in the hospital. I could ask him how soon we can get married and we wouldn't have to go into details."

"I wish you would. That would make it so much easier for me. See him and ask him before we announce our engagement."

"Bill's a gentleman, but he's a doctor too, and he has to meet this situation every day. Look at all our friends that go to him."

"That's true," she said. "Oh, dearest, I'm so pleased."

"And I," he said.

"Mrs. Joseph Benjamin Chapin," she said.

"Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Benjamin Chapin," he said.

"Yes," she said.

In Gibbsville, in 1909, only a few men could tell with exactness the true wealth of the wealthy Gibbsville families. A family that had assets worth \$800,000 could, and usually did, live in great comfort without spending much more money than a family worth \$200,000. It was a matter of pride with the best people of Gibbsville to live comfortably, but without the kind of display that would publicly reveal the extent of their wealth. A few families, whose names were given to large holdings in coal lands and to breweries and meat-packing houses, lived in American luxury. They were the owners of the early motor cars. They employed the larger staffs of serv-

ants. They had summer homes at distant resorts and led the lists of contributors to church and charity. Their wealth was a known fact and they were free to enjoy it. But behind them, obscured by the known wealthy, were the well-off, who possessed considerable fortunes and who quietly ran the town.

The Benjamin Chapins were one such family. They lived within their income, they bought only the best and they bought to last. They ordered the more expensive cuts of meat, but they watched their butcher bills and they would hold up payment over a single lamb chop. In their home was a kind of restfulness; all that was needed was there, and nothing would be changed and no additions made unless the change or addition was required for permanent improvement. The lighting fixtures had been installed for gas; when electricity was decided upon, the fixtures were converted, not taken down. Every room in the Frederick Street house was given a good cleaning once a week, and repairs were made promptly and by men and women with special skills. When something went wrong it was rectified before it got worse, whether it was a broken breeching strap or a brick in the sidewalk. Woodwork, furniture, silverware and brasses were worn smooth in the Chapin household and everything was always in its place because its place had been carefully decided upon at the very beginning. The Benjamin Chapins made no compromise with taste as they felt it or quality as they understood it. With those principles to guide them, they also privately believed, privately but firmly, that the very fact that an object was owned by *them* made it all right, good enough for anyone and too good for most.

For the Benjamin Chapins were convinced of their own superiority, and when they compared themselves with other Gibbsville couples they always were able to reaffirm their self-appraisal. Benjamin Chapin's wife was born Charlotte Hofman, a Gibbsville, Pennsylvania, Hofman, and therefore connected with the Muhlenbergs, the Womelsdorfs, the Montgomerys, the Laubachs, the Penns, the Boones, and the Leisenringers, the FitzMaurices, the Blooms, the Dickinsons, and the Pennsylvania Lees. Charlotte Hofman was only twenty when she married Benjamin Chapin, who was thirty-four, but she was quite aware that towns and counties had been named after members of her family and that noble German blood flowed in her veins. She was a woman with a live sense of her duty to the past and the future, a conviction that her body was the inheritor of elements that needed only proper fertilization for

the breeding of a superior offspring. She was small, dark, and pretty, and rich, and had many suitors. She accepted Ben Chapin because he was old enough in Pennsylvania lineage to have connections almost as imposing as her own, and earlier New England connections that produced educators, soldiers, and governors. As to his own qualities, he was healthy and honest and well liked by the major stockholders of the Coal & Iron Company. She married Ben Chapin in 1881 and their son, whom they called Joseph Benjamin Chapin after Ben's father, was born in the succeeding year. The first was the only child to live; he was followed by two stillborn babies, the second of them badly deformed, and after the birth of the sub-normal child Charlotte Chapin withdrew almost completely from society and devoted herself to the fancywork at which she was proficient and the raising of her son.

Her son grew quickly and tall, and ever closer to his mother. He displayed admiration and respect for his father, but demonstrations of affection were reserved for his mother. As he grew taller she would make him sit on the footstool so that she could rumple his fine brown hair, which was silky and straight and unruly until he went to Yale and slicked it down. Throughout his prep school years in Pottstown, the four years in New Haven, and the time at law school in Philadelphia, Joe wrote his mother twice weekly without fail. His letters were slangy and largely in a humorous vein, often padded with scores of athletic contests and university notices that were extracted from the college newspaper, but also providing a fair chronological record of his social and scholastic activities, and keeping her informed of his friendships and what he called his hateships. He wrote to his father only when it was necessary, as for accounting purposes and for permission to change college courses and take trips, and to tell him that he was going to join Alpha Delta Phi, his father's fraternity. He went out for the freshman crew and for the varsity eight in his sophomore year and almost made the tennis team, but among his friends athletic prowess was not regarded as the thing any more so than conspicuous brilliance as a scholar or success as a heeler of other extra-curricular activities.

In his letters from New Haven and from Philadelphia Joe Chapin mentioned girls' names only when they were to be or had been, hostess or guest of honor. In the hearty tradition of his college and his day, Joe referred to girls as women, making generalizations about women that characterized the same set as foolish or romantically cruel, and in any case to be avoided.











"Come here."

"I can't. I be fired."

"I'll give you five dollars."

"No, sir. Ten dollars."

"All right, ten dollars. Lock the door and get on the bed."

"Wutta you goin' do to me?"

"You know what I'm going to do to you."

"You goina hurt me?"

"I'm not going to hurt you. Take off your clothes, quick."

She obeyed him, and lay on the bed. "You take off your clothes?"

"No," he said. He managed to get inside her a matter of seconds before it was over. "All right, now go."

"That all? I want my ten dollars."

"I'll give you your ten dollars, just go."

"Yes, sir. You want me to come back?"

"No, God damn it, just put your clothes on and go."

"Cap'n, I do' want you angry with me. I can't he'p it if you too quick. Quick or slow, I can still get in the family way."

It was the only completely uncontrollable surging he had ever had, and the possible consequences frightened him as nothing had ever frightened him. He was not afraid of blackmail; he knew that a blackmailing chambermaid had no chance. But there was nothing in his past experience that had warned him of himself as a potential rapist. His relations had been entirely with Charlotte, and with the Arch Street whores, and if anything Charlotte was more freely passionate than the other women. He never had had to consider rape as a kind of trouble he might get into. But he knew in all honesty that if the chambermaid had not submitted for money, he would have taken her violently. It was a real danger now, and the risk governed his thinking in relation to all women. And thus the chambermaid became the last woman to receive the seed that reposed in the body of Ben Chapin. It was a secret he was often tempted to tell his wife.

But he was not altogether sure that he wanted to take revenge upon her. He knew that Charlotte was making him old and souring his final years. And he was subtle enough to realize that the reason was too subtle for her to discover; it was not only the fear of giving birth to an idiot or dead child; it was her obsession with her son and his life. Ben was acquainted with the crime of incest, and the absence of incestuous practice did not remove the possibility of an incestuous desire, no matter how monstrously preposterous the idea

might seem to Charlotte (and, until the years of denial, to Ben). As Ben's hatred became a real and final thing he grew to see that Charlotte was a limited, if not a stupid, woman, and that the boy was a handsome and bright creature, but lacking in warmth. Joe was not cold, for the cold ones can be passionate too. But he was lacking in warmth. Some nights in his bed, trying for sleep, afraid to drink himself drunk because he was afraid to rape his wife—Ben would fancy that perhaps his revenge upon Charlotte would come through the boy himself, through his lack of warmth. He, Ben, might not be there to see it, but it might come. And when he discovered that ironic possibility, that the loving mother might suffer through the well-loved son, Ben began to sleep a little better.

A married couple always presents an absurdly untruthful picture to the world, but it is a picture that the world finds convenient and a comfort. A couple are a man and a woman, and what goes on between them the world never knows, could not possibly know, does not anxiously want to know, unless the man and the woman are so spectacularly unhappy that the private events become public knowledge. But what is conveniently and comfortably regarded as a happy couple is accepted as such so long as the couple appear as a unit and refrain from revealing the slightest disturbance. The mistake a couple can make is to let the outside world inside for a brief second's look at a brief second of unhappiness. Then the unity is broken and the world demands to know more, and if there is no more at the moment, a live man and a live woman, who can breathe and love, can breathe and hate as well, and as they do they provide the world with the satisfied curiosity that it demands before passing on to something else. Ben Chapin's whores and his chambermaid had an outside look at the inside of the Ben Chapin marriage, but the whores and the mercenary chambermaid were a special unhappy world of their own, and so deep and selfish in their unhappiness that they cared nothing about the misery of a stranger. In that respect Ben Chapin and his wife were fortunate; the uncaring whores and the chambermaid were the only ones who had been given an inside look. The rest of the world saw a happy couple, a long-established happy couple who might even be asked for recipes and formulas for the creation of a happy marriage. In their own small family, in the person of their only son, there was a candidate for happy marriage who wanted the benefit of their advice and experience. So carefully had the Chapins as a ~~man~~ mai-

tained the appearance of unity that their son, a not altogether insensitive creature, had not questioned the veracity of the picture. And in that respect the Chapins were entitled to their belief in their superiority; they kept their secrets from the world; they made the world believe what they wanted the world to believe. In worldly terms they had a highly successful, a model, marriage. Indeed, they appeared to demonstrate successful marriage in a day when publicly unsuccessful marriages were exceptional. Among their close acquaintances there were occasional evidences of infelicitous marital relationships, usually blamed on the husband's drunkenness; but divorce had not occurred in the American history of the Chapin and the Hofman families. Under the unwritten rules of the time, Ben could have beaten and raped his wife with impunity; the screams of violently abused women were heard not only in the poorer districts of the town, where, to be sure, they were heard more frequently. But in accordance with the superiority they felt, Ben and Charlotte Chapin adhered to the ladylike and gentlemanly code which regulated all social activity and personal behavior, even including, by extension, the act of procreation. A gentleman did not force his attentions on a lady; the lady protected the gentleman's pride by pleading a splitting headache or by telling him that it was her time of the month. In the case of Ben and Charlotte Chapin the code actually did regulate their conduct, had regulated it throughout the early years of their marriage, so that when Charlotte made the announcement that began the years of denial, Ben was already accustomed to acceding to her wishes. He conformed because that was what he believed; he never gave any thought to the fact, and it was a fact, that if he had disregarded her wishes, she would have had no one to turn to. She would not have confided in anyone, she would not have cried for help, she would not have left him. They were living in a time when it was unthinkable for a woman of Charlotte's background to confide to another woman that her husband had seen her breasts. More explicit confidences were more unthinkable. An admission of sexual incompatibility was fantastically unlikely.

And so, to all outward appearances, the successful marriage of the father and mother of Joe Chapin.

The demonstrated affection between the son and the mother was considered by their friends and relations to be a most desirable state of affairs. The love of a mother for her son was taken for granted; but while a son was expected to love

his mother, only a few sons were so palpably devoted as Joe Chapin was to Charlotte. Other sons might be reasonably polite and respectful; Joe Chapin was courtly. Other mothers envied Charlotte and made efforts to inspire their own sons to emulation of Joe, but whenever the mothers started, they started too late. Charlotte was fond of saying that all the time she was carrying Joe she had known she would have a son and that he would be beautiful and brilliant (she did not go so far as to claim that she knew her next two pregnancies would be failures). An irreverent member of the household staff said that you would have thought it was Jesus and not Joseph that was getting circumcised, the day the child's foreskin was cut. Throughout Joe's boyhood Charlotte supervised every detail of his life; his health, his schooling, his playtime, his friendships. Nor was anyone else allowed to punish him. When he was small she spanked his behind; when he grew taller she made him hold out his hand for slaps with a foot-rule. But in spite of the corporal punishment the relationship was not endangered. It would have been a very stupid child who did not notice that corporal punishment was always followed by a gift, or by special privilege.

Charlotte's supervision of Joe's activities entirely relieved the boy's father of most paternal responsibilities, and particularly of punishment. But as a consequence Ben was hardly more than a nominal, although an actual, father. He and the boy shared a roof and not much else, and after Joe went to boarding school, even the roof was less often shared. Joe's allowance was determined by Charlotte and sent by her. It was not rigidly held to. She permitted him to borrow on future allowances, and then in June, because he had passed to a higher grade, she would write off the borrowing.

"What do you do with your money?" she asked him in the prep school days.

"Oh—spend it."

"But what on? Do you treat the other boys?"

"I should say not—well, when it's my turn I do, but not like Fothergill. He's a boy from Chicago that always ~~wants~~ to treat everybody. He thinks he can buy people."

"I'm glad to hear you don't do that, my dear."

"I should say not."

"But what do you do with your money? Do you play ~~and~~?"

"Oh, sure I play cards, but not for money. They ~~don't~~ home if they found that out."

"And you're *much too young to drink*."

"Don't be too sure about that, Mummy. I know other boys my age that drink."

"They do? At The Hill?"

"Oh, but I wouldn't tell you who they are."

"No, I don't want you to be a tattletale."

"I want to get the gold watch Father promised me, so you don't have to worry about me drinking till I'm twenty-one."

"When you go to Yale you may drink wine. You'll be invited out to dinner and they'll serve wine. I have to speak to your father about that. But no spirits."

"Can I drink beer?"

"I don't know. I've wondered about that. We'll see if it's the custom. I don't want people to think you're strange. Let's get back to the money. What do you spend it on? Your clothing bills come to us."

"Well, I bought two sweaters. One was two and a half and the other was three dollars. And pennants for my room."

"You bought those in Lower Middler."

"Well, things *like* that, I buy that *sort* of thing. Let me see, we chipped in to buy a present for the baseball coach."

"That was nice. What else?"

"It's really very hard to say. But we always have these little expenses. They take up a *lot* of *collections*. And when we have a spread. And sweaters and baseball gloves. And just ordinary gloves. I'm always losing gloves—or other boys swipe them."

"Well, I can see that I'm not going to find out what becomes of your money. Just as long as you don't spend it on the wrong things. That's really what I wanted to inquire. And always buy the best. There's almost no such thing as a bargain."

"Oh, I believe in buying the best."

"Your father and I have always believed in that."

"Father? I knew you did, but I often think Father doesn't care about the best."

"I don't know where you got that idea. Such as?"

"Oh—I don't know. We're richer than the McHenrys, but Arthur's house is nicer than ours."

"Don't *ever* say that *again*, do you hear me?"

"Well, they have newer things."

"I'm not objecting to what you said about this house. I am objecting to what you said about the McHenrys and us."

"But aren't we richer?"

"I don't know—yes, we are, but what if we are? Where did you hear that?"

"Arthur's father told me. That's what he always says when



a cutter at her disposal. And her walks past Christiana and Railroad, unescorted, were rarer still. But they did occur. She never forgot either one of them, and there were only two.

She was twenty years of age and a recent bride, in the spring of 1881, and on a certain warm and bright afternoon she announced to the coachman that she would walk to Mr. Chapin's office, and that Connelly, the coachman, could meet her there instead of following the original plan, which was for Connelly to drive her to the office, meet Mr. Chapin and from there drive to a wedding at Trinity Church.

"Will I tolly you with the carriage, ma'am?" said Connelly.

"Follow me? Why? I'm not going to faint."

"Christiana and Railroad, ma'am," said Connelly.

"I hardly think I'm going to be accosted in broad daylight," said Charlotte Chapin.

"I'm always prepared for the worst contingency, ma'am," said Connelly.

"Thank you for looking out for me, Connelly, but nothing's going to happen." She smiled at Connelly, whom she liked.

"You're welcome, ma'am, but you won't mind if I do tolly you. The Mister'd skin me alive if I didn't."

"All right," she said.

She set out on her stroll and all went well until she came to the corner of Christiana and Railroad, the northwest corner, which was occupied by Dutch Amringen's saloon. The swinging doors had been installed for the summer and there was a large picture of a billy goat on a weather-worn sign reading Bock Beer On Sale which was swinging at the entrance. The sidewalk on the Christiana Street side was roofed over in front of the places of business in that block, and while that was not an unusual condition in Gibbsville, it had the effect in that neighborhood of making the passerby feel he was closer to the inside of Amringen's and places like it than he ever might venture. The cigar butts and fresh tobacco juice on the brick sidewalk were a peril to the long-skirted and dainty. It was too early in the day for the songs and loud talk that were to be heard nightly in that block on Christiana Street, but voices from the saloons could be heard, rough laughter and heavily masculine conversations. A few were in front of Dutch Amringen's, smoking stogies and spitting tobacco juice, while comfortably seated on beer barrels. And as always the foot traffic in that block was made to seem heavier because so many men stood along the curb and the building line, and others chatting in the middle of the sidewalk made passersby walk around them. It was an atmosphere in

which every respectable citizen was regarded as a trespasser.

A well-built man in his thirties, obviously half drunk, dressed in his poor best and with newly trimmed red hair and beard, came out of Rinaldo's barber shop as Charlotte Chapin reached the entrance to Dutch Amringen's next door. At first he seemed to be trying to make way for Charlotte, but as he moved to his right, she moved to her left, and when she moved to her right, he moved to his left.

"Girlie's playing," said the man. "Give us a little kiss."

"Get out of my way, you disgusting man," said Charlotte.

"Get outa my way, you disgusting man. You got a pretty little pussy? Have you?" Now he was deliberately blocking her way.

"Get—out!" she said.

"Me see your little pussy," said the man.

She quickly turned and would have gone back toward home, but the loafing men had almost immediately noticed the scene and were laughing loudly. The red-bearded man was encouraged by their laughter and he reached out and grasped her arm. At that moment Connelly, who had been following Charlotte in the victoria, jumped from the box and brought the loaded end of his whip down on the red-haired man's skull. The man sank to the sidewalk, bleeding. Charlotte ran to the carriage. Connelly, brandishing the whip, backed to the carriage, remounted the box and they drove away. They reached Main Street before the loafing men could organize an attack on Connelly, and no attack was made. For many of the loafing men there was a police deadline halfway between Railroad Avenue and Main Street, and to go beyond the deadline meant automatic arrest, thirty days in the county prison, and dreadful beatings between arrest and sentencing. Consequently the deadline was carefully observed.

"I'll get Constable Morgan," said Connelly.

"You'll do no such thing," said Charlotte. "But thank you, Connelly."

"We better have him arrested. He won't be hard to recognize, with that broken head o' his."

"You may have killed him. Do you know him?"

"Never laid eyes on him in me life before," said Connelly.

"Don't go to Mr. Chapin's office just now. I want to think."

"You'll excuse me, ma'am, but maybe you've got too much spunk."

"I don't want you to say a word to Mr. Chapin, not a single word. Do you hear? I'll be very, very particular to hear, Connelly?"



"I hear, ma'am."

"You hear, but I want you to heed as well as hear. Now we can drive to Mr. Chapin's office."

Connelly did not report the episode until later in the evening, first extracting a near-promise from Ben Chapin that he would say nothing to Charlotte. Neither Ben nor Charlotte ever discussed the incident, but Connelly from that day on was never without a pistol, and the bearded man, a mule-skinner at one of the mines, was arrested and sent to the county prison for being drunk and disorderly. His absence cost him his job, although in time he was able to find employment elsewhere in the coal region. Connelly, too, moved away after a few years. He was a sober man, not given to frequenting saloons, but he and his wife found that many of their friends stopped speaking to them, and would not sit in the same pew at Mass if they saw the Connellys first. Connelly became known as a spy, a vague term but the worst thing an Irishman could call another Irishman.

Six years passed before Charlotte again walked beneath the wooden awning in front of Dutch Amringen's. In 1888 she was boarding the Gibbville train at Philadelphia, and a car's length ahead of her on the platform she could see—and instantly recognize—the red-bearded man, carrying a satchel and apparently about to take the same train. The next day she walked past Amringen's saloon on her way to Main Street and on her way home from Main Street, but the man was nowhere to be seen. She was unable to admit to herself the real reason for her curiosity about the man. She was, however, able to deny that the real reason was deeper than curiosity. In the long run the denial amounted to the admission, for Charlotte Chapin was not a stupid woman.

She was a far from stupid woman. From among her numerous suitors she had selected the man who, besides all the obvious eligibilities of family and money, offered the least likelihood of opposition to what she wanted out of life. Ben Chapin was not likely to make demands on her person (and her guess proved correct), but he was physically fit to reveal to her the mysteries of the bed. She was the purest of virgins, but she could not accept the conventional belief that love-making was enjoyed by the man alone, a distasteful preliminary to the holy joy of motherhood. She believed in God, and it did not seem to be a part of the divine kindness to give the male sex all of the pleasure and the female sex all of the pain. More mundanely, she had been stimulated by touches of a young man's hand on her own hand, and when she relived the

experience in her active mind, she conceded that the excitement was not confined to the hand. The desire to be touched again was something she felt in her body, between her shoulders and her knees. She was not given to exchanges of confidences with her contemporaries, and as a consequence she took in less misinformation than she might have. The logic of sexual apparatus was apparent to her in her girlhood, and the only major surprise she received from Ben was in the difference between a passionate living man and pictures of soft cherubim.

It was Ben's bad luck to be the father of stillborn babies, and thus to become associated with the tragedies as wholly or partly to blame. It made little difference to Charlotte whether she blamed Ben or the act of love-making; the man and the act became the one thing, and it was an abhorrent thing. What was worse for their relationship, she cared not at all whether Ben's needs were satisfied with another woman, so long as no scandal was involved. In the first years of their marriage she had been possessively jealous when Ben would innocently flirt with another girl. She never quite loved him with the great finality of love, but there was in the beginning enough pleasure in his company and in the state of wifehood to make the relationship live. The mess and the pain of the second stillbirth likewise killed the relationship for her, and she had sufficient excuse to make her announcement.

Things had not turned out quite as she had planned when selecting Ben to be her husband, but now, after the second dead baby, she gave up her husband and devoted herself to her son. It was a new start, but she was getting what she wanted. She had her home, her position in relation to her fellow man, and she had her son. She had a husband who would complacently supply an official parenthood, without interfering in the upbringing of the son. She had picked very well indeed when she picked Ben Chapin, for in this household of good manners she encountered no resistance to her acts and methods. And just as though she had done it deliberately (which she had not), she destroyed any love between the boy and his father. The father was made to seem just that of a fool; the son was made to seem just short of saved.

The years went by. Christmas would come and present would be exchanged at a most elaborately festooned fireplace, and Ben instituted, but after two tries dropped the custom of reading *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens. On the Fourth of July they would go to Ben's office to watch the parade of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the town

be taken to a children's picnic at The Run. Foley, the coachman who succeeded Connelly, instructed the boy in the arts of riding and driving and introduced him to strong language. The father helped the son with his arithmetic and algebra and first-year Latin, but the mother supervised the rest of his scholastic work. She would hear his spelling and listen to his reading, making him repeat the readings so that she could correct the Pennsylvania Dutchisms that occurred in his speech. Her own accent was refined and precise as a result of the influence of an English nanny, and she was determined to protect Joe as much as possible from the singsongy delivery that was more or less common to Gibbstown children who were not Irish. Ben's speech was plain, closer to New England-Yankee than any other influence, although he pronounced his r's. On such matters as the knotting of a cravat and gentlemanly jewelry Ben was allowed authority, but the only thing he ever really taught the boy was how to swim.

Ben came home from the office one July day when Joe was six years old. It was noon, time for dinner. "Good morning, Father," said the boy. "Mother has a headache."

"Oh," said Ben.

Foley's sister, Martha, entered the sitting room and announced that Mrs. Chapin had a headache and would not be down for dinner.

"So I understand," said Ben. "Tell your brother to put Blackie in the cut-under and bring him around to the front door. Right away, please, Martha."

"Will you be having your dinner now, sir?"

"No. Just do as I tell you, please."

"Where are you going, Father?"

"I'll tell you in a minute. Is your mother asleep?"

"I don't know. I guess so."

"Well, tiptoe upstairs and see, and come right down and tell me."

The boy was unaccustomed to orders, but he did as directed and returned to report that his mother was asleep. "We're going for a drive, you and I."

"You and I, Father?"

"Yes."

"I didn't ask Mummy."

"I'll leave word. I'll write her a note. She won't be worried."

"Yes she will, Father."

"Not after I've written this note."

"Where are we going?"

"It's a surprise."

Ben was writing the note to Charlotte.

"What kind of a surprise?"

"A nice one," said Ben. "Now don't ask me any more questions till I've finished this note."

"Are we going away somewhere?"

"Hmm?"

"Where are we going?"

"A place you like to go to," said Ben.

"The carriage is out front, sir," said Martha.

"Give this to Mrs. Chapin when she wakes up. Come on, son."

The father and son drove away in the cut-under and Ben refused to vouchsafe any information until it was unmistakable that they were driving to The Run.

"Are we going to The Run?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"A surprise."

"A picnic, Father?"

"You'll see."

The Run was the name for a large reservoir owned by the coal company. The shores were lined with boathouses elaborate and simple. The Chapin boathouse was not one of the simple places. Ben got out and lowered the horse's ~~head~~ and knotted the tie-strap.

"What are we going to do?" said Joe.

"We're going for a swim."

"I can't swim, Father, you know that."

"Now's the time to learn." They entered the ~~boathouse~~ and went downstairs to the men's dressing room. Ben took off his clothes and put on his bathing suit. "You're undressed, son."

"I don't want to. I don't want to learn to swim."

"Now, just take off your clothes and hang them up over there."

"I want to go home!"

"All in good season. Shall I ~~undress~~ you or will you undress yourself?"

"I don't want to get undressed. I don't want to learn to swim! I want Mummy!"

"She can't hear you, son. Now do as I say or I'll do it for you."

The boy took off his clothes and ~~hung them up~~ and stood waiting for the next move.

"That's a good boy. Now for a ~~swim~~."

The water was eight feet deep in front of the Chapin boat-house. Into it Ben suddenly threw his son, then after a few seconds he lowered himself into the water and took hold of the screaming, thrashing child.

"See? Now you can swim."

In half an hour the boy actually could swim. When Ben said it was time to go home the boy asked to go in once more and Ben granted the permission. They dried themselves and got into their street clothes.

"See? Now you can swim. Isn't that splendid? Did you like it? Do you like being able to swim?"

"Yes. Oh yes. Wait till I tell Mummy I can swim."

"It's the only way to learn. It's the way I learned. Sorry I had to take you by surprise, but that's the only way. And you'll never forget it. Once you learn to swim, you never forget. Isn't that splendid?"

They drove to the stable and went through the yard to the house together, the father with his hand on the boy's shoulder. "I hope Mummy's awake so I can tell her."

"She is. I see her at the window."

The boy looked up and waved and his mother waved back. "Come up and see me, dear," she called to him.

"I have a surprise for you," said the boy. He and his father went to Charlotte's room.

"Tell me *all* about it," said Charlotte. "I want to know everything you did."

The boy gave an accurate, excited account of the swimming lesson. When he finished his mother said, "Have you had any dinner?"

"No, Mummy."

"I thought not. Well, run downstairs now. Your father will be down in a minute or two."

The boy left the bedroom. When the door was closed they sat until they heard his rapid footsteps on the stairs, then Charlotte got up and crossed the room and slapped Ben's face three times, four times. "I could kill you," she said.

"I understand that, Charlotte."

"You are a pig, a coward, a beast. Do you realize what could have happened? Hit his head on a stone? Heart attack from that freezing water? You are the worst son of a bitch that ever lived. Do you hear me? You are the worst son of a bitch that ever lived. You are a son of a bitch, a son of a bitch. You are a fucking son of a bitch, do you hear me? You son of a bitch. Oh, I'd like to kill you. I'd love to kill you so that you'd die in horrible pain, and I could watch you."

"I know that, Charlotte."

"And you did it to torture me."

"No," said Ben. "I wanted to teach your boy to swim, and I did."

"You son of a bitch."

"You can't swim," said Ben. "Now you can go to The Run with him and he won't drown. Before this you couldn't save him. Now he can swim. Now if you'll excuse me."

He went downstairs and from the dining room the boy called to him. "Is that you, Father?"

"Yes, my dear. I have to go back to the office. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Father," said the boy.

Charlotte should have been—but was not—grateful to Ben if for no other reason than that Ben's drastic introduction to swimming put Joe on equal terms with Arthur McHenry. Arthur had learned to swim the same way, but earlier than Joe, and Charlotte did not like the idea that Arthur could be better at anything than Joe was. She had plans for Arthur even at that age: Arthur was a nice boy, a quiet, steady boy, well born and healthy, and devoted to Joe. The friendship between the boys was a natural and genuine thing and needed no more than propinquity for a start. But Charlotte gave it active and thorough encouragement. She wanted Joe to have a *suitable* friend; a boy with the same background but an ancillary personality. She was not convinced that at the age of six Joe was a brilliant boy in the things of the mind, but she correctly judged her son to have the makings of a brilliant personality. He had good looks that were not likely to suffer during the distortions of puberty and adolescence. (The fine thin nose, the beautifully formed thin lips.) His way with servants was something you were born with, almost never acquired, almost never lost. At a children's party he was the child whom, besides their own offspring, the other mothers looked at. He was accused of arrogance and insolence before he was ten years old, and in most instances the accusations were unjustified. But the mothers of lumps of children felt keenly the difference between their own scions and the Chapin heir. Joe, the most mannerly child, was subject to the severest scrutiny because his slightest departure from the conventional politeness was automatically exaggerated by the very fact of his usual good manners.

At a party at the Montgomerys' when Joe was ten an incident occurred that affected various lives out of proportion to the words and deeds making up the incident. The game was Hide the Thimble. The thimble was hidden, and the children

trooned into the parlor to search for it. Blanche Montgomery, the mother of the nominal host Jerry Montgomery, made the customary announcement: "When I say you're getting warm, that means you're getting close to it. When I say you're getting cold, you're getting farther away. Does everybody understand?"

Yes, they all understood.

They milled about until one little girl said: "Who's the warmest?"

"The warmest? Henry Laubach's the warmest," said Blanche.

"No he isn't," said Joe Chapin.

"Oh, yes he is, Joe," said Blanche Montgomery.

"Oh, no he isn't," said Joe.

"Please don't be rude, Joe. That's naughty," said Blanche.

"But Henry *isn't* the warmest," said Joe.

"Then suppose you tell us who is," said Blanche.

"Arthur is," said Joe.

"I *hardly* think so. Arthur's *very* cold."

"Ha ha ha." Joe laughed. "Are you cold, Arthur?"

Arthur laughed. "No, I'm boiling hot."

"Are you the boiling-hottest one in the room?" said Joe.

"Ooh I'm scolding hot," said Arthur.

"Just a moment, please," said Blanche. She walked to the part of the room where a puzzled Henry Laubach was standing. "Someone has played a nasty trick, and I think we all know who it is," said Blanche.

Some of the children provided her answer: "Joe Chapin! Joe Chapin!"

"Have you got the thimble?" said Blanche.

"No," said Joe.

"Or Arthur McHenry?"

"Yes. I have it," said Arthur.

"Then hand it over, please, and we'll start the game again without you boys. No prize for either one of you."

"But I found it and I gave it to Arthur," said Joe.

"You played a deceitful trick on all the other children. You're a spoil-sport," said Blanche.

"But I'm not. Mrs. Montgomery. I saw it first, as soon as we came in the room," said Joe.

"That must have been before the game started," said Blanche.

"No, it wasn't. The game started as soon as we came in, I thought," said Joe.

"Well, you thought wrong."

"That's not fair. I found it first and I gave it to Arthur and he was the warmest."

"That is *not* the way the game is played, and you know it. And what's more, I don't like little boys to be impertinent."

"I wasn't impertinent," said Joe.

"Yes you were. You always are. You think you're a lot, but you're not."

"Then I'm going home," said Joe.

"Me too," said Arthur McHenry.

"You'll do no such thing. Kindly hand over the thimble and we'll start the game over again without you two boys."

Arthur handed her the thimble.

"You boys can sit here, and now, children, all the others go out in the hall and we'll hide it again. All others go out in the hall, please. No, Joe. Not you. Not you, Arthur."

"We're not going out in the hall, we're going home," said Joe.

"You'll *have* to wait for your carriage," said Blanche.

Joe stared at her a few seconds, then suddenly he ran, followed by Arthur, out of the house, without stopping for cap and coat. The woman hurried to the porch, calling after them, but her voice only made them quicken their speed.

The Montgomery house was on Lantenengo Street, on the other side of town from the Chapins' on Frederick Street. The boys stopped running at Main Street and spent a half hour looking in the shop windows and otherwise disporting themselves, picking up some mud on their shoes and stockings and incidentally catching the beginning of colds in the late-winter air. When darkness began to come each boy went to his own home.

Blanche Montgomery was with Joe's mother in the sitting room.

"Mummy?" called Joe.

"In the sitting room, dear."

"Don't track up the whole house with your muddy shoes," said Martha. "Let me wipe them off."

"Martha's taking the mud off my shoes," called Joe.

"Take off your shoes and come in here," said Charlotte.

The boy went to the sitting room. On seeing Blanche Montgomery he hesitated.

"I want you to apologize to Mrs. Montgomery for leaving her house that way."

"I apologize," said Joe, and turned to leave.



"Is that all, Mrs. Montgomery?" said Charlotte.

"I'm sorry this had to happen, and—"

"We're all sorry it happened. Thank you for coming over. Very considerate of you. Martha, will you see Mrs. Montgomery to the front door?" Charlotte emphasized *front door* only slightly.

Blanche spoke to Joe: "I'm sorry this had to happen, Joe. Next year I hope we'll—"

"Yes. Thank you very much," said Charlotte.

Blanche Montgomery left the house and Joe gave his version of the incident, a true one.

"And that's all? You hadn't been misbehaving before the game started?"

"No, Mummy. And besides, that was the first game. And we didn't even get any refreshments."

"You can hardly expect to get refreshments if you leave the party before it's time. I've told Martha to give you your supper in the kitchen. I'm very disappointed in you."

"But why, Mummy? She just as much as told us we were cheating and we weren't. I saw the thimble first."

"That's not why I'm disappointed in you. A gentleman doesn't make scenes. You were a guest in their house and you're supposed to abide by the rules of the house you're visiting. I've told Martha, no dessert."

"What is dessert?"

"Floating Island."

"But I love Floating Island!"

"I'm sorry, but that's your punishment, not only for forgetting you're a gentleman, but for not coming straight home. What if there'd been a runaway and the horses dashed up on the sidewalk?"

"I would have run inside the stores."

"Never mind the ready answers, please. I'm very disappointed in you, very, very disappointed. Now go have your supper and get ready for bed."

The Montgomerys of that day were on an equal footing, socially, with the Chapins and the McHenrys, although Blanche Montgomery was not a Gibbsville girl. She was a Reading girl who had come to Gibbsville as a bride. She was, in fact, a distant connection of Charlotte's, but Charlotte had not "done anything about her" when she came to Gibbsville, an oversight for which Charlotte was now glad.

"Have you anything pending with the Montgomery firm?" she asked Ben that evening.

"How do you mean, pending?"

"Well, any business negotiations?"

"No, why?"

She gave him her own version of the party incident.

"Well, if you mean are we on a friendly basis with the Montgomery firm, don't let that worry you."

"Worry me?"

"Aren't you planning some sort of reprisal, retribution?"

"Not exactly. But I wanted to make sure."

"We're more likely to be in opposition to the Montgomery firm than otherwise. They handle cases that we have to refuse because of our Coal & Iron association. How are you planning to put Blanche in her place?"

"You're so *clever*," said Charlotte. "Well, I haven't had time to consider."

"I wouldn't like to be Blanche Montgomery," said Ben.

"She deserves whatever she gets. She has it coming to her. Of course it may take time."

"Whatever time it takes, Charlotte, she'll know why you're doing it," said Ben.

"Yes, but how much—simpler—if she *doesn't* know I'm doing it, whatever it is. Bess McHenry. If she had a little more character, and yet that's in our favor. She *hasn't* much character, therefore Blanche won't look for trouble from that quarter. Let me see now, is Bess Miller related to the Montgomerys? I don't think so."

"No, no relation," said Ben. "Before you go any further, ask yourself if the Montgomerys know any of our weak points."

"I wasn't aware that we had any weak points," said Charlotte. "At least that would be worth anything to the Montgomerys."

"In that case, damn the torpedoes, go ahead!"

"I'll need your help. You may hear of something they want to do and we can prevent their doing. I'm glad I never called her when she came to town."

"Yes, it would look hypocritical now," said Ben, with a completely straight face. "You hadn't thought of giving a large party and not inviting them?"

"Oh, Ben. How un-subtle men are."

"I daresay. If Blanche were to take a lover . . ."

"Blanche? In Gibbssville? Nobody has lovers in Gibbssville," said Charlotte. "Where would she meet him?"

"I've often wondered."





more time for the *nice* sewing. I do the children's mending and some of Arthur's things, but that doesn't give me much time for fancywork."

"Yes, I do some of Ben's things too, and *all* of Joe's. The darning is the only part that I don't like."

"The darning, I don't like that either. Isn't darning a nuisance? I have a basketful at home that every time I look at it, it just seems to say to me, 'Bess, you're neglecting your darning.'"

"Boys' stockings," said Charlotte.

"Boys' stockings are the limit."

"But not really a chore, not for our boys. Arthur is such a delight. Ben and I often congratulate ourselves that Joe has such a fine boy for a friend. Best friend."

"Oh, dear. Joe is—I can't put it into words how much we love Joe."

"And so nice together."

"Aren't they? They're so nice together."

Charlotte sighed. "I wonder why a woman like Blanche Montgomery—now how can she call herself a lady?"

"Exactly."

"Our boys must have been to dozens of parties, dozens—"

"At least," said Bess, and then, as though she had counted: "Dozens."

"And behaved like little gentlemen, always. You know, Bess, we'll never get to the truth of what really happened at Blanche Montgomery's house. I most assuredly didn't believe the cock-and-bull story Blanche told me. You know she came to see me that very day."

"Did she?"

"Before Joe got home, spattered with mud from the street, and the start of a heavy cold. Oh, yes. Blanche was here making accusations against a ten-year-old boy, two ten-year-old boys. Arthur as well as Joe. Did Arthur catch a cold too?"

"A slight one, yes."

"That's what I thought. Something happened that made those children want to leave that house without waiting to put on their hats and coats. It may have *started* over the game of Hide the Thimble, Bess, but there must have been more to it than that. There must have been."

"Oh, I think so too, Charlotte."

Charlotte smoothed her skirt and folded her hands. "What can we do about Blanche Montgomery?"

"I don't know. Had you thought of anything?"

"We don't want people to think we're two mothers resent-

ing the shabby treatment of their children. Humiliating them before all their little friends, and making it impossible for them to stay another minute. Of course we can see to it that our children never set foot in that house again. That we can take for granted, naturally. But that isn't enough. Blanche herself is responsible, and she's the one that ought to be taught a lesson."

"She might be kept out of the Assembly."

"Something like that, but not that exactly. The Montgomerys have belonged to the Assembly since it started."

"Yes, they have, that's true."

"She's in your sewing club, isn't she?"

"Yes. Last year. Too bad it isn't this year."

"And the Altar Guild."

"Oh, yes. Busy as a bee in that."

"I'm afraid it isn't a question then of keeping her out of things she'd like to push her way into. It would be more of a reflection on the Montgomerys than on her. Except there is one thing."

"What's that, Charlotte?"

"Well, the organized things, like the sewing club and the Altar Guild, we can't do anything about them. But there are other things that aren't organizations. There's that group you're getting together for next year, the little dinner club."

"Arthur's chairman."

"So Ben told me. Naturally in my condition we had to decline, but so far you haven't even got a name for it, have you?"

"No, we haven't even got a name for it so far. It's just an informal little dinner club. Once a month, November, December, January, February, and March."

"Just the kind of thing Blanche Montgomery's dying to get in. An upstart from Reading, and some nice people that have lived here all their lives won't even know about the club. After the way she treated our children I know I wouldn't enjoy sitting down to dinner with her. Well, I think that would do for a start."

"Oh, I can see to it that they don't get an invitation."

"You have so much influence, Bess. If she's quietly left out, without making any fuss, and if people don't accept *her* invitations, then she may come to realize that you simply can't humiliate small children and get off scot-free. She sat in this very room and I've never seen a woman with such a guilty conscience. And when I saw my little boy, spattered with mud, and chilled by the cold—well, Arthur must have been the same, and you must have felt the same as I did."



session. There were other things to think about. Charlotte encountered no difficulty in persuading the McHenry's that their boy belonged in a boarding school. Arthur Davis McHenry had gone to Gibbsville High School in the Class of 1870 and to Dickinson College. A high school education was considered adequate; college, any college, was a luxury. Charlotte's way was made easy by young Arthur's wanting to do the things that Joe did, and Arthur D. and Bess McHenry were as enthusiastic as their son about boarding school. But the McHenry's were a Dickinson family, and to convince them that their boy should go to Yale was not so simple. It was not a question of money. The difference between having a boy at Yale and sending him to Dickinson, Lafayette or Muhlenberg was not important financially. But there existed a strong feeling in Pennsylvania in favor of the good nearby colleges, and a slight prejudice against Yale as a New England institution and Princeton as too strongly Southern. To Gibbsville the University meant the University of Pennsylvania, the traditional institution. But it was in Philadelphia, and many families preferred to have their sons in smaller towns—Easton, Allentown, Carlisle. Most of the boys who were sent to Yale had some pre-Pennsylvania New England background, as was the case with the Chapin family. It was always understood that Joe Chapin would go to Yale, but to win young Arthur McHenry's family over from Dickinson was a task that took Charlotte and Ben five years. The winning argument was based not on Yale's superiority as a college, but on the advantages of friendships that would help the boy if, as they predicted, he should become an outstanding lawyer. They had a point. The Coal & Iron Company was owned in Philadelphia and New York, where Yale men were more numerous than in Gibbsville.

Charlotte's concern for young Arthur's future was real, but involved only his future as a roommate for Joe. Since it was impossible for her to accompany her son to Yale, she could do the next best thing: she could provide him with a trustworthy companion. It was fortunate for all parties that the boys were fond of each other. The senior McHenry's created no difficulty about law school. They sent their son to the University of Pennsylvania with Joe, ignoring the fact that Dickinson had a first-rate law school. But by the time Arthur and Bess "had a son at Yale" and they were committed to the Big Four.

It never occurred to anyone to ask young Arthur his school and college preferences, possibly because it never occurred



to him to wonder what they were. His companionship with Joe Chapin was so much a part of his life that in making the big decisions he was nearly always guided by Joe's preferences. It would not have been an American way of thinking to say so, but the fact was that Joe occupied a position like that of royalty, with Arthur's relationship that of noble companion. But never in his own mind did Arthur occupy a servile or humble position. He was often a convenience for Joe, but he never regarded himself as that. He possessed complete self-respect and was not plagued by jealousy when Joe enjoyed the company of Alec Weeks, Dave Harrison, or Paul Donaldson. On his looks, his manners, and the fact that he was financially stable, Joe was invited to parties and into the homes of Yale friends who did not feel compelled also to invite Arthur McHenry. Joe could easily have become a New Yorker and been lost in the large and increasing body of New York Yale men. Arthur, on the other hand, was truly a Pennsylvanian-at-Yale and never anything else; never sought jobs or the entree to jobs in New York. To Arthur during his four years at New Haven and later at Penn, the big social event of the year remained the Gibbsville Assembly; the New York and Philadelphia parties were events at which he always felt like a guest; in Gibbsville he was a *member* of the Assembly (or would be when he reached the age of twenty-five). In his own way Arthur McHenry came close to matching the Yale career of Ben Chapin, with the notable exception that he was considerably more of a social success in point of organizations joined and friendships made. But Ben Chapin and Arthur McHenry were New Haven-Yale men, not New York-Yale men. Dave Harrison and Alec Weeks, New Yorkers, would have welcomed Joe Chapin into their midst and he never had trouble picking up the relationship when he would reunite with them. Out of sincere politeness they would inquire for "McHenry" because he was known to them to be Joe's best friend, while Joe was one of their crowd who happened to live in a place called Gibbsville.

But Joe Chapin followed Arthur back to Gibbsville.

They had one discussion on the subject. "I sometimes think I'd like to work in New York," said Joe in their senior year.

"You'd do well there," said Arthur.

"Do you think I would, honestly?"

"I think so."

"Why?"

"Well, you like New York. You have a good time there. You like the people."

"Yes, but I wouldn't want to take a job there unless you did."

"Oh, I never would," said Arthur. "I belong in Gibbsville. I don't really like New York as much as you do."

"No, you never have, have you?"

"Once or twice a year, that'll be enough New York for me. But I'd never feel that I was a part of New York. Any more than Alec or Dave would feel he was a part of Gibbsville. But you could fit in in New York very easily."

"Maybe. But I guess I have the same feeling about Gibbsville that you have. It's where I was born, et cetera."

"As I look at it, our families spent a lot of money to educate us, Yale, and The Hill. But they gave us something else besides."

"What's that?"

"Well, all those years before we went away to school, we were learning all about the people and the geography, the streets, the names of the towns and patches. You might say we took a course in Gibbsville. Why throw that out the window? No, I'd never work in New York, not permanently. I'll go to work in Father's firm, get married, maybe run for judge some day."

"What about our partnership?"

"Can't have a partnership if you're going to be in New York."

"Oh, I wasn't very serious about New York."

"Well, I don't blame you for considering it."

"Dave and Alec have been broaching the subject, that's the only reason I considered it."

"Well, don't act hastily. We're not even in law school yet."

"And I'm not so sure I'd like New York if I went to live there," said Joe. "I don't like the idea of having to explain who you are. I don't know how many times this has happened to me, but I've met girls in New York and they say how strange it is they never met me before, and then when I tell them I'm from Pennsylvania they look at me. *Pennsylvania?* As though it were part of the Indian territory. Or else they take for granted I'm from New York and can't understand—well, the same thing over again. Why are they just meeting me for the first time? New York's supposed to be a big place, but among Dave's and Alec's friends it's just a small town. *Gibbsville.* The only difference is, I'm not part of it in New York, and in Gibbsville I am."

"You could be part of it in New York."

"I'm not sure I could. When they meet me in New York,

they did when they were children, I have to keep quiet. They all knew each other. I think it would take years before I got to be part of New York. And I don't think I want to marry a New York girl."

"Have you got over your case on Marie Harrison?"

"It was never a real case. I kissed her, but I'm not the only one that kissed Marie. And she'd have let me do more than kiss her. You may think it's a rotten way to talk about a friend's sister, but I found out. I heard a Princeton fellow saying how Marie was looking for a husband and didn't care who it was or how or what she had to do to get him. And when I stayed at the Harrisons' in February . . ."

"You don't have to tell me anything."

"I've told you that much, I might as well tell you what happened. I was given the guest room, on the same floor as Dave's mother and father. On the same floor, mind you. And I was asleep the second night I was there and I guess it must have been three o'clock in the morning. Sound asleep, and suddenly I woke up, or not suddenly. I woke up gradually. I thought I was dreaming this, but she was in bed with me. In her nightgown and in bed with me and rubbing her hand over my stomach and finally when I got altogether awake she put her hand over my mouth and whispered to me. 'Sh-h-h, darling.' I thought I was dreaming it, but I knew I couldn't be."

"Then what?"

"Frenched me."

"God! Really?"

"You know I wouldn't make this up."

"I know."

"The next day I could hardly face her, but it didn't affect her. You would have thought nothing happened. That night we all went out together and I didn't know what to say to her, and half the time I still couldn't believe it was true, what'd happened the night before. But it was true, all right."

"Why? Did she say anything about it?"

"Not only said. On the way home in the carriage she whispered to me, 'Don't go to sleep.' I guess I couldn't have, anyway, because by that time I was hoping she'd come to my room again. And she did. That time she didn't have to wake me up. I was waiting for her, over an hour. Closer to two hours. 'Darling, are you asleep?' she said. I said no, and she got into bed, but this time without her nightgown and I admit it, I didn't have anything on either. She stayed till about five o'clock in the morning."

"Good Lord, that's taking a chance."

"I know, and I wondered how I could face her mother and father, and Dave, one of my best friends. But it didn't worry her. She's like two people, two different people. You think of her as a pretty girl and good company, but like somebody's sister. Well, she is somebody's sister. Dave's sister. I'll bet if Dave knew anything about it he'd kill her, and me too. And in a way I wouldn't blame him."

"But you didn't make the advances. She did."

"But I should have had more sense."

"But what could you do?"

"Well, whatever I could do, I didn't do it. She's like two completely different people. But she's *not* two different people. I took for granted that she expected me to marry her and before I came back to New Haven I said to her, 'Marie, I have to finish law school before I can get married,' and do you know what she said?"

"No."

"She said, 'Well, don't let that stop you from visiting us again.' Never expected me to marry her. It meant no more to her than holding hands does to some girls. I was relieved, but then I changed. I fell in love with her."

"I *thought* you had."

"I wrote her letter after letter. I wrote her every day for a while, and got no answer. Then she wrote me. Oh, I might as well show it to you." Joe went to his desk and unlocked a black metal strong box. "Here it is."

"'Dear Joe,' she says. 'I am writing to you because if I am to believe your letters I have led you on. Such was not my intention, much as I value you as a friend. Our pleasant moments together were not intended to convey that impression, therefore I can only say to you that I shall always think of you as a charming friend of Dave's and I shall always be glad to see you as a welcome visitor to our house. Please forgive me if I have accidentally' (She spells it a, c, c, i, d, e, n, t, a, l, y) 'given you any other impression. I am very much obliged to a certain gentleman who must be nameless for me to tell you otherwise I would be glad to tell you his name and his every good fortune and I remain, Your friend, Marie'."

"What do you know about that?" said Arthur.

"Well, she must have been in love with him when she came to my room."

"And yet it's hard to believe," said Arthur.

"The whole thing's hard to believe," said Arthur. "I don't know who the other fellow is."

"Would you care to know what I meant?"

"What?"

"I suspect she's in love with a married man," said Arthur.

"You do? So did I. Why else be so secretive?"

"Exactly."

"Well, that's why I don't think I want to marry a New York girl."

"Why?" said Arthur. "They're not all like Marie."

"No, of course not, but she's the only one I had any experience with, that kind of experience, and I wouldn't want to be disillusioned again. Your father and mother, and my father and mother—that's what I think marriage ought to be. Marie's only twenty or twenty-one, and yet *think* of her."

"Yes."

"She's *old*, Arthur. What'll she be like when she's thirty? Not in looks, but experience. I'm sure it's a married man, and most likely there'll be—she'll be written up in the scandal sheets. And when that does happen I'll be thankful I escaped when I did."

"Yes."

"The man that marries Marie—how would you like to be in his boots?"

"Not me, thank you."

"True. But think of what I just told you. *I* was almost that man. I thought she expected me to marry her."

"But she didn't."

"Luckily. That's what it was, sheer luck. But do you know what the experience did to me? This doesn't apply to you, but I look at the fellows we know and I wonder how much they know about women. And I also wonder if it shows on me, my experience."

"Well, I knew there was something going on that you didn't want to tell me about, but I don't know whether it would have shown itself to the other fellows."

"I hope not. I have no use for a rounder. I could never trust one in business, professionally, any more than I could socially. And I wouldn't want anyone to consider me a rounder, although of course I'm not one. But if my experience with Marie showed on my face, it would show a weakness in my character. My mother always said those weaknesses show up sooner or later."

"I believe that."

"Do you know that that's one of the few houses my mother fully approved of? The Harrisons'. One of the fine old New York families, according to Mother."

"Well, they are."

"But it shows that you can't always go by outward appearances or what you *think* you know about people," said Joe. "Arthur, do you still believe what we used to believe—about the husband? You remember, the husband should be just as decent as he expects his wife to be?"

"You mean bride and groom?"

"Yes."

"Yes, I believe that. I expect to be when I get married."

"But I'm not any more. Do you think that's something I ought to tell my wife when I get married?"

"Well—I wouldn't, if I were you."

"I was hoping you'd say that. I don't feel that I *belong* to Marie, and that's what counts. If you didn't really *belong* to somebody else before you're married. I can truthfully tell my wife that I never belonged to another woman."

"With a mental reservation."

"Yes, a mental reservation. Oh, I'll tell her a white lie ~~lie~~ ~~in~~ that matter."

"Unless another girl comes to your room some ~~time~~ ~~then~~ it might not be a white lie."

"I never thought of that. It never crossed my ~~mind~~ ~~I~~ ~~thought~~

Dear Joe:

Knowing your fondness for Marie and hers for you I am faced with the sad duty to tell you that she died last Thursday evening from peritonitis following an abdominal operation. The operation was performed at one of the private hospitals in the suburbs and the funeral services, which were strictly private, took place on Saturday. We had no pallbearers and we did not invite anyone but family to the funeral.

In going through her effects I found a small stack of letters which I recognized to be in your handwriting. I confess that I read one of the letters, although only one after I realized that they were love letters. I am returning them to you since I do not feel that they are for other eyes. It may console you to learn that Marie still had your photograph in a locket which she carried in her purse until the day she went to the hospital. I wish I had known that you and Marie had once been in love with each other. If your romance had been encouraged to completion there might be a different and happier story to tell today. But no more for the present . . .

Dave

"The poor thing," said Arthur.

"Is she, or am I?"

"I said it about her, but I don't know, Joe," said Arthur.

"It sounds as though she'd been in love with you all the time."

"It sounds like more than that, too," said Joe.

"You're thinking of the operation?"

"I'm thinking of the operation in a private hospital in the suburbs, and strictly private funeral, and mystery, covering p. You must know what I'm thinking."

"That she died of an abortion."

"Yes. That's what poor Dave is trying to tell me. I'm going over to New York on the next train."

"Shall I go with you?"

"Thanks, Arthur. But I'll be back later this evening. I just want to talk to Dave. I'll send him a telegram and he can meet me at the University Club. I don't want to see the family if I can help it. Just Dave."

Joe returned from New York after midnight.

From his bed Arthur spoke to Joe. "I'm awake, if you want to talk."

"I don't know," said Joe. He was putting his things in the coat closet.

"Will you throw me a cigarette?" said Arthur.

Joe did so and sat in the Morris chair. "Dave asked me not to repeat any of this."

"I understand," said Arthur.

"On a slight technicality—everything we guessed from the letter was true."

"Everything you guessed," said Arthur.

"And what you guessed, too," said Joe. "You guessed that she was in love with me, remember?"

"Yes, I remember I did."

"Two nights before she died, or rather *the* night before she died, she mentioned my name when she was in a sort of delirium. When she came out of it they asked her if she wanted to see me, and she said no, no, she didn't want me to become involved in it. If I had shown up at the hospital—you know. Oh, Arthur, why couldn't I have known? Why was I so stupid about her? She *loved* me! She's the only person who ever did love me! And what did I think? What did I say?"

"Whatever you said, you only said it to me."

"Yes. I'm not so much ashamed of what I said to you as what I thought. I tell you everything, but that was evil of me, thinking she was no more than . . ."

"Listen, Joe, if we were all hanged for what we thought we'd all be on the gallows."

"I have a very strange feeling. I feel as though I'd been found guilty of something that happened so long ago that I've almost forgotten the crime I committed. I feel as though I ought to feel guilty, but I don't feel guilty. And yet I *know* that all my life I *will* feel guilty. The older I get, the *more* I'll feel the guilt."

"But you're not guilty of anything."

"I wasn't responsible for the abortion, no. And yet I *was*. If I had been wiser, more knowing—what do I mean?—*more* perceptive? What I want to say is, if I'd seen that she *loved* me she wouldn't have had the affair that ended the way it *did*."

"She sent you on your way, remember that, Joe."

"That's when I should have been—perceptive. I keep using that word. There must be a better one. Understanding. I *don't* know."

"How would you like a highball?"

"I tried one. I couldn't finish it," said Joe.

"Joe, you're making yourself feel what you don't *feel*. *It's* *not* *your* *business* to. You're trying to make yourself feel what you *think* you ought to feel."

"Do you consider me as *indecisive* as all that? I like *him*."



"Not insincere, no. But as though you had a duty to feel badly," said Arthur.

"I don't think I like that. I don't think I like that at all, Arthur."

"But am I right?"

"No, I don't think you're right for one minute."

"Well—you misunderstand me. I'm trying to prevent you from upsetting yourself needlessly."

"Needlessly! A girl that loved me lies dead in New York City because I wasn't perceptive enough to realize. Needlessly!"

"Well—go to bed and try to get some sleep."

"Damn little sleep I'll get tonight," said Joe.

But he went to bed, and, as Arthur noted, sleep came quite soon.

In the succeeding months Arthur also noted that he had been unfair to Joe's capacity for feeling. On a fine day Joe would bring up Marie's name apropos of nothing. They would be at a University baseball game, or watching the rowing on the Schuylkill, and Joe would say, "I can't believe Marie is dead," or, "Marie would have enjoyed this day." He displayed no lachrymose grief, but it was not like Joe to bring up sad subjects, and Death was not a subject he brought up at all. Marie was the first of their contemporaries to die and the phenomenon which Death is to the young was brought even closer to them by the lively intimacy Joe had shared with Marie.

There was something else about Joe that Arthur noticed, observing it so frequently that he could predict it: at college dances and the larger Philadelphia functions and on visits to the seashore—where the two young men might be likely to meet girls they had not met before—Joe avoided the girls who were pretty and bright and gay. He would perform the duty dances, and his good manners were maintained, but he managed never to be alone with girls who might be—were—romantically intentioned. He seemed to prefer the company of spiritless pretty girls, who had only their prettiness to remind him of Marie, but even those girls were alone with him for no longer than the measures of a waltz, and it would amuse Arthur to watch Joe, at the conclusion of a dance number, guiding his partner to the safety of a group. For an outsider Joe was well received in Philadelphia. If he had been a Philadelphian he would have been a prospective member of the City Troop and the State-in-Schuylkill, but he approved of his own ineligibility. "I'd feel the same way about a Philadelphian

at came to Gibbsville," he told Arthur. "You don't just walk and join our Assembly or The Second Thursdays. If you could, things like that wouldn't mean as much as they do to us." Whatever Joe secretly felt about the organizations, Arthur was sure of one thing: Joe was not going to marry into them.

"I'll probably marry some day," he said to Arthur. "But it will be a Gibbsville girl, and it won't be soon."

Five hundred invitations went out, requesting the honor of approximately eight hundred persons' presence at the Chapin-Stokes marriage ceremony. In several hundred cases the invitations were the next thing to an insult: if out of the stiff envelope did not fall a card for the reception, a Gibbsville citizen and her husband were being reminded that they were not yet of consequence in the town. It was a local custom that silverware and china were not expected of persons who had been invited to the church but not to the reception. Nevertheless the purchasers of silverware and china were more numerous than the list of persons invited to the reception. A few women bought the items because they would not admit to their jewelers that they had not received the double invitation; and a smaller number of women bought the items because they were sure there had been a mistake.

Edith Stokes made no such mistakes. Her lists had been checked and rechecked long before the engagement announcement, so that when she took the list to Charlotte Chapin, the mother of the groom and the bride-to-be were in almost perfect accord. Names marked with an "R" for reception remained marked with an "R"; a few, but a very few, marked with a "C" for church-only, were re-marked with an "R" because Charlotte felt that this husband or that husband was slightly more important in the business affairs of the town than Edith could be expected to know. "It will mean a lot to Joe later on, Edith dear. I'd have done just what you did, but if you let down the bars just a little bit, just in one or two instances, I know it will be appreciated. And they're worthwhile people, and in one more generation there wouldn't be the slightest question about their being invited. So don't you think we ought to be nice to them now?"

"It's remarkable, Mother Chapin, how you've kept up your interest."

"Well—you will, too, dear. Our dear old Gibbsville, we're very fond of our dear old Gibbsville."

Charlotte was genuinely pleased with the match. ("I wonder





"No, my dear. I want to start our life together."

"Yes."

"Shall I call you?"

"Yes."

"When I turn out the light, will you come in?"

"My dearest," he said.

"But you—I almost forgot. *Dearest*, what will you do?"

"Let's go upstairs together and see."

They climbed the stairs and went to the room which they knew to be Mr. and Mrs. Laubach's. The bed was turned down.

"You can change in the next room," said Edith.

"And then when I see the light go out, I'll come in?"

"Yes. I'll try not to be long."

She took fifteen minutes while he got into his pajamas and heavy dressing gown. When he saw the light go out he tapped on the door and she said, "Come in." He walked directly in the dark to the bed and removed his dressing gown and laid it on a chair. She was under the covers and they kissed and embraced. He put his knee between her legs and she made a sound like a moan.

"Do you want me to stop?" he said.

"No!" she said.

He felt her breasts and she pulled up her nightgown.

"Do it to me, do it to me," she said. "Hurry." She made it difficult for him to find her; she was already in the rhythm of the act and could not stop. "For God's sake," she said. "For God's sake."

"I'm trying, dearest."

"Do it then," she said angrily.

The moment he entered her she had her climax, with a loud cry. His own climax followed and immediately she wanted him again, but when she realized it was impossible she lay calmer, while he stroked the hair of her head and kissed her cheek.

"I've been waiting all my life," she said.

"Doesn't something happen to you?"

"Not what you think."

"I thought it did."

"Not always. Am I the first for you?"

"Yes."

"I hoped so. I knew it. And you'll never be anyone else's, will you?"

"No."

"You won't have to be. Unless you think I'm too much this

way. Do you think I am? Would you like me better if I were cold? Did you think I was cold because I'm shy?"

"I wouldn't want you to be cold, heavens," he said.

"Oh, dear . . ." she said.

"What?"

"It has happened. What you thought. Oh, dear. When it didn't hurt, I thought—but it has happened. Now you have to marry me."

He laughed.

"Am I altogether different than you thought I'd be?"

"I don't know what I thought. Except that I love you."

"I love you too, Joe," she said.

"We must love each other for the rest of our lives," he said. He put his head between her breasts and before she fully realized it he was asleep.

"Are you asleep, Joe?"

He did not answer, his breathing was an answer.

"I own you," she said. "At last." But he was asleep, and even in her glowing she wondered and doubted. He had let himself get completely possessed by her, and as different from the man she had always known as he could be, and expressing himself into her and with her as he surely had with no one else in the world. But what she owned now was not enough. It was incomplete and he was asleep and distant from her, and the fire they had lit had gone out. And then she began to understand that he was going to take a lot of owning and that she had been wrong in thinking that owning him was going to be so quick and simple a matter as she had hoped and believed. She might own him as completely as anyone else had owned him, and more and more as the years would pass, but she was beginning to see that what she had wanted was a bigger possessing than she knew could exist. She had been naïve in her simple want: the ceremony of matrimony, the consummation of it with their bodies. Now, with his head on her breast, she saw that the desire to own him was not to be so easily satisfied, or possibly ever satisfied. It was not Love; Love might easily have very little to do with it; but it was as strong a desire as Love or Hate and it was going to be her life, the owning of this man. He was going to have to be more than a part of her, more than a child she was carrying or had given birth to, more than a dear friend or an essential of life. It was going to be as though she had covered him with a sac and as though he depended on her for breath and nourishment. And it was going to take forever and it never, never could be



squander time with more than one man when the owning of one man was going to be such a fascinating passion! What did it matter if the owning were inevitably unachievable? She had a life with a plan.

There came a time when at last the Chapin-Stokes wedding was a part of the social history of Gibbsville. The town dearly loved to talk about its weddings and its funerals, its Assemblies, and its rare crimes involving members of the elect. Assemblies occurred twice a year and they provided conversational topics throughout the succeeding months; funerals occurred when necessary, which was oftener than Assemblies; involving the citizens of prominence occurred so frequently that they were unfamiliar conversational exercises to the uninformed. There was a pattern to discussion of a Chapin-Stokes wedding; the invitation lists were dwelt upon; the conduct of the guests; the women's clothes and the men's clothes; there was some freakish departure from conventional topics; the wedding presents; the luck of the weather. The discussion of a wedding continued to be good conversational material until it became known that the happy bride was expecting. At precisely that point the wedding took its place in the town's history. It could always be revived, and would be revived so long as any guest survived to talk about it; but as a conversational topic of the first rank it ceased to entertain once the bride's delicate condition was whispered to her friends.

In its way, a first pregnancy was a social event; it provided material for conversation. There would be speculation as to the sex of the unborn child; there would be impromptu statistical reaches based on the record of the bride's family for producing sons, the groom's family record for producing daughters. It was a by no means generally accepted theory that the sex of the child had been determined early in the pregnancy. As the happy swelling became publicly noticeable there were guesses as to how high the unborn infant lay, a point to those experienced mothers and observant virgins who held that the sex of the child could be predicted by its position in the belly of the mother.

When more than two good friends were present there never would be a discussion of the act which caused the pregnancy, for it was the only stage which was not considered fit for conversation, so long as the conversation was conducted in scientific or hygienic terms. Edith's hip measurements came into discussion and the previous regularity and timing of her menstrual periods, and the size of her





11.

12.

who was not a member of the Chapin family or its servants. The servants were among those who never let Edith forget that she was with child, *Chapin* child. In point of fact Edith was physically stronger than any of the female servants, but they had been sternly commanded not to allow Edith to lift anything or to ascend the stairs without being followed, a safeguard against a backward fall. Under this regimen Edith took on weight to such a degree that her figure could fairly be described as voluptuous. Watching her come in from the bathroom one evening Joe smiled and said: "Sweetheart, you are a lot of woman."

"I don't know that that's a very pleasing remark," she said.

"I meant it to be," said Joe.

"It doesn't make any difference how you meant it. I don't want to be fat. I hate being fat."

"I didn't say you were fat, dearest."

"You didn't have to say it. I know I am. What else have I got to do but notice how fat I'm getting?"

"Dearest, I only meant that—your figure is very desirable."

She got into her bed and he went over to tuck her in.

"Lie down," she said.

"Do you think I ought to? I don't think I'd better," he said. For a while they limited themselves to gentle caresses, stroking of the hands, kissing of the cheek, but it could not last that way. He got out of the bed but she held his wrist tightly.

"You can't stop now," she said.

"But we mustn't," he said.

"You fool, you can't leave me this way."

She had never been so unrestrained, or so noisy in her demands. When they finished she lay there with her eyes closed and a grin of pleasure on her mouth.

"Edith, darling, I'm ashamed of myself," he said.

She said nothing, appearing not to have heard him.

"I promise never to do that again," he said.

She opened her eyes and smiled. "Stay here," she said.

"I can't. You know what's liable to happen."

"What?"

"It may affect the baby. I might hurt you. Maybe I have."

"Nothing's going to happen. I'm all right, and so is the baby."

"I'll have to talk to the doctor about it."

"You'll do no such thing. Other women make love while they're pregnant."

"Because their husbands are inconsiderate."

"Oh, what if they are? Do you think the miners and people

that don't have intercourse when the wife is pregnant?  
I they have hundreds of babies."  
But we're not miners and people like that. I'm supposed to  
a gentleman. I'm ashamed of myself, and if anything hap-  
as it's my fault."

"Well, nobody will know it's your fault."

"I'll know," he said.

"But nobody else will, so stop worrying about it."

"I'll never stop till the baby is born and you're all right,"  
he said.

"Oh, don't talk like that. We're not so different from other  
people, and I've been wanting this for months. And I'm  
wanting it. Good heavens, nobody ever lets me have my  
part of myself. Your mother, the servants, you, I think about  
myself all the time, and you. Everybody's trying to make me  
think pretty and holy things—it's quite the opposite. I want  
you."

"It's a very difficult time."

"You don't know the first thing about it. It's all these  
things you've heard other people say."

"Good night, dearest," he said. He kissed her forehead.

"Good night," she said. She heard him rustling the  
bedclothes, finding a comfortable position. She had no clock to tell her accurately. He was  
sound asleep in less than half an hour. The clock struck  
courthouse clock strike for hours.

It was so for many nights and days until the wife was  
She was regulated not by the Gregorian calendar but by  
of her own devising based on lunar months and nothing else  
to herself. The clock meant no more than the grandfather's  
father's clock on the second-floor landing, a grandfather's  
clock in the sitting room, a hen's clock in the kitchen, a  
cuckoo clock in the kitchen. All were used and all regulated  
the time on the hour and the half-hour. She never knew  
what time it was, and cared not at all. She was wasting a great  
deal of the time, at least partly because she had never broken  
of the habit of doing things. When the time for the birth was  
nearing, the months preceding passed in long days and  
and every hour, then every minute began to count.

The first twinges of pain began in the early morning. The  
English had been in to see him in the afternoon and told  
her no more than she already knew. It was nearly midnight  
her mood he said: "I think you are very pale and nervous  
that you're going to have a baby."

"When?"

"Well, if you were one of my patients, a woman who lives out near the steel mill, I could tell you almost to the minute, and how long it would take. She's had nine and another on the way. She doesn't really need me. But with a first baby I don't like to make very positive predictions. You know. I want to be your doctor with all your babies, so I don't like to make a guess and be wrong on the first one."

"All my babies?"

"Yes. You may not think so now, Edith, but you and I are going to see a lot of each other, professionally. You're going to *want* them. Oh, they can be all sorts of trouble, I know. Julian's too high-spirited, for instance, but he's not a *bad* boy and if we had our way we'd provide him with brothers and sisters, but we can't always have what we want in this life. Now I'll leave you in the capable hands of Miss McIlhenny and I probably will drop in first thing in the morning."

He was more nearly correct than he knew. He was sound asleep when he received the telephone call, and he was dressed, if unshaven, by the time Harry arrived at his house with the Chapin Pierce-Arrow.

"Doctoring must be hard work, sir. Three o'clock in the morning and I wager it happens often."

"It happens very often, Harry."

"Marian put the coffee on for you."

"Good."

There was no one asleep at 10 North Frederick, and for the first time in thirty years someone other than Charlotte Chapin was in command. She had no more true confidence in William English than she had in any other doctor or any other man, but doctors are accustomed to giving orders and are in the habit of being obeyed, two related facts which produce in them an air of authority even when they are not authoritarian men. The manner, even when it is only acquired, inspires respect and confidence, and with William English it was not only acquired but inborn.

"Now if you don't mind, I'd like everybody to stay downstairs except Miss McIlhenny and Marian," said he, on the second-floor landing.

"Marian?" said Charlotte.

"Yes, Marian. We're not going to have time for Edith's mother to see her first, but that's just as well. Now, if you don't mind, will everybody clear out? Downstairs, please?"

He had some coffee and a cigar in Ben Chapin's bedroom and from time to time he would look in on Edith. Then Marian came in and said, "Nurse McIlhenny—"

"Well, sooner than I expected. Thank you, Marian. I'd like you to remain in the hall where we can call you if we need you." He had another look at Edith, who was beginning to show perspiration on the forehead. Now for the first of many times Nurse McIlhenny said, "Bear down," and the birth had begun. After two hours they put the aluminum mask on her face and dropped chloroform on the gauze. With the outrageous final pain she fainted into deep sleep.

"Tell Marian to tell them they have a daughter," said Dr. English. "Granddaughter, I *should* say."

Marian tiptoed down the stairs to the sitting room. The father and the grandfather were fully dressed; the grandmother was clad in flannel nightgown and a quilted dressing gown, bed socks and mules. Marian looked quickly at each person, and then from old habit she reported to Charlotte: "A baby girl, ma'am. A beautiful baby girl."

"Have you *seen* her?" said Charlotte.

"No, ma'am."

"How is my wife?" said Joe Chapin.

"Sleeping peacefully, Mr. Joe, sleeping peacefully."

"Really asleep, not—something else," said Joe.

"Really asleep, sir."

"What does the baby weigh?" said Ben Chapin.

"I wasn't told, sir," said Marian.

"Exactly what *were* you told, Marian? Without any of your embellishments, please," said Charlotte.

"I was told to tell you that Mrs. Joseph Chapin had a fine baby girl—"

"Who said that? Who said fine?" said Charlotte.

"Miss McIlhenny, Nurse McIlhenny," said Marian.

"You have not spoken to Dr. English," said Charlotte.

"No, ma'am, but he was in the room when Nurse McIlhenny came out in the hall."

"And you were told to tell us—?" said Charlotte.

"That it was a beautiful, I mean *fine* baby girl, and Mrs. Chapin was sleeping peacefully, sir. Sleeping peacefully, Mr. Joe."

"Thank you, Marian," said Joe.

"That's all," said Charlotte. "Marian, you march upstairs and find out when we can see the baby—and Mrs. Chapin."

"Billy English will let us know, I'm sure," said Ben.

"And again it may slip his mind," said Charlotte. "Do as I say, Marian."

"Very good, ma'am," said Marian, marching.

"Congratulations, son," said Ben, shaking Joe's hand. "Now

you belong to the great brotherhood of fathers. Welcome."

"My boy," said Charlotte, kissing Joe, who bent down for the salute. "I'm sure everything's all right and you have nothing to worry about, although I should think William English might at least have told us himself."

"Shall we all have a glass of champagne?" said Ben.

"No, we shall not," said Charlotte. "Five o'clock in the morning is no time to drink champagne."

"It's not time to have a baby, either," said Ben. "But you didn't have anything to say about that, and you're not going to have anything to say about the champagne."

"Let's not, Father," said Joe. "Let's wait."

"I have no misgivings about the baby or about Edith. If there'd been any complications Billy English would have sent for you, not us, *you*. He didn't send for you, he sent Marian to tell all of us. I'm going to have a glass of champagne and toast my granddaughter, and I'm going to smash the glass in the fireplace. God damn it, I won't be around for her wedding, but I'm here now." He went out to the butler's pantry where there was a case of champagne in a bin.

"Oh, hello, Harry," said Ben, surprised. Harry was sitting at the kitchen table. "It's a baby girl. Is that tea, or whiskey you have in that cup?"

"I have to own up, it's whiskey, sir."

"Well, chop some ice. We're going to have a bottle of champagne, Mrs. Chapin and Mr. Joe and I. Three of Mrs. Chapin's best glasses and a bowl of ice. Bring them to the sitting room and I'll open the bottle."

"May I offer congratulations, sir?"

"Thanks, Harry, you may, you may indeed."

"It's too early to tell who she looks like?" said Harry.

"I haven't laid eyes on her. I'm taking her on faith and I love her sight unseen."

"Yes, sir," said Harry. He raised his cup. "To the new Miss Chapin. The only Miss Chapin, I guess, sir?"

"You are correct," said Ben.

Ben returned to the sitting room where Joe was sitting on the sofa beside his mother. "Well, any more news?" said Ben.

"Not yet," said Joe.

"Can't I persuade you two that this is a cause for celebration, not for long faces?" said Ben.

"It's easy for *you* to forget," said Charlotte.

"How *dare* you!" said Ben.

"Father, please," said Joe.

"Go upstairs and see your wife and your child," said Ben.  
"as I tell you."  
"I'd better wait till—" said Ben.  
"Did you hear me?" said Ben.  
Joe rose and left the room, and when he had gone Ben  
stood before his wife. "So—you've been filling him up with the  
 horrors of it."  
"I refuse to listen to you," said Charlotte.  
"I know what you're doing, and you know I know it," said  
 Ben.  
"If you could see yourself," said Charlotte.  
"I see you, all right," said Ben.  
"Yes, and I see you. You look as though you were having  
 apoplexy. If you are—too bad. Too—bad."  
"You wish I were, but I'm not, Charlotte. I'm in the best  
 of health and I'm going to stay that way, and I can watch my  
 son getting to be a man."  
"Your idea of a man," said Charlotte.  
"Exactly," said Ben. "Now look at father, and you're going  
 to have to watch him getting to be a husband. He hasn't been,  
 but he will be. The human being you ought to hate now in  
 that baby, that baby is your rival now!"  
"Well, you never were," said Charlotte. "I never had to  
 worry about you!"  
"Oh, I admit that. You ran this life, you got the affection  
 and respect. But watching you love it to a tiny girl, an infant,  
 that's going to be some satisfaction to me. And there isn't a  
 thing you can do about it, Charlotte my dear!"  
"We'll see," said Charlotte. "Or I will. As you yourself  
 said, you won't be here for her wedding, and a lot can happen  
 between now and then."  
 Harry came in with the tray. "Congratulations, madam!"  
 "Thank you, Harry."  
 The man left the room and Ben picked up the champagne  
 bottle, removed the foil and the wire and started to twist the  
 cork. Suddenly he turned and fell onto the sofa, dropping  
 the bottle. Charlotte jumped to her feet, away from him,  
 and looked at him. His eyes had closed and he was breathing  
 heavily, his cheeks puffing and vibrating his lips.  
 "Ben!" she whispered sharply. "Ben!"  
 There was no answer.  
 "Ben Chapin," she whispered again. That he was alive it  
 was plain to see and hear. He was half sitting, half lying on  
 the sofa, asleep as she had often seen him in his chair, but



she knew that the suddenness of the overpowering sleep, the quick fall, were signs of a stroke. She jerked the bellpull and Harry responded. He went to Ben without speaking to Charlotte.

"A stroke?" said Harry.

"You'd better get Dr. English."

Dr. English came down to the sitting room in his shirt-sleeves. He examined Ben, and with Harry's help stretched him out on the sofa. He turned to Charlotte. "He's had a stroke. He mustn't be moved. And I'd like an ice pack."

"Some ice in the bowl, sir," said Harry.

"How convenient," said Dr. English. "Did he just keel over?"

"Yes," said Charlotte. "We were talking, and Harry had brought in the champagne. And Ben was opening the bottle and suddenly he fell, right about where I was sitting. What can we do?"

"For the time being, let him sleep. I'll give him some medicine. Harry, go upstairs and bring me my satchel, the small black one with the compartments for pill bottles. Bring it right down and don't stop to answer any questions. Mrs. Chapin, I think it would be better if you went to your room." Harry left.

"I don't think so," said Charlotte.

"Well, I do."

"I'm perfectly all right," said Charlotte.

"Yes, I know you are," said English. "That isn't what I was thinking about. And if you don't like being alone, take Marian with you, but not your son."

"What are you implying?"

"Now, Mrs. Chapin, please?" said English. "As soon as the registry's open I'm going to get a trained nurse. You understand that there'll be two trained nurses staying in the house?"

"Yes, I understand," said Charlotte.

"Then we *both* understand," said English. "A mutual understanding, and no more need be said."

She half smiled at him. "I think you're insolent, Billy English."

"Perhaps. Perhaps Billy English is, but this is *Doctor* English, Mrs. Chapin, and I think *you're* being impertinent."

"You will excuse me?" said Charlotte, and withdrew.

The presence in 10 North Frederick of two helpless persons and two persons who were professionally helpful brought about

major rearrangements in the housekeeping and in the household. "I always seem to be passing someone on the stairs," said Joe to his wife.

"Well, we have life and death happening right here at home. It's like a small hospital."

"Doesn't seem so small, either," said Joe. "I want to see Billy English."

"What did Billy have to say?"

"I went to have a talk with him about Father."

"Yes, I gathered that," said Edith.

"Billy doesn't think that was the first stroke Father had. I don't suppose Father ever said anything to you?"

"Heavens, no."

"Well, it was a possibility. You and Father were getting closer," said Joe.

"Mostly because I was having Ann. He was being solicitous, that's all."

"He never said anything to me."

"And I shouldn't think he'd have said anything to your mother," said Edith.

"No. I haven't asked her, but I shouldn't think so," said Joe.

"If he had had a stroke before wouldn't somebody have known?"

"Not necessarily. It might have been a slight one and he didn't even know it himself. At least not recognized it as a stroke."

"Are you worried about him?"

"Am I worried about him? Perhaps not as much as I should be."

"Should you be?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Why?" said Edith. "Something Billy English told you?"

"What he didn't tell me, as much as what he did."

"What do you think he didn't tell you?"

"Well—he seemed to be implying that Father's now had two strokes and the next one would be fatal."

"But he didn't say it in so many words."

"No, not in so many words. Doctors can be like lawyers when it comes to making a positive statement. And I guess for the same reason. Self-protection. What you can't say can't be used against you."

"It's no good your father not going to live a long time."

"It is, but why do you say it that way?" said Joe.

"Because he loves you and gets such pleasure out of her."



convincing yourself that they love each other and looking for proof, but the only time you get any kind of proof it's proof that they *don't* love each other, not that they do."

"But you haven't explained why I'd be happier."

"If you thought there was a gold mine in the back yard and dug for it and dug for it, but then some expert told you there was no gold within a thousand miles, wouldn't you be happier not wasting your time?"

"The expert might be wrong."

"Meaning I might be wrong?" said Edith.

"Yes. You might be."

"When you were a little boy, you believed in Santa Claus."

"Till I was five years old, I think."

"But not now," said Edith.

"No."

"Because believing in Santa Claus is a childish notion."

"It may be a childish notion, yes. But it's a good one."

"For children."

"Yes."

"Did the stork bring Ann?"

"Oh, now, Edith," said Joe.

"Did the stork bring Ann?"

"'Answer yes or no'? No."

"You and I made love and your seed stayed inside me and grew and finally very painfully I gave birth to a child. Not the stork flying over Gibbssville and bringing a baby to 10 North Frederick Street."

"Yes."

"When you were born, did the stork bring you?"

"No."

"Your mother and father made love, and so forth."

"Yes."

"Your mother eats three meals a day."

"Yes."

"Your father eats three meals a day."

"Yes."

"Does your mother go to the bathroom?"

"Yes, and so does my father."

"Do they drink water?"

"Yes."

"Do they breathe air?"

"Yes."

"Does your mother like anybody?"

"Of course."

"Does she dislike anybody?"



"Time for her little drink, eh?" said Ben.

"Time for her drink, yes," said Edith.

"Time for you to stay in your chair, Father," said Joe. "You know that."

"Oh—bother my chair," said Ben. "Come in, I want to talk with you."

"I'll be right down after I've seen Ann," said Joe. He followed Edith up the stairs and was allowed to hold the hungry baby while her mother prepared to nurse her.

"I hope you don't mind if I have notions about *her*," said Joe.

"What kind of notions?" said Edith.

"Childish ones, I guess. I want her to be the happiest girl that ever lived."

"So do I," said Edith. She held up her hands for the baby.

"I didn't finish," said Joe, placing the baby in her mother's hands. "I want her to be happy without thinking her mother and father hate each other."

"I do, too. Now would you mind leaving while I feed her?"

"I like to see you feeding her."

"I know you do, but it makes me feel ill at ease, so go have your talk with your father."

Ben was lighting a cigar as Joe opened the door of his bedroom. "Father," said Joe.

"I believe it does me more harm to sit here and wish I could have a cigar than smoking it does. Besides, what difference does it make? Have one?"

"No, thanks," said Joe.

"Where I'm going, there'll be too much smoke to enjoy a cigar."

"Oh, now, Father."

"Too early in the day for you to have a drink. I suppose there's a bottle of whiskey on that closer shelf. Pour me a half a glass, will you please? And fill it up with water and half. Always reminds me of an old fellow who'd been out carousing late at night and he went to his favorite tavern, but it was closed. So he began to knock and banged on the door till the innkeeper came to look in the window. I can just see him, with one of those expressions putting his head out the upstairs window and saying, 'What do you want at this hour?' And the innkeeper answered, 'I want me half and half.' 'You'll get that all right,' said the innkeeper said, and poured the contents of his glass down on his head. 'Half the old fellow's head and half the innkeeper's.'"

"Here you are," said Joe.

"I first heard that story when I was a junior in college. I suppose they still tell it."

"Yes, they do."

"Old stories die hard," said Ben. "Well, there are several things I want to talk about. First, I want you to find out how much it will cost to buy a full partnership in Arthur McHenry's firm. I want you to find out right away, tomorrow, if possible. When you do, I'll write you a check."

"I know the amount. It's fifteen thousand dollars."

"Is that all?"

"That's all, but I don't want you to buy it for me, Father. I want to buy it myself and pay for it year by year."

"I know you do, and that pleases me, and I would have let you do that if I hadn't had this stroke. But now I'd like to see you a full partner before I die. It isn't much money, son. If you were going to open a grocery store on a good corner you'd have to spend that much before you were through. And you're not opening a grocery store. You're becoming a partner in one of the best law firms in the eastern part of the state. With their name and our name, there won't be any better."

"Why do you want me to become a partner in another firm instead of continuing your firm?"

"That's a delicate question. I'll tell you why. I have friends, but I also have enemies. The McHenrys have friends and enemies too. My enemies, that you may inherit, they may take their business to the firm with the understanding that Arthur handle the business. And the same is true the other way around. And two unrelated young fellows are stronger than any one fellow, especially carrying on a family business. There's still another reason. A little healthy competition between you and Arthur will be good for both of you. Keep you on the alert, friendly rivalry, better all around. New blood for the McHenrys, new blood for the Chapins. Now I'll tell you something else."

"Yes," said Joe.

"In about five years you're going to be so successful, you and Arthur, that either one or both of you are going to be offered partnerships elsewhere. Philadelphia, and New York. Stay where you are. You will make more money here, you'll have the outstanding firm, and the New York and the Philadelphia people, they'll have to come to you. You won't be working for them as a junior partner, or any kind of partner. You will be able to fix the terms and conditions you want. You will be the one firm in this part of the world that the big





sell, tear it down. I don't want anyone but our family to live here. I hate to see that happen to a house. Our family built this house, and I wouldn't want another family to—to live in these rooms, go through our front door. I was born here, you were born here, and now my first grandchild. I hope you have grandchildren born in this house. I love this house."

"I'll never sell it, or at least I hope I never have to," said Joe.

"If I had my way I'd be cremated, so that what's left of me could stay on in this house, but I guess that's impossible in Gibbsville. I never heard of anybody being cremated in Gibbsville. And yet it's so much more sensible."

"But cold-blooded, I think. I'm not in favor of cremation."

"I don't know, it seems much more sensible to me," said Ben. "Joe, this is a very unpleasant ordeal I'm putting you through, talking so morbidly, but I have a reason. I'll tell you a secret. I don't think this was the first stroke I had. I think it's the second. I think I had one about two years ago. Not as bad as this one, but enough like this to make me feel pretty sure it was a stroke. Of course it may not have been a real stroke, but I was in Philadelphia, forget what the business was. And came back to the hotel late in the afternoon, got to my room, and fainted. Lay there till the chambermaid came to turn down my bed and she had the doctor. The hotel doctor. He asked me if I had a doctor in Philadelphia and he wanted to have him in, but I didn't want to make any fuss, so I came home the next day. I never told your mother or anybody else, but I tell you now. It may have been a slight stroke."

"You mean it *was* a slight stroke."

"Well, it may have been. The hotel doctor didn't use that word. He may have been confused because I'd had quite a bit to drink. Wasn't intoxicated, but quite a few drinks. Well, what difference does it make now? I've had the real genuine article, diagnosed and so on. Oh, this is a hell of a life, Joe, and sometimes I sit here and wonder what makes us want to hang on to it. But then I think of little Ann, and I have my answer. I want to give you one last piece of advice about her."

"Please do, Father."

"Spoil her."

"You mean, don't spoil her."

"No, I mean spoil her. Give her everything she ever asks for, everything you can. Edith won't let you, of course, but you give her as much as you can. First and foremost—love. When she wants a pony give her a pony. Dolls, dresses, toys. It never hurt a little girl to have her father spoil her. It never

spoiled her, in fact. I once knew a girl, her father did the opposite of spoil her. And when she grew up she hated men, because her father didn't as-they-say spoil her."

"I don't know that I can promise you that, Father."

"I didn't ask for your promise. I merely gave you a piece of advice. I'll give you another piece of advice that you don't have to pay any attention to."

"All right."

"When you have a son, and you'll have a son—don't try to get too close to him. It isn't in the nature of things for a father and a son to be very close."

"I think you and I are."

"Oh, no, Joe. No. But we're close enough. I can wish we'd been closer, but I see now that we were just right. Not too close, and not too far away. You're a good boy. Honorable. Stayed out of trouble. And reflected credit on your mother and me, and now you're a father. Independent of your parents, and that's a good thing. I have one regret, one big regret."

"What's that, Father?"

"Well, it seems a pity that we had to wait all this time to have such a frank talk. But I suppose that's not very consistent: One minute I tell you a father and son can't ever get close the next minute . . ."

"I've always felt very close to you, Father," said Joe.

His father touched Joe's hand. "D'you know, Joe, I never you have."



daughter. Harry was never heard to say, to declare, that he loved the child. It was so far from necessary that the declaration would have been too moderate.

There was hardly anything that could be said *against* a child that was not yet a year old. But Harry was present when Charlotte made the mistake of blaming the child for her own weariness. It was shortly after Ben's funeral. Charlotte's visitor was Bess McHenry, who in all her niceness and stupidity had been telling Charlotte how well she had stood up through her ordeal.

"I mustn't let you believe that, Bess," said Charlotte. "You mustn't go on believing that. These past months, if I could have gotten away from an invalid husband and a screaming baby, I'd have gone."

"Oh, no, Charlotte. Not you," said Bess.

Charlotte ignored her; now she was talking to herself: "I don't need much sleep, but I must have what I do need, and I don't know when I'll ever get it. I just don't know. Do girl babies cry more than boys? It seems that way to me. Oh, here's Harry to drive you home, Bess. You can't walk in this rain. How I envy you being able to go for a quiet stroll. I envy you."

Harry was one of the McHenrys' friends' servants who were always remembered with a \$2.50 gold piece at Christmas, and he liked Bess McHenry, but on the drive to her house he made sure she was set straight on Ann Chapin. "I overheard you talking about the baby," he said, pretending not to have heard everything. "Ah, that's the bright spot at that house, that baby. The best in the land, an angel from heaven. A real comfort in every way."

"I imagine she must be," said Bess McHenry.

"A real princess, you might say," said Harry. "If all babies were as good as her . . . Well, here we are, ma'am."

He returned to the house satisfied that he had corrected any wrong impression left by Charlotte, and rather pleased that he might even have created a new impression of Charlotte herself. At least, he felt, he had planted a doubt in Mrs. McHenry's mind. But Charlotte was not going to be let off so lightly. She had made her mistake and Harry never gave anyone a second chance. He became aggressively protective of the child against her grandmother.

After Ben's death the nursing staff was cut down to one member, Miss McIlhenny. She was a trained nurse, not a baby nurse, and she was being paid one hundred dollars a month and room and board, but Joe decided it was worth the expense





came out of Charlotte's bedroom with the news that Charlotte was dead. It could have been said of her, in the words of one poet, that she died of nothing but a rage to live; her passing was otherwise described in the Gibbsville press: she passed away peacefully in her sleep.

By the very nature of things the lives of young married couples are likely to become complicated and simplified by the death of a couple's four parents, as well as by the birth of their own children. In less than two years Joe Chapin's parents and Edith's father died, leaving Edith's mother as the sole grandparent of Ann Chapin. The death of Edith's father had remarkably little effect on Edith's life. It made her no richer; Carter Stokes, Sr., left all his money to his wife. Emotionally, it caused no void. As to responsibility, Edith turned that over to her brother Carter, who was the kind of young man who almost seems to have been born to take care of a widowed mother. Mrs. Stokes was an old bore, a bore before she was old and a worse bore as she aged. It is possible to take a second, more penetrating look at people who have the reputation for villainy and evil, and sometimes the second look makes for a reappraisal of the naughty ones. But the public judgment on bores is seldom to be appealed. In the first decade of the Twentieth Century the word "bore" was still a Society word, borrowed from the English and not in general conversational use in the United States of America. For that reason Mrs. Stokes was not often *called* a bore, but her qualifications to the dubious distinction were known to her friends and acquaintances. She was never quite well, she was never quite ill. She was without distinction in appearance, without prettiness even in young womanhood, with a bosom that was almost flat but not firmly flat, with ankles that were not noticeably heavy or trim, and no one ever remembered or argued over the color of her eyes. She was conventionally addicted to cleanliness but at the Assemblies she exuded the odor of perspiration without having to waltz. This woman had had some participation in the act of copulation and had given birth to two children; had cooked edible meals, knitted shawls, gone to church, discharged servants, attended the opera, read the newspapers, cashed checks, purchased hats, skinned her knee-cap, stayed at the Bellevue-Stratford, written letters, trimmed her toenails and lit a fire. And yet she was a bore. No experience and no total of experiences had excited her or made her the least bit exciting. She was a denial of the meaning to

men of the word "woman." The tone of her voice was ladylike and her enunciation was correct, but in all her life she never had said anything memorable or memorably. When Edith got away from her, she stayed away from her, and Mrs. Stokes even caused a strain on Joe's unfailing politeness.—

What her father's death did do was to fix Edith firmly on North Frederick Street. With Ben Chapin dead and Charlotte Chapin dead, and her own mother waiting out her time in the South Main Street house and looked after by Carter, Edith became the lady of the house at 10 North Frederick. Now she no longer had any sense of impermanency; there was no old woman upstairs who could give and rescind the orders; when Edith gave her address as 10 North Frederick Street, in the shops of Philadelphia and New York, she gave it with conviction, assurance, where in earlier months she often was afraid that the salesgirl doubted her right to say that that was where she lived. To Edith the house was a symbol of her improved station in life, and for that reason she was more than content to leave it as it had been. It pleased Joe that she did so, but that was no more than a happy accident. It never occurred to her to repaint, to redecorate, to refurnish. The house and its contents intact were the symbol, and any big change would have altered its symbolic value. Another woman might have waited impatiently for the moment when she could begin to replace the lighting fixtures and the stair runners and the purely decorative objects. Not so Edith. The only changes she made were in the den, and they were changes to gladden Joe's heart: his school and college pictures, his diplomas, his fraternity and club shields, his other youthful souvenirs were brought down from the bedroom and given space in the little room. The transfer was, of course, a subtle announcement of the new fact that it was *Edith's* husband who was now head of the house, but hardly anyone thought of it that way, and even if anyone had, was it not the truth?



tertained by the Chapins, but if the Chapins were visiting in Pekin, would the reverse be true? Closer to home, to take up residence in Philadelphia or New York was not a prospect that attracted Edith. It would require much, much greater wealth than Joe possessed to get established in the big American cities. Joe could, of course, continue his legal career, but that was not to live as a retired gentleman. He could *work anywhere*.

Thus Edith came around to the basic question of retirement itself. She knew precious little about the law, and not much more than that about Joe's ability as a lawyer. But she did know that he was a member of a firm that was bound to be successful if only because of the business that would come its way through connections. From her brother Carter, who was no fool, she learned that a great deal of the work performed by a firm like McHenry & Chapin was simply a matter of looking it up in a book. Arthur McHenry and Joe Chapin were not likely to save a man from the hangman's noose through a dramatic courtroom strategy; that kind of performance was in the Montgomery tradition, which was being maintained by Jerry Montgomery. The very fact that the brilliance, the fireworks were *not* a McHenry & Chapin specialty was an invitation to the less spectacular but continually profitable kind of law business. Until her conversation with her brother, Edith had had the conventional idea of a corporation, the cartoonists' fat man in the silk hat and with the dollar sign in his ascot necktie. Carter pointed out to her that the small meat-packing firm of Schneider & Zimmermann, the local planing mills, the brass foundry, and most of the Main Street stores were, technically, corporations, requiring legal services that were completely unrelated to murder and rape. McHenry & Chapin not only attracted that kind of business: they were in a position to accept or reject clients. For the first time Edith understood that law was not all lawsuits, that the McHenry & Chapin kind of firm preferred to stay out of courtrooms. Moreover, by keeping out of courtrooms, McHenry & Chapin acquired a kind of prestige that they carried into a courtroom when circumstances forced them into one. They almost never took a criminal case; if for one reason or another they became counsel for the defense, they automatically conferred on the client a sanitary seal that put the plaintiff at an immediate disadvantage.

The law firm, then, gave Joe something to do, and he seemed to like it. If he had had an interest in book collecting, or polo, or even if he had been the kind of young man who

could go to his club every day and while away the time in card playing and modulated drinking, Joe would have had Edith's encouragement. Her own father had been a quiet souse, which did not interfere with his functioning as owner of timber lands and a vestryman in Trinity. But her father was not a handsome man, and Joe was handsome; her father was not a rich man, and Joe was rich. And her father was not her husband. She did not own her father. She had never been able to direct her father by order or by guidance, subtle or overt. She did not consider herself lucky to have Stokes as a father; she never had had ambitions for him; he never had been an instrument of her pleasure. And she was quite sure, without being bitter, that her father had not loved her; as sure as that she never had loved him.

Edith did love Joe, as an adjunct, as a part of herself and a mechanism in her life. That Joe loved her she never for two seconds doubted. In her alone, she was sure, reposed the power to awaken and continually reawaken whatever of lust there was in Joe. Sometimes it was as though she had been present with Joe every minute of his life from birth, and when the time came—on the night of their wedding—he was at last ready, and she was, as always, there to share this new experience. Before their marriage she had so finally convinced herself of Joe's virginity, and on their wedding night she had been so much more convinced by his awkwardness—that she suffered no curiosity about his relations with other girls. Accordingly, she never inquired; consequently, the lie he might have told her did not come up for a test.

Her appraisal of his love for her, in those early years of their marriage, was no more complicated than such a simple emotion and such simple circumstances demanded. There was, for instance (she believed), the fact that he *told* her he loved her. Then if that had not been enough, the fact that he depended on her completely for sexual pleasure. They were living in a time when it was popularly remarked that "he never looked at another woman." Joe did look at other women, handsomer women—but never strayed from her. There was a point in politeness beyond which Joe did not go, and that was mild flirtatiousness. If, indeed, he ever reached that point. He was a gentleman, and the art of the fan was being practiced by the women they knew, which meant that some of the women appeared to be flirtatious; but Joe would participate only to the extent that nonparticipation would have been loutish. Aside from such politeness, Joe gave Edith not the slightest reason to have the minutest doubt of his love for her.

In a town that was populated—at least in their set—by happy couples and only happy couples, they stood out as a happy couple for other happy couples to use as a model. There was some slight uneasiness among the other happy couples that was caused by the Chapins' failure, deliberate or otherwise, to produce a second child. But the worries were set at rest when, along about the time the Germans were invading Belgium, it became known that Edith was going to have another baby.

The British and German propaganda machines went quickly to work, although the British efforts were not as a rule characterized or even recognized as propaganda. In Gibbsville, where propaganda was not needed, the old German families responded as any such group might be expected to respond. The nice people, exclusive of the German-descended, and regardless of origin, immediately went to the assistance of the Allies. The German-descended were put on the defensive and some of them said and did foolish things when provoked that provoked reprisals, and in several cases enmities originated that not only outlasted the first World War, but were easily recalled upon the outbreak of World War II. Edith's pregnancy and the European hostilities postponed any further discussion of travel abroad—postponed it for more than ten years. The war in Europe did a curious thing: it provided a topic of conversation (except when the German-descended were present) which was dotted with European place names such as Louvain and Metz and the Argonne woodland; the men, at least, were talking about places they never had talked about in their lives (Metz had occasionally been in their conversations because there was a motorcar by that name); but the conversations were only "for show"; the European war was not understood and the reporting of it was meager, so that the question, "Can we stay out of it?" was not being asked during the months that saw so much death in Europe while Edith was transfusing life to her child. Two, then three, then more of Joe's Yale friends or acquaintances were reported to have joined the British and the French, but in conversations with Arthur McHenry the war remained a European affair, not brought any closer to home by the volunteering of their friends. One of the volunteers had earlier gone on big-game-hunting expeditions in Africa, and to Joe and Arthur his signing on with the British was precisely of a piece with his firing rifles at lions. It was a chance for adventure and no more. When another classmate was killed in the first battle of Ypres he was conceded not to have been a big-game hunter

or a mere adventurer; but an explanation for his being with the British was not hard to find; he was working for the London branch of an American bank and probably had a great many English friends. In every way the war was such a distant thing that Joe and Edith could hope for a son without any thought of his ever becoming cannon fodder.

It happened that Ann was sitting on her father's lap, being read to, when Miss McIlhenny, who had been re-engaged for the occasion, came to the den with the news that Edith had given birth to a son.

"Did you hear that, dear? Mummy—you have a brand-new baby brother," said Joe.

"What's his name?" said Ann.

"Well, I think his name *will* be Joseph Benjamin Chapin, the same as mine, except that he'll be Junior. Aren't you happy? Aren't you pleased?"

"Everything's fine, Mr. Chapin. Fine," said Miss McIlhenny.

"Thank you, Miss McIlhenny, thank you ever so much," said Joe.

"Why did you say everything is fine? Do you mean there's something wrong?" said Ann.

"Not a bit of it," said Joe.

"Can I see him?" said Ann.

"In a few minutes," said McIlhenny.

"Why does Mummy have to get sick to have a baby brother?"

"It isn't really a sickness like—measles."

"She had to go to bed, she had Dr. English. Dr. English is still upstairs," said the child.

"It's because babies have to stay in bed so much when they're tiny, and she wanted to be there when Dr. English brought him," said the nurse.

"How did Dr. English bring him?"

"In that little black bag," said Miss McIlhenny.

"Why didn't he suffocate, if he was in the little black bag? He couldn't breathe. He must be very tiny."

"Oh, he is, very tiny," said Joe.

"Not so very tiny, at that," said the nurse. "He's over seven pounds."

"What if I don't like him?" said Ann.

"Oh, you'll love him," said Joe.

"I haven't seen him, I'm not sure I'll love him."

"But you will love him, I'm sure of that," said Joe. "Just as we all loved you when you were born."

"Where is he going to sleep?"

"Why, I suppose in Mummy's room, for the time being. In his crib."

"My crib," said Ann.

"Well, it was your crib when you were a tiny baby, but you don't mind if he sleeps in it now, do you?"

"Yes I do," said the child. "Somebody took my dolly out of my crib and put her on a chair. That wasn't nice."

"But they did it for a real, live baby, your new baby brother," said Joe. "I know you'd rather have your baby brother sleep in the crib than your dolly."

"No I wouldn't," said the child. "What if somebody puts him in my bed?"

"Nobody's going to put him in your bed," said Joe. "You have your own bed as long as you want it. Then someday you'll grow so big that we'll have to buy you a bigger bed."

"What color?"

"Any color you like."

"Without a fence? I want one without a fence."

"Oh, by that time you surely can have one without a fence."

"But then you'll give my brother my bed."

"Well, maybe. Maybe not."

"Buy me a new bed and he can have mine with a fence. I mean please."

"Well, we'll see."

"Father? Will you carry me upstairs to see my brother?"

"Carry you? My big girl?"

"I'm not a big girl, I'm a little girl."

"Tell you what I'll do. I'll go up first and have a moment or two with Mummy, *then* I'll come down and carry my little girl upstairs to see her brand-new brother. Does that sound like fun?"

"Yes, Father."

"Splendid. Now you go find Margaret and you and she can wait here for me."

"Margaret's in the kitchen with Marian."

"Very well, you go tell her what I told you."

"Will you please tell her? She won't obey me."

"All right. We'll both tell her."

"Father?"

"Yes, dear."

"Will you pick me up and give me a hug and a kiss first?"

"Why of course I will," said Joe. "You bet I will."

"And will you carry me out to the kitchen, please?"

"Sure I will that," said Joe.

"You sound like Marian," said the child.

"Sure and do I sound like Marian?"

"Father, you're funny."

"Sure and am I funny?"

"Sure and you are," said the child. "Am I funny?"

"Sure and you are, and the sweetest, loveliest—you're my big little girl. Up we go!" He picked her up and they started for the kitchen.

"Do Marian some more," she said.

"Sure and I better stop if I know what's good for me," said Joe.

"Do her some more," said Ann.

"Oh, that's enough for the time being."

"Will you be right down?"

"Two shakes of a ram's tail."

"Will you carry me downstairs after I see my brother?"

"Well, I don't know. It may be your bedtime. But we'll see."

"When you say 'we'll see' you do it. When Mummy says it, she doesn't."

"Hmm. We'll discuss that some other time. All right, my dear, dismount."

"Please carry me into the kitchen."

"All right, into the kitchen but then I must go upstairs and see the rest of our family."

Later that evening, and after the well-intentioned Mrs. Stokes had departed for her own home (after telling Ann that the stork had brought her brother and carried him to the chimney), Joe had a visit from Arthur Miller.

"I'm glad you don't like champagne any more," said Joe.

Philadelphia next week to see a specialist. Do you know what she weighs? A hundred and five."

"Goodness, Arthur. A hundred and five?"

"A hundred and five pounds, and the worst of it is, they don't seem to know what's the matter with her. She weighed close to a hundred and thirty when we were married. Or maybe even a pound of two over that. Billy says it isn't cancer, he seems certain it isn't that. But he doesn't offer any opinions about what it might be, so I'm going to have this man in Philadelphia take a look at her and maybe he'll be able to diagnose it."

"What kind of a specialist is he?"

"It's something to do with the blood stream. The white corpuscles and the red corpuscles. You know how little I know about medicine. I was thinking of letting Malloy examine her."

"No, he's a surgeon."

"I know he is, but at least it would be another opinion."

"I don't think Billy would like to call him in for a consultation. Billy doesn't like Malloy."

"Well, what Billy doesn't like is too damn bad. If I hadn't made the arrangements to take Mildred to Philadelphia, I'd call Malloy myself."

"He wouldn't come. That's medical ethics. Not as long as Billy's your doctor. And Billy will do everything for you that Malloy can do. Malloy'd probably send Mildred to a specialist too. Probably the same specialist."

"Well, probably. I'm impatient because I don't see any improvement at all."

"Is she in pain?"

"Well, not acute pain, but she's so God damn weak, Joe. So God damn weak. You know for Mildred to weigh a hundred and five—well, there isn't much left on her bones any more. She doesn't complain, but sometimes I think when she looks at me that she was begging me to do something. And what is there I can do?"

"What you're doing. Take her to a specialist. Cheer up. He may discover what's wrong with her right off the bat."

"Rose is going along with us, and if the examination takes more than a couple of days she's going to stay there with Mildred."

"Rose is a fine girl, fine."

"Devoted to Mildred. It's the way sisters should be but they damn seldom are," said Arthur. "Nothing new at the office today, or of much importance. Karl Schneider was in."





whose houses for the troops. When you hear things like that you wonder if it would be so ridiculous after all. You have to admire the British and the Canadians for going to the defense of the Belgians the way they did. What must a Belgian father or husband feel when he hears what they did to his wife or daughter? And they say the British are just as angry at those atrocities as the Belgians. Well, of course, the British sense of fair play. Code of decency and all that sort of thing. Have you thought of joining the National Guard? Some of the fellows at the club were talking about it."

"I'd rather wait awhile and see what happens. I don't want to have to drill, and go to camp at Mount Gretna, and march in parades everytime a Civil War veteran dies," said Arthur.

"No, that could be tiresome," said Joe.

"Drudgery," said Arthur.

"Well, we're worrying about nothing. I'm convinced that Woodrow Wilson will keep us out of it. Not that I like Wilson, but he doesn't even look warlike. And of course he was a college professor."

"Yes, but he was also a football coach," said Arthur, smiling.

"He was? I didn't know that."

"At Wesleyan."

"Wesleyan? The Wesleyan at Middletown, Connecticut? That Wesleyan? I thought he was Princeton through and through."

"I'm sure he is, but he taught at Wesleyan," said Arthur. "How about the young man upstairs? Have you entered him at New Haven?"

"No, I never thought of it. Took it for granted. He'll be the fifth in line to go to Yale, fifth generation, and maybe more. I'll tell you what I *have* thought of: I've thought of entering him in Groton."

"Groton? Why not The Hill?"

"I have no strong feeling about The Hill. I was sent there because it was close to home, and it may be all right if you're going to Penn or Princeton, but if my boy goes to Yale or Harvard I want to prepare him for Yale or Harvard. You don't like the idea."

"Well—no."

"Why not?"

"Why don't you send him to Eton?"

"Eton's in England."

"Well, if you're going to send your boy to a place that tries to be Eton, why not send him to the real thing instead?"

"Oh, I don't think Groton tries to be Eton."

"Maybe not, but the fellows we knew that went there . . ."

"Dave Harrison went there. Alec went to Groton. You liked them."

"Did I?"

"Didn't you? Now don't tell me you didn't like Dave and Alec."

"How often have I looked them up in New York?"

"You were an usher for Alec."

"With sixteen other fellows, or eighteen, or whatever it was."

"He wasn't one of your ushers," said Joe, remembering. "Why wasn't he?"

"He wasn't asked," said Arthur. "Alec got married as soon as he got out of college. You and I waited a couple of years, and by that time Yale didn't mean quite as much to me as it had—if it ever did. I'm not convinced that going to Yale was the best move I ever made. I'm not sorry I went there, but I think I would have learned just as much at Lafayette. I'm sure I would have learned more at Harvard. I was so damn busy being careful so I'd make a senior society, and I didn't really give a damn about it except that I knew you were sure to make one, so I had to too. If I had a son, which I never will, I'd send him to Gibbsville High and Penn State."

"You're joking."

"No, I'm not joking. I don't recommend that for your son. Your father's people have all gone to Yale and they were New Englanders. My family are all Pennsylvanians on both sides. You can get just as good an education at Muhlenberg as you can at Yale, and maybe better with all those Pennsylvania Dutchmen and fewer distractions."

"Why, you don't even know anybody that went to Muhlenberg."

"Yes I do. Old Judge Flickinger went to Muhlenberg. He studied law at Penn, but he went to Muhlenberg. Dr. Schwab, the pastor of the Lutheran church. And half a dozen other men that I consider as well educated as any Yale men we have around here."

"Well, what if they were? We're making them feel like bastards, and some of them go back to pre-Revolutionary days."

"Maybe they are bastards," said Joe.

"Judge Flickinger?"

"Well, I wasn't thinking of him. I hardly know Dr. Schwenk. But we know men in this town that are sending money to Germany secretly."

"Well, we know others that are sending money to England openly. I happen to be one. I have cousins in England that I never saw, never expect to see, and if they knew I was talking like this I'm sure they'd return my money. But I'm really tempted to send some money to the Germans too."

"You're talking through your hat."

"Aren't we neutral? Aren't we?"

"Officially, because Woodrow Wilson wants us to stay out of it."

"Very well, then if my sympathies cause me to send money to England, my belief in strict neutrality, the policy of our country, ought to cause me to send money to Germany."

"Well, don't do it, because no matter what we are officially, if we get into this war you know darn well whose side we'll be on."

"Yes, and the Germans know it too."

"Well, they started it, and they're going to be very sorry they did."

"Joe, that's exactly the attitude that may result in your donning a uniform and fighting for your country."

"All right. If I have to."

Arthur helped himself to more whiskey and whistled an unrecognizable tune. They had the kind of friendship that permits quiet as well as argument, without nervous searching for conversational topics. Always the one who happened to be the visitor knew he could leave when he felt like it, comfortable in the knowledge that visits were only incidental to the whole relationship.

"Edith asleep?"

"Mm-hmm, I think so."

Joe picked up the afternoon newspaper. "They had quite a big fire in Fort Penn."

"Yes, I saw that," said Arthur.

He sipped his drink.

Joe read the newspaper.

"Are those the shoes you bought at Wanamaker's?" said Arthur.

"Are those the shoes you got at Wanamaker's?"

"These shoes? No, I got these at Frank Brothers about two years ago. They were hard to break in, but now I like them." Joe went back to his newspaper and Arthur smoked his pipe, sipped his drink, whistled in between. Perhaps five minutes went by. Then Arthur stood up, but Joe did not ask him if he were leaving. He was not leaving. He went to the dictionary, spent a minute with it and sat down again.

"What were you looking up?" said Joe.

"Parturition."

Joe laughed. "Oh," he said. "I looked it up myself about eight months ago."

In a little while he finished with the newspaper. "What's the name of the man Mildred's going to see?"

"I don't remember."

"Not Deaver or d'Acosta or one of those?"

"No, I'd never heard the name before. He has an office on Walnut Street."

"Well, I hope you remember the number, on *Walnut Street*."

"I have it all written down, and Billy telephoned him long distance last week."

"I'd like to drop in and say hello before she leaves."

"I'd rather you didn't. She—"

"You're right, you're right. It might alarm her. You're absolutely right." Joe nodded. "Make it seem like—nothing very serious, nothing to get alarmed over. I'll send her a book to read on the train."

"That would be nice."

"Something light, humorous," said Joe. "Would she like some candy? You know Marian's homemade candy."

"She loves Marian's candy."

"You know, Arthur, it's awful how much of our lives we spend just waiting, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Edith and I, first waiting to be sure she was going to have the baby, then waiting for her to have it. Now you, waiting to take poor Mildred to Philadelphia, and waiting there for what the doctor has to say."

"I know what he's going to say, Joe. And that's when the worst waiting begins."

"Oh, no. You don't think it's that?"

Arthur nodded. "Whatever it is, I know it's not good."

my son . . . Arthur, I feel like a shit. I've been no help to you at all."

"Oh, yes you have. Yes—you—have."

"Don't be ashamed to cry."

"I'm not ashamed. I was just hoping I wouldn't."

Joe rose. "I'm going upstairs. You stay here as long as you like, and don't bother about the lights. I'll turn them out when I go to bed."

"Thanks, Joe."

"And I'm right here every night, you know that."

"I know," said Arthur. "Congratulations. That's really why I came."

Joe smiled and left him.

Newness lasts longer in a small town than in a big city, whether the newness is on a private residence, a store building, a new baby—or, for that matter, a corpse. A new baby remains a fresh conversation topic long past his first birthday, just as a house that has sheltered a family for a full generation may continue to be referred to as a *new* house. And in the same way a man who has lost a loved one in March is still being told, in December, that "I'm sorry for your trouble," if the speaker is Irish, or the conventional expressions of sympathy if he is not. Joe Chapin thus was receiving expressions of sympathy (and sorrow for his trouble) while accepting the early congratulations on the birth of his son.

As an example there was the case of Mike Slattery, when the two men had a chance meeting on Main Street. "Good morning, Joe," said Mike.

"Good morning, Mike," said Joe.

"The last time I talked to you was right on this very spot," said Mike. "Only that time it wasn't to congratulate you."

"I remember," said Joe.

"Very pleasant news. The mother and child doing well, I trust? I've heard nothing to the contrary."

"Yes, they both seem to have benefited by the experience."

"Glad to hear it. I always admired Edith greatly. A fine woman. And little Nancy, is it?"

"Ann," said Joe.

"That's right, Ann. I fancy she's pleased to have a little brother in the house."

"Oh, yes. And your little girls. You have three, haven't you, Mike?"

"Margaret, Monica, and Marie. In that order. All M's, but

no Michael so far. I told Peg, I said the next one is going to be Michael no matter what."

"Michelle's a pretty name, in case you have another daughter."

"Thank you, thank you," said Mike, with mild sarcasm. "But if you don't mind, I'd like a straight, plain Michael. A stem-winder, as the fellows say. Your boy is Joe Junior, I understand."

"Yes, Junior. We're both named after my grandfather."

"Uh-huh. The Joseph B. Chapin they named the school after."

"That's the one. I guess they're mostly little pickaninnies going to that school, but my grandfather would have been pleased with that. He was bitterly opposed to slavery."

"Oh, is that so, Joe? Was he in politics?"

"Oh, yes. He served one term as lieutenant governor."

"Lieutenant governor of Pennsylvania. I didn't know that. Your father was never active."

"No, Father never became interested in politics. I don't know why, but I suppose because Mother was a semi-invalid."

"Of course. Well, Edith's a fine, healthy woman."

"Yes."

"Edith isn't a semi or any kind of an invalid."

"No."

"Do you get what I'm driving at?"

Joe smiled. "Possibly."

"It'd be nice to have another Joseph B. Chapin in public life."

Joe smiled again. "Well, you might talk to my son when he gets old enough."

"I'll talk to him when the time comes, but I'd like to put the bee in your bonnet too."

"I'm afraid not, Mike. Nobody knows me."

"And nobody knows anything against you. Seriously, the party's always desperate for the better-type young man. If fellows like you took a more active interest, politics wouldn't have such a bad reputation."

"Thank you, Mike, but I'm a lawyer."

"I never heard of that being a hindrance, ~~not in politics~~. Invite me over to your house some evening ~~when I can~~ be present and I'll tell you a few things you may not realize."

"You don't think Edith would want  
Why, Edith is one of the shyest girls I

"Well, I didn't say I was going to

thing. I'd just like you and Edith to know that politics can be the most respectable thing in the world. Don't forget, Joe, the men we all look up to the most—Washington, Lincoln, Teddy—they were politicians, and darn good politicians."

"Mike, you're too persuasive already."

"Just promise me you'll speak to Edith, just tell her what I've told you. Now I've got to go and play some politics. Help a man get a pension that he's entitled to, but on account of some red tape he's on the verge of starvation. That's politics, too, Joe. A lot of it is helping people get what they're entitled to. Billy English can tell you some of the things we politicians do that you never hear about."

"Mike, you're a scoundrel and I've listened to too much already. Give my kindest regards to Peg."

"Thank you, Joe, and the same to Edith and Joe Junior and Ann," said Mike. "I'll never call her Nancy again."

When Joe came home that same evening Edith was at his desk in the den, writing letters. "I don't think I'll ever catch up on my correspondence, and yet before we were married I didn't write six letters a year. By the way, who do you think sent me the biggest bouquet of flowers today?"

"I don't know, dear. Who?"

"The Slatterys. Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Slattery. Michael James Slattery. No message, just the card. I looked under the envelope and the card is from Bailey's. What ever possessed them to send me flowers?"

"Well, they've always been friendly. I've known both of them all my life, and Mike was in my class at law school. We used to see each other there, and ride home on the train together at Christmas time."

"Oh, I know them, I know them, but they don't know me well enough to send me flowers. To tell the truth, I can't stand her. That round pretty face and those clothes. I've never seen her in the same thing twice—not that I ever see her much. But she always looks new and *painted*."

"Painted? Peg Slattery?"

"I don't mean like a bad woman, but cheap. *New*. And there must be at least six dollars' worth of roses. Now I'll have to write to her, and I don't want to write to her. I have no idea what to say to her. And what on earth does she want? Her oldest child is in Miss Holton's and I think she goes to dancing school. What else does she want?"

"They're Irish, and the Irish are very kind people. Generous. And you've just had a baby."

"I hope I don't have to keep track of all their babies. They

have three girls and I think another child on the way. Oh, she wants something, of that you may be sure."

"Well, let's wait and see what it is," said Joe.

The invitation Mike Slattery sought was not forthcoming, and he did not press the point, either of the invitation or of Joe's more active participation in politics. In time, but not immediately, Peg received a note from Edith Chapin:

Dear Peg:

I would like to offer my belated thanks for the beautiful flowers you sent when our son was born. They were exquisite.

I hope this finds you and your family all well.

Sincerely,

Edith S. Chapin

(Mrs. Joseph B. Chapin)

Peg Slattery read the note aloud to Mike, a custom they both followed even to household bills. "When did I send exquisite flowers to Madam Chapin?"

"I forgot to tell you. When you went to Scranton for Sheila's First Communion?"

"Yes?"

"I happened to meet Joe Chapin on Main Street and we had a chat and I got an inspiration. It wasn't an inspiration, meaning the first time I ever thought of it. I've been thinking of it for quite a while. But while I was talking to him I planted the bee in his bonnet about him getting into politics. And what a lucky coincidence! Because it came out in the conversation that his grandfather and namesake, Joseph B. Chapin, was once the lieutenant governor. Did you know that?"

"How would I know that?"

"Well, I didn't know it either, and it makes it so much easier. I told him the party needs young men like him, and if ever I spoke a true word in the form of flattery, that was it. A good old name, plenty of money that wasn't stolen, at least stolen outright, and a handsome fellow with a good education. Married. Two young children. Protestant, but not an A.P.A. No scandals anywhere in the family."

"Edith's father liked the bottle?"

"But was he ever in trouble? No."

"Joe's mother. A long, long time ago she got in on Christiana Street when it used to have all that there. Mom told me about it. Charlotte Chapin was



low—there was something about a man lifting up her skirts and—the Chapins had a coachman—he horsewhipped the man that got fresh with Charlotte.”

“I never heard *any* of this,” said Mike. “It sounds crazy.”

“It isn’t, I can assure you. I haven’t got it right because it’s so long since I thought about it. But I’m pretty sure the coachman beat up the man . . .”

“Did the man climb in her carriage and get fresh?”

“No. She was walking.”

“Oh, come on now, Peg. Charlotte Chapin would never walk through that section.”

“Ah, she never did again, but this one time she was walking—”

“Accompanied by the coachman with a whip, of course,” said Mike.

“Never mind the sarcasm,” said Peg Slattery. “It all happened just about the way I’m telling it. And *after* that, shortly after that, Charlotte Chapin took to her bed and stayed there the rest of her life. Or at least hardly ever left the Frederick Street house.”

“It couldn’t have been much if I never even heard of the incident,” said Mike.

“Maybe not, but I’d find out who the man was that the coachman beat up.”

“Yes. This was what, about thirty years ago?”

“I couldn’t say. But around that,” said Peg. “So you sent some *exquisite* flowers to Edith Chapin—Mrs. *Joseph B.*, that is, just in case I might get her mixed up with the old lady who’s dead. You’re going to get at Joe through her, is that it?”

“More or less.”

“It won’t be hard.”

“You think not? What makes you think so? According to Joe, she’d have a horror of public life.”

“Proving that Joe knows his wife no better than many husbands know their wives. I don’t say Edith’s a suffragette or one of those kind of women, but if she’d been pretty she’d make a good Dolly Madison. She has two children, four years apart, so it doesn’t look to me like she’s out to increase the population. And her house doesn’t take much to run it—time, I mean. Harry and Marian run that house to perfection or Old Lady Chapin would have sacked them long ago. Edith isn’t interested in clothes. She dresses like someone that got her clothes at Cohen’s-North Main. She doesn’t do much church work or charity. I’d say Edith Chapin would relish

being the wife of—what? you wouldn't start him as an assemblyman."

"At first, I wouldn't run him for anything. Just get him acquainted around among the boys. Then later spring him on the public, and if they took to him, fine. He's not going to cost anybody anything—"

"Far from it."

"And you know he's so gosh-darn respectable. And I like Joe."

"Well, why shouldn't you? I do too. He's never done anything, good or bad, that I can see. Everything he is or has, he inherited. His good looks, his money, his name. The one thing he didn't inherit I consider a handicap, but maybe that's because I can hardly look at her, she's that ugly."

"Oh, you and Edith could never be friends in a thousand years," said Mike, amiably.

Peg looked at him straight. "Hmm," she said.

"What do you mean, *hmm*?"

"Never you mind, Mr. Michael James Slattery. I see through you," said Peg.

"I never said you didn't," said Mike. He kissed her on the cheek and she pretended to suffer the kiss.

"She'd be no fun that way," said Peg.

He laughed, and she pushed him. "Go 'way from me," she said.

highest public honors—Governor of the Commonwealth, President of the United States—but the compensation there was that governors and presidents get defeated and the mark of defeat is upon them, while politicians are often at their most powerful after a defeat. When a candidate has taken a licking the party needs the professionals like Mike, the full-time noncandidates, to reorganize for the next campaign. It is a simple enough rule, and it explains the mystery that sometimes baffles the public (and defeated candidates): why, after a defeat, are the same old politicians still eating the big meals and smoking the expensive cigars? Peg knew the answer to the mystery; the best answer was her man, who was a full-time politician who would be eating the big meals and smoking the big cigars (although he personally did not smoke) no matter how many times Woodrow Wilson got elected president.

Mike had laughingly turned down opportunities to become chief Burgess of Gibbsville, county clerk, sheriff, register of wills, and other offices that were as high as some men could aspire. Mike, when asked to run for such offices, would always reply that his committee work was more important, which indeed it was. It was more important to the party, and it was much more important to Michael James Slattery, who did not want to be marked with an early defeat for a minor office. In the beginning, as soon as he got out of law school, Mike did work that demanded the qualifications of a moderately industrious office boy, not a man with a law degree. But he soon proved his ability and his dependability: a couple of times he was given sums of money to hand over to ward leaders. It was only a venial political sin to pocket some of that money on its way from the committee to the ward leader: but when Mike was given \$400 to deliver to a ward captain, the ward captain received \$400, not \$375. There would have been no comment and no disillusionment if Mike had paid himself a \$25 delivery fee, but he early showed that he was not a \$25 man. The \$25 men are indispensable, but they invariably remain \$25 men, and it is worth a great deal to a political organization to find out who among their younger workers are above nervous larceny. The wiser old politicians were also pleased to note that Mike was not in any great hurry to go into the street-paving business or make premature demands for his share of legitimate county legal fees. The paving business and the receiverships came later, along with Mike's partnership in an insurance firm and directorships on the boards of farsseeing corporations. In the

beginning Mike was content to wear out a lot of shoe leather and pay for it himself while building up what eventually became a personal organization without its becoming publicly identified as the Slattery gang.

In his entire career Mike was never once indicted. No ambitious district attorney could ever have shown that Mike had handed a man two dollars for his vote. Mike did not even buy the barrel of beer for a volunteer fire company. The beer got there, and it was well understood that Mike had seen to its arrival, but he was careful to mask his connection with it. And of course it is not illegal for a citizen to slake the thirst of a group of unpaid smoke eaters; nor is it illegal for a public-spirited citizen to provide the ice cream and pretzels for a Lutheran Sunday School picnic; nor is it illegal for the wife of some such citizen to make an appearance at the African M. E. Church for the funeral of a popular waiter, and if she happens to be accompanied by her husband and is the only white woman present, she and her husband may be kindly remembered by the members of the congregation. (That particular funeral took place in 1915, and Mike might have attended it without political intent, since he was genuinely fond of Clarence Whitehall. Twenty years later the Slatterys' attendance at a 1915 funeral was recalled by several important Negroes who were being invited to forsake the Republican party for the greener pastures of the New Deal.)

There were men and women who availed themselves of Mike's services while withholding approval of his activities, and among them were many members of what was always called the Lantenengo Street crowd. There were two things the snobs did not know and never could believe: first, that Mike and Peg were reconciled to their social status, and wanted social preferments only for their children; second, Mike's activities as donor of ice cream and charitable intermediary were successful for one reason: he *liked* to do things for people. He was shrewd and perceptive and capable of ruthlessness, but he was also a man who took pleasure in administering kindnesses. He did many kindnesses automatically, instinctively, and without time for hope of reciprocal favors. On visits to the big cities he performed acts of generosity and kindness and politeness among strangers who could not possibly know who he was and whose only way of returning the kindnesses was to acknowledge them with the words, "Thank you."

He was also quite capable of killing anyone who hurt his wife or his daughters. By killing is meant depriving. Mike could and did use the telephone, tie a necktie

bass clef, speak French and translate Latin, explain the Dartmouth College Case, handle a pair of hackney ponies, understand the principles of the internal combustion engine, keep his temper, eat in moderation, outbox a stronger fellow, and observe all rules of personal cleanliness. He had come all the way with civilized man. But he was also quite capable of killing anyone who hurt his wife or his daughters. In all other matters he was tractable and sometimes eager, sometimes willing, to compromise. Moreover, he knew that about himself; his ability to size up other men began with a rather thorough understanding of his own personality, an understanding which in part was traceable to frequent examinations of conscience before visiting the confessional. Because of his awareness of his extreme concern for his family, he was carefully slow in adjudging offenders against their happiness or well-being. But when a man or woman was found guilty, Mike was thorough in his punishment. The negative fact that he did not commit murder was less valuable in an estimate of Mike Slattery than the unproven fact that he was capable of it.

After Peg had begun to understand Mike's fierce protectiveness, her discovery taught her to exercise caution in reporting slights and wounds. Mike did not always agree with her estimates of men and women, but he believed everything factual that she told him. Her lesson was learned in the second year of their marriage. They were sitting at home one evening after supper, and Peg, in her recital of the events of her day, mentioned, casually, she thought, a happening that had annoyed her. ". . . I was buying the groceries and I had my arms full, and on my way out the door that Paul Tristram let the door swing on me and I dropped everything."

"He what? He let the door swing on you?"

"Yes, it made me furious. I had to stop and pick up all my bundles off the floor."

"He didn't even help you pick them up?"

"No, he just looked at me."

"He knew he'd done it, though."

"Oh, of course he knew. I said to him, 'What's the matter with you, anyway?'"

"And he could hear you?"

"Sure, he turned around, and then he kept on going."

"He did, eh?" said Mike. He got up and put on his coat and hat and while walking to the door he said, "I'll be back."

"What are you going to do?" said Peg.

He did not answer her.

He first walked to the north side of town, where he knew Paul Tristram lived. He turned the handle of the doorbell, and Tristram's wife opened the door. "Hello," she said,

"Is your husband in?"

"No, he ain't. He ain't in. I think he's over't the hose company."

Mike nodded and left. The Perseverance Hook & Ladder Company was three blocks from the Tristram house. Mike knew it well. He went upstairs to the social room, where there were a bar, a pool table, a poker table and chairs. Mike was not a member of the Perseverance, but he was greeted by the half-dozen men present, among them Paul Tristram. He went directly to Tristram and slapped his face. "You gotta learn some manners, Tristram," said Mike. He then closed his fists and attacked Tristram with punches to the face and body, hammering him until he fell, and when he fell, Mike gave him a kick in the ribs. Mike for the first time addressed the others: "Let him tell you why I did it," and left.

It was not a fight; it was a beating. Even Tristram's friends suspected that it was a deserved beating, although they could not be sure what had provoked it. If it had been a fight they might have felt called upon to take Tristram's side, during the fighting and in the years that followed. But when a sober man goes to so much trouble to track down and punish someone who has insulted his wife, the sober man is given the benefit of the doubt. The incident may have cost Mike six votes, but no more, and it gained him that many among members of the Perseverance Company who until that time had had no feeling about him one way or the other.

The story got around Gibbsville in three or four days. It annoyed Mike, and he kept it out of his conversations by refusing to discuss it. But it remained a part of the Mike Slattery legend. It did not reach the ears of the ladies of the Gibbsville upper crust, although there was hardly a man in the Gibbsville Club who did not hear of it. Among them were some men who were just beginning to hear of Mike, and when they were told that it had not been a typical Irish brawl, Mike suffered not at all in their estimation. As to Peg, she cared little enough about what other women thought, and the incident embarrassed her not in the slightest. But it made her think twice before saying anything that might arouse her man.

Opportunities to influence Edith Chapin were not often given Mike Slattery and he decided to create one. He considered the various men friends of the Chapins, immediately ruling out Arthur McHenry as too obvious and too close.

Next in the friendly relationship—although a distant second—was Henry Laubach.

Henry Laubach belonged to a family that was accustomed to hearing its name pronounced two ways: among the Lantengo Street people, Laubach was pronounced Law-back. All other citizens of Gibbsville pronounced it Lah-bock. Henry belonged to the first generation to use the American pronunciation which was considered less Dutchy. The family dated from pre-Revolutionary times and intermarriage had bred out most of the obvious German characteristics, so that Henry could easily have called himself Lowell and no New Englander would have disbelieved him on account of his cranial or facial details. Born the same year as Joe Chapin, Henry was literally a boy Joe had grown up with. When Joe went to The Hill, Henry's family sent him to Mercersburg and then to Lafayette, where he was popular among the students, and Phi Beta Kappa. He worked for the golden key because his father, who had retained a few of the old German traditions, believed that a boy went to college to learn something. The key was satisfactory evidence of Henry's obedience, and earned him a present of \$2,000.

Laubach & Company was a family firm, wholly owned by Laubachs and first cousins, which invested Laubach money and made Laubach profits; collected Laubach rentals, clipped Laubach coupons, and protected the Laubach name. The embossed letterhead contained no more than the name, in script, the address, in Roman, and revealed nothing of the work and activities of the firm or of the sub-corporations owned by Laubach & Company. It was not generally known, for example, that the firm was entitled to function as a private bank and agent for several steamship lines, rather more for the convenience of the firm than for the public. Visitors were not encouraged at the firm's offices: the window in the main entrance had the firm's name, the word Private, and the request, Please Knock, to indicate the firm's attitude toward casual callers. The firm was so set in its ways that when someone did knock, it was extremely likely that he had no business there, and was stared at accordingly by the officers and staff. Joe Chapin, Arthur McHenry, and a very few men could drop in for business or non-business chats. But most men, including the Chapins and the McHenrys, were seen by appointment. Henry believed in his father's motto that an office was not a *Kaffeeklatsch*. In the office of Laubach & Company there was not so much as a family portrait on the walls.

Henry Laubach answered his own telephone, and when Mike Slattery asked him for ten minutes of his valuable time, Henry was already deciding how much financial support he would give the party before Mike hung up.

Mike, as always, was punctual, arriving in Henry's office at two minutes before three o'clock. Henry signaled to him to come to his glass-partitioned space.

"How are you, Mike?" said Henry.

"Very well, thank you, Henry. And all goes well with you, I trust?"

"About as usual," said Henry. He opened a mahogany humidor and held it out to his visitor. "Offer you a cigar?"

"Never use them, Henry," said Mike. "Never use them. No bad habits except politics."

"Well, I hardly ever indulge, myself, except after a heavy meal. I like a good cigar, but sometimes a week'll pass without one."

"No doubt you must be thinking I'm a little early this year, Henry."

"A little early?"

"For a campaign contribution."

"Well, it is a little early, isn't it?" said Henry.

"I'm squeezing in an extra visit because this time I'm not here to ask you for money."

"Well, it's always a pleasure to hear that," said Henry. "What else is on your mind?"

"It's a difficult problem, political problem. I know you're a busy man, so I won't take up too much of your time with a lot of beating about the bush."

"I'd appreciate that, but not because I don't enjoy your company."

"Thank you, Henry. Well, it boils down to this: I have been weighing all the pros and cons, and I've come to the conclusion that we ought to try to persuade Joe Chapin to take a more active interest in party matters."

"Joe Chapin, eh?" said Henry. "Joe Chapin."

"How does that sound to you?"

"Well, I know he never *has* been active in politics. But of course that's no reason why he shouldn't start now. His father never ran for office, but his grandfather was lieutenant governor. Long before our time, of course, but that was as close as Gibbville ever came to having a governor. What I'm wondering now is why you came to me. Joe's one of my best friends, but I don't think I'd like to try to influence him in a matter of that kind. Granting I *could* influence him



"This is the hard part, Henry, and I don't want you to refuse me out of hand."

"Oh, I never do that. I always listen to whatever the other fellow has to say."

"Fine. Now don't be surprised, what I'm going to say."

"Can't promise you that, not knowing what you have up your sleeve," said Henry.

"All right, then. I believe you're a cousin of Edith Chapin's, are you not?"

"Not a first cousin, but I'm related to Edith. You could say I was related to Joe, too, but I'm a little more closely related to Edith."

"And you and your good wife are friends of hers, are you not?"

"Oh, yes. Yes indeed."

"Good. Good. Now here is where I need your help. I think—and I believe I'm right—that if her friends could convince Edith that it would be a good thing for Joe to take a more active interest in party matters, Edith could do the trick."

"Oh, I'm afraid—Mike, that's the kind of thing I always stay out of. Family matters. No, that's none of my affair."

"I'm not a bit surprised, Henry. I respect you for that, but I haven't asked you to do anything yet, have I?"

"No, but you're going to, I have a feeling."

"For the time being, if the subject comes up, of Joe going into politics *and if you believe it's a good idea*, will you tell Edith you think it's a good idea?"

"Well, I might do that, yes. I see no harm in that. But you're going to want something else."

"You're right, I am. If the subject comes up, and you tell Edith you think it's a good idea, and she asks you any more about it, will you say to her, 'Why don't you ask Mike Slattery?'"

"'Why don't you ask Mike Slattery?' I'd have to think about that, Mike."

"But if she wanted to know, there'd be no harm in saying that to her."

"No, I suppose not. All right, I guess I could say that much without incriminating myself. If she asked me, it wouldn't be sticking my nose in her family affairs. Yes, I guess I can do that much."

"I'd appreciate it, and I know it would be a good thing for the party. I'd also appreciate anything else you did that might influence Joe in the right direction. Men like you and Joe—"

"Now, now, Mike! I won't have you mention my name in any political connection whatsoever. I mean that."

"Henry, I wouldn't think of it. I know exactly how you feel. That's why I didn't ask you in the first place."

"Just as long as you understand that. If you ever get me mixed up in politics, I'll send my contributions to the Democrats, and I mean that, too. Joe's a lawyer, and if he wants to go into politics, that's his business. But not me. We want to stay anonymous. We always have, and we always intend to."

"I'll respect your wishes to the letter, and thank you for these few minutes of your valuable time. So long, Henry."

"So long, Mike," said Henry.

Mike had no difficulty in respecting Henry's wishes. He would have had, as he told Peg, trouble getting Henry elected dog-catcher, even if the Gibbsville table of organization had included the office. Moreover, dog-catcher had been an appointive, not an elective, office. It disappeared from the municipal table because for several terms nobody wanted the job. When the function was restored, in 1920, it was under the auspices of the Gibbsville chapter of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with a full-time employee who was sworn as a special constable, but not as a public servant on the public payroll. Interestingly enough, one of the leading supporters of the Society, and thus a contributor to the dog-catcher's salary, was Josephine Laubach, Henry's wife. The dog-catcher selected by the Society was a man named Pierson, a distant cousin of the Howard Pierson who later married the Slatterys—in 1916—unborn daughter. In a small town the most casual remark can have constant repercussions.

The threat of Woodrow Wilson made for a revival of interest in politics that was somewhat stronger than the usual reanimation which occurs in a presidential year. Mr. Hughes, with his whiskers, made a lot of people think of Father, Mr. Wilson had the appearance of a man who had a school-teacher's switch hidden in the folds of his Prince Albert. Mr. Hughes was a Republican; but Mr. Wilson was a Democrat who had kept us out of war and who was not a horse to swap in midstream. Mr. Hughes was not in the least warlike; Mr. Wilson had sent the National Guard and Black Jack Pershing to the Mexican border, ostensibly to punish the bandits, but actually to train an army and to show the Central Powers that we were getting ready and would fight no nonsense. But if we were having no nonsense, v

time that we stopped sending Notes when our ships, flying our flag, were torpedoed on the high seas? Mr. Wilson was pussyfooting, keeping us out of war and hurrying us into it with his warlike gestures. There was no argument in favor of Wilson that could not be answered with the countercharge of inconsistency, and as the people of Republican Gibbsville turned out their lights they were able to go to sleep with the comforting knowledge that Mr. Hughes would soon take over and Woodrow Wilson would be politely banished to Princeton.

Joe Chapin was more bitterly disappointed than Arthur McHenry. "Those people out in California," said Joe. "They're so far away from everything they have no idea what's happening."

"It's a long distance away," said Arthur. "As far from us as we are from Europe."

"With one big difference. What's next to California? Nevada. There are no German submarines in Nevada, but there are off the Jersey coast. That's how much closer we are than those Californians."

"Well, like it or not, we have four more years of Mr. Wilson."

"Yes, and the prospect—it makes me want to do something."

"Well, you did something in this campaign."

"What, Arthur? I gave some money, and I had my name on some letterheads."

"Don't underestimate either. Your name is worth a lot. So's your money, but your name plus your money—it's the first time you've ever let them use your name. Speaking of which, I meant to tell you this before. You'd better give Bob Hooker a better photograph of yourself. The other day, just for the fun of it, I drew a pair of glasses on your picture—Joe, that picture makes you look like Woodrow Wilson."

"You're not the first one to tell me that. Edith mentioned it. I never take a good picture."

"Well, you'd better get a different one if you're going to be in politics."

"I'm not going to be in politics. I'm a partner in McHenry & Chapin, attorneys-at-law. But I'm interested in good government and the future of the Republican party, and as Edith says, if Vance McCormick can stand up for the Democrats, I can stand up for our side."

"We're soon going to have to make a decision about the firm, by the way," said Arthur.



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"We're soon going to have to make a decision about the firm, by the way," said Arthur.

"To get bigger or not to get bigger?"

"Exactly," said Arthur. "I don't think you had this in mind, but if you should become influential in politics, very influential, we're going to be attracting a lot more business. Some of it we won't want. That'll be the people who will want us to handle their legal affairs because we may, just may, have political influence. Then of course there's the other side. There will be some clients who will leave us because we're mixed up in politics."

"I've had occasion to think about that lately," said Joe. "I met a man in Philadelphia the other day. When he heard my name he asked me if I were the McHenry & Chapin Chapin, and when I said I was he gave me his card. He has a construction business. I have the card at home. Name I never heard of."

"Why did he give you his card?" said Arthur.

"He said if I ever came to Pittsburgh to drop in and see him. I said, well, if he ever came to Gibbstown to drop in and see us. That was all."

"That was all for the present," said Arthur. "How did you meet this fellow?"

"The day I had lunch at the Union League. You know, with Kirkpatrick. Kirkpatrick introduced me to him."

"Well, I had a chat with Henry Laubach yesterday, at the Gibbstown Club. Henry never comes to the point if he can help it, but I can usually tell what he's thinking. I would say, reading between the lines, that Henry tried to tell me that if we became a political law firm, we'd have to struggle along without Laubach & Company. Joe, I think we ought to go easy on this whole thing. I don't like your friend from Pittsburgh, whose name you don't remember. You don't remember his name, and the only thing we know about him is that he's in the construction business. But we also know that Council is going to ask for bids on paving South Main."

Joe smiled. "I spied that connection right away," he said.

"I hoped you would," said Arthur. "Laubach & Company were almost our first clients, and they were my father's clients before you and I hung out our shingle. Now we may decide that we want to get bigger, expand. But let's not take the first business that comes our way. And let's be very careful about taking on construction companies from Pittsburgh. If they're any good they have their legal business taken care of by a Pittsburgh firm. If they're not taken care of by a firm, they're probably fly-by-night."

"I agree," said Joe.

"You may want to run for office, and that might be a good idea. But without talking like Henry Laubach, I want to say here and now that I'm always going to oppose taking new business that looks as though it came our way through politics, or your political connections. You don't need the money, and while I haven't got as much money as you have, I don't need the money. We're doing very well now, and we'll continue to do very well and better as our firm gets older."

Joe nodded slowly and seriously. "I'll tell you what my ambition is, as far as money's concerned. I would like to be able to leave my wife and children each a million dollars."

"You have quite a way to go," said Arthur. "But we ought to be good for many more and prosperous years. You could do it. But you're going to have to do it through investments and the stock market. Not through our profits as McHenry & Chapin."

"Let's have this talk again a year from now," said Joe.

"Why, of course. Let's have it every year," said Arthur.

"You may want to go out after that big business—and maybe I might change my mind."

"I doubt it," said Joe, smiling.

"So do I," said Arthur. "But if I see you getting rich . . ."

"I know what you're thinking, Arthur," said Joe.

"Yes, I imagine you do," said Arthur. "Am I thinking that I have no children to leave it to?"

"You don't want to talk about Mildred," said Joe.

"You're the only one I do talk to."

"But not enough," said Joe. "Don't you ever talk to Rose?"

"Rose? Not about Mildred. Rose misses Mildred as much as I do. We don't even want to see each other."

"I think you and Rose ought to get married," said Joe.

"You *what*?"

"Don't hit me," said Joe.

"Is that Edith's idea?"

"It's my own idea, and I never thought of it till just this minute."

"Well, get rid of it quick, and don't ever repeat it. I never say that again."

"I'm sorry, Arthur, but it's what I think. I think you and Rose would be perfect for each other."

"I thought you knew me. That is the most cold-blooded statement you've ever made."

"Why?" said Joe.

"Because it is. I shouldn't have to explain why."

"Even so, why?" said Joe.

"Mildred hasn't been dead a year, but you suggest not only that I get married, but that I marry her sister."

Joe looked away from him. "Well, I was in love with a girl, and she died. She died without my marrying her. And she was in love with me. Then I fell in love with another girl and did marry her. Love can happen twice, and it can happen very quickly. In some ways you're so much more intelligent than I am, but in other ways— Arthur, Rose has been in love with you for years. And I think it's damned unfair of you to let her become an old maid. She will, too, you know. Has she any beaux?"

"No. Or at least I'm sure I don't know."

"Yes you do. You know. Be honest. Rose White made the best of it when you married Mildred, but—let me ask you something, and give me a word-of-honor answer. Are you in love with Rose?"

"Yes," said Arthur.

"Now aren't you glad you told me the truth, Arthur?"

"No, I'm not, not a bit glad."

Joe took the receiver off the hook and spoke into the telephone: "Six-four, please."

"What are you doing?" said Arthur.

". . . Hello, Rose? This is Joe Chapin. Arthur wants to speak to you." He got up and transferred the receiver into Arthur's hand.

Frowning and bewildered, Arthur spoke: "Rose, this is Arthur . . . No, there's nothing wrong. He just called your number and handed me the phone. Will you be home this evening? . . . Could I drop in for a minute? . . . That would be fine . . . Good-bye."

"You're so punctilious, if that's the word I mean," said Joe. "So proper."

"Well, you're not, I must say. I was afraid you were going . . ."

"I thought of it, and I almost did. But it'll be more punctilious if you tell her yourself," said Joe. "This may change your attitude toward making money."

"What made you act as Cynid?" said Arthur. "It's some-



"Edith not only had nothing to do with it, I don't want you to ever say anything to her about this. Edith has altogether different ideas about me. In fact, I don't think anybody really knows me. If they did—oh, well."

Arthur put his hand on Joe's shoulder, a display of intimacy he had never made before. "You know, Joe. You're a very kind man."

Joe looked at his own hand. "That'll be enough of that, please," he said.

Arthur smiled and left his friend without looking back.

On an afternoon in April of 1917 the partners met in Arthur's office. They talked for an hour and more, then Arthur summed up. "All right, one of us goes, and the only way we can decide it is to toss a coin."

"Here's my cartwheel," said Joe. "You toss it and I'll call it."

Arthur flipped the coin and while it was in the air Joe called, "Tails."

It was heads.

"I win," said Arthur.

"Wait a minute," said Joe. "What were we tossing for? We should have agreed on that first."

"The winner joins the Army," said Arthur.

"That wasn't agreed upon. I insist on another call. This time, if it's heads, you join the Army, and tails, I join the Army."

"Well—all right," said Arthur. He tossed again, and again it came up heads.

"I furnished the coin, but I lost anyway," said Joe.

"You lost twice, if you want to be honest about it."

"Oh, well, it may be over by the time you get there. Everybody says the Germans will quit now that we're in it."

"Sour grapes from a bad loser," said Arthur.

"They don't really want men of thirty-five."

"I'm still thirty-four."

"Especially people who are out of shape and never take any exercise."

"But I had a complete physical examination a month ago and Billy English says I'm in excellent condition, excellent. I think you forget, I took out more insurance for Rose."

"That was considerate of you, but I'm sure she won't need it. Take my advice and write a letter to the Judge Advocate General, that's where you'll be most useful, out of the way. You a soldier! *Hoch der Kaiser!*"

Some of the bitterness Joe felt was lessened by the assignment given Captain McHenry. They had agreed to abide by the decision of the coin: that one or the other was to stay at home and carry on the business of the firm until the Army called him. Arthur was sent overseas, but his duties consisted largely of desk work in Paris and Tours, where he saw war but engaged in no personal combat. Joe's bitterness, he admitted to Edith, changed to envy, which was somewhat easier to suffer. As the war continued into its second American year Joe began to make preparations to suspend the firm's activities and transfer some of its business to other firms. He had completed most of the arrangements when the Armistice was declared. Arthur remained at Coblenz until the late spring of 1919, and was one of the last Gibbsville men to return to civilian status.

Joe had done everything a healthy civilian could do, but the Army was forever out of his experience and conversation. It took a little time for Arthur, who had no delusions of heroism or sacrifice about his own service, to understand that in missing the experience Joe had been affected in much the same way as a classmate of theirs who had failed to make a senior society. At New Haven Joe and Arthur had tried to tell their friend that the failure meant very little, and now Arthur tried (but only once) to convince Joe that there was no shadow over his patriotism or manliness. Arthur accidentally made one consoling remark: "It's too bad we couldn't have made a trade. I could just as easily have been here half the time and you in Paris." He carefully never revealed to Joe that while he never fired a shot at the Germans, he had once been under fire, and machine-gun fire at that, when he and a colonel got lost in the forward area.

In re-familiarizing himself with the firm's affairs he was made to realize the amount of work Joe had undertaken, the money he had made for the firm, the money he had given to war campaigns, and the time he had put in in the militia and in investigating distress cases for the Red Cross and the Patriotic League. But the mere mention of these activities seemed to fill Joe with disgust, and Arthur refrained from mentioning them in Joe's presence. "I don't see how one man could have done so much," he said to Edith. "Joe did the work of four men."

"Yes, he did," said Edith. "But it will never make up for his not being in the Army."

"Do you blame *me*, Edith?" said Arthur.

"Tossing a coin wasn't the way it should h

No, I don't blame you, Arthur, but I wish you had both agreed that keeping the firm going was not as important as it seemed. It will take a long time before Joe feels right about the war, maybe forever."

"He did more than I did. I mean that."

"I don't doubt you for a minute. But you *were* in uniform, and you came back with those little striped ribbons on your coat."

"Well, they're not on my coat now, Edith."

"No, that's true," said Edith. "I have a confession to make. I tried to coax Joe to give up the law and *join* the Army, but he insisted that you would have kept your end of the bargain if you'd lost. I insisted that you'd do no such thing. And you wouldn't have, would you, Arthur?"

"No, I probably wouldn't," said Arthur.

"At least you admit it," said Edith.

Arthur smiled. "Edith, for the first time in our lives I'm beginning to realize that you don't like me. I've been very stupid."

"Oh, I don't believe you ever cared what I thought, whether I liked you or disliked you. All I ask now, Arthur, is that occasionally you remind yourself that Rose could be in my position and you be in Joe's. You served your country in the Army, but it was all decided by a toss of a coin."

"I'll do exactly as you wish. It happens to be what I'd have done anyway."

"Very well, then the subject is closed," said Edith.

"Good. Now there's a subject I would like to bring up, if you don't mind."

"Please do."

"Are you in favor of Joe's going into politics?"

"Whether I'm in favor of it or not, his war record is against him, or would be if his opponent had been in the Army."

"I guess the subject isn't closed after all," said Arthur.

"Well, we have to face facts," said Edith. "And of course *you're* not unhappy. *You* don't want to see Joe in politics."

"No, you're damn right I don't," said Arthur.

"You can be emphatic without talking like a soldier. You never used to swear in my presence."

"I beg your pardon."

"If Joe should enter politics, I do think you ought to put aside your personal preferences in the matter, and do for him what he did for you while you were in Paris. That is, do all you can to support him and encourage him and assist him. Joe has all the money he'll ever need—"

"Not quite. He needs three million dollars so that he can leave a million each to you and the children."

"Oh, so you know that? Well, I'd rather have him feel happy in whatever he's doing than make a lot more money for the children and me. And the day may come when he does decide to do more in the field of public affairs, for better government and the good of the party."

"Mike Slattery," said Arthur.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Edith, we'd better not talk any more."

"Whatever you say," said Edith.

"Whatever I say will be used against me."

"Very clever tonight, aren't we?"

For most married couples who are parents, there comes a Children's Era. It commences with the parents' ceasing to regard the children as pets, toys, total dependents. There is no fixed age when the change occurs; the change in parent and child is too subtle for that. But in retrospect the parent sometimes can fix the time by recalling an incident, by a recognizable change in attitude of parent toward child, or of child toward parent.

In 1920 Ann Chapin reached the age of nine, and her small brother became five. Ann had her own room, she was at Miss Holton's School, she had a Shetland pony which she drove in a governess cart, on Saturdays she rode her mother's gelding, and on Saturday afternoons she attended dancing school, which she hated because it was full of girls and half full of boys who likewise hated it because it was full of girls. She fought boys with her fists and with her fingernails and teeth, but she liked to sit in the garage with Harry while he repaired and polished the new, the Chapins' second, Pierce-Arrow. She helped Harry: when he was washing the car he would tell her to turn off the hose, turn on the hose, bring him the sponge, hang up the chamois. When he finished he would take off his rubber boots and put on his old sneakers (which had belonged to her father) and they would go to the kitchen for a glass of homemade root beer. Marian would always protest that the root beer would spoil Ann's supper, but Harry would remind her that root beer contained herbs, and herbs were good for a person. Better for a person, Marian would say, than the smoke from Harry's pipe. "But Father smokes a pipe," Ann would say. "But he puts tobacco in it," Marian would say. "Not old hunks of rubber boots."

She liked the pungency of the garage, with its mixt

motorcar and horse smells, and the lingering sweetness and cleanliness of the kitchen and even the dankness and cleanliness of the laundry, with its stationary tubs and inside wash-lines. When Harry was out she would watch Marian at her ironing or her baking or cleaning a chicken, and she liked Marian, but being with Marian was not the fun that being with Harry was. When she had a wound she would show it to Harry, when she needed money she would go to Harry.

When she needed affection demonstrated, she would go to her father, and she would go to him when she wanted to know the meaning of a word, or for permission to do something unusual, or for an appeal from severe punishment. It was not lost on her, even before she was nine, that her father reserved for her alone any outward demonstrations of affection. There was almost always room made for her on his lap; and in his den, at his desk, he would always break his concentration on a book or a letter when she entered and spoke. She had been told not to sit on her mother's lap, an order that was not satisfactorily explained to her during the time of Edith's second pregnancy, a time during which her mother also had stopped carrying her upstairs to bed or lifting her into her crib. Edith forgot to resume the tender acts after the baby was born, and the oversight cost Edith the opportunities for affectionate gestures that Joe made automatically. Thus inevitably home to Ann meant her father first, then her mother and Harry and Marian, then her brother.

"I don't think you ought to spend so much time in the garage and the kitchen," said Edith, during Ann's ninth year.

"Harry likes me to," said Ann.

"I wouldn't be so sure about that," said Edith. "You must get in their way."

"No I don't, Mother. I help Harry *and* Marian."

"I'm afraid you keep them from doing their work, and they're too polite to say so," said Edith.

Ann stayed out of the kitchen and the garage for a week. She spoke to Harry and Marian only when spoken to, and replied to them without looking at them. Then Harry, who was beginning to miss her visits, said to her: "Where you been keeping yourself?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? Well, you better give that pony some exercise or she'll be sick."

"Why?"



Thank you." Some of the older guests had no idea what he was talking about, but they were of an age that upheld the custom of the dance program, with its small tasseled pencil and its unwritten sadness for the plain girl and the gawky young man. The Chapin dance had a little of the old; a little of the new. Joe danced with his wife, with his partner's wife Rose, with Josephine Laubach, Peg Slattery, and Alice Rode-weaver, a cousin of Edith's; and with Jane Weeks, Alec's second wife, and Betty Harrison, Dave's wife, who had come from New York for the party; and Betty Donaldson, who had come down from Scranton.

Edith danced with Joe; with Arthur McHenry, Henry Laubach, Mike Slattery, Alec Weeks, her brother Carter, and Paul Donaldson. She sat out her dance with Dave Harrison, who had lost a leg in an airplane accident in France.

The dancing ended at the reasonable hour of one o'clock and nearly all of the guests stayed to the end. It was close to two-thirty when the Chapins, the McHenrys, the Weekses, the Harrisons and the Donaldsons sat down to scrambled eggs in the smoking room. The Donaldsons were staying with the Chapins, the Weekses with the McHenrys; and the Harrisons were staying at the hotel because of Dave's leg and the hotel elevator. All agreed that it had been a splendid party, over and above such misfortunes as a lady's lost earring, the early departure of several of the elderly, a man who had lost the keys to his car, another man who had upchucked before quite making the bathroom, Billy English's being called away in the middle of dinner, the orchestra's not playing enough waltzes for the older crowd, one whole table's being served a full course behind the others because it was out of sight in an L, one lady's insistence on being at the party when she should have been on her way to the delivery room, and in addition to the misfortunes that were discussed at the supper party there were a few others like the lady who lay moaning and taking aspirin in the upstairs rest room, and the stout lady who committed a loud fart over the singing of "Jolly Good Fellow," and the waiter who had not buttoned his fly, and the small incident of Jane Weeks and her dinner partner in which Jane said: "Are you by any chance a customer of my husband's firm?"

"No," said the man.

"Then take your hand off my leg."

Back to 10 North Frederick the Chapins made sure that the Donaldsons had everything, knew where everything was, didn't want a glass of milk—and retired to their own room.

"Thank you, Edith," said Joe. "It was a grand party."

you should do more in public affairs. And why not aim for the top?"

"It's an insane idea, positively insane, and yet it could happen. If I go about it the right way, build slowly and carefully, it could happen."

On this night, the early morning after his fortieth birthday, she made all her efforts to please him and found that he was also pleasing her, and pleasing her more than Lloyd Williams had pleased her, because this man was her own.

In the months that followed they had many conversations over strategy and tactics. The little bits were considered carefully in their relation to the grand strategy. An invitation to buy tickets for a church supper no longer received a perfunctory small check. Edith would send the check, but she would send it with a brief note to the effect that she and her husband were delighted to help such a worthy cause. Worthy causes, from the Boy Scouts of America to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, were equally delighted to print the Chapin name high on their published lists of contributors. Joe shrewdly by-passed the Merchants Association, a group of men who were forever identified in Mr. Lewis's Babbitt. "They want to use *me*, but I'm out to use *them*," Joe remarked, and regretfully declined invitations to speak at their meetings and at the luncheons of the Rotary, Kiwanis, and Lions.

They did not go in too deeply. "I don't want to do anything that looks like politics," said Joe. "I want people to get to know that I'm alive, but at least for the time being I'm not going to enter into activities that will make people put two-and-two together. That's why these charities are good. We've always given to charity, but until now, it hasn't been getting in the paper."



parents were all in their seventies or about that when they died."

"At least eighty," said Edith. "You may live to be a hundred. You've never had a serious illness, you do everything in moderation and they say that's the secret."

"Not for everybody," said Joe. "Think of the old drunks in this town, a lot of them in their seventies. But it isn't just living to an old age that I've been thinking about. Crocodiles and turtles, look at them. And there's always some man in Turkey that's just celebrated his one hundred and thirtieth birthday."

"I think they have a different calendar," said Edith. "What would you like to do, or be?"

"I would like to be President of the United States," said Joe.

"You would?"

"I honestly would," said Joe.

"Is that a new thought?"

"Not entirely new. At least I didn't just think of it tonight."

"Do you think you could be elected?"

"Not in 1924. I've never been elected to anything, at least not president of anything. If I ever plan to realize my ambition I'll have to get started soon. I think Mr. Harding is about fifty-seven now, and he was fifty when he was elected to the Senate."

"He looks younger than fifty-seven."

"A very handsome man, even in knickers," said Joe.

"Yes, he looks like a Roman senator," said Edith.

"Well, I don't look like a Roman senator, I'm sure of that, but neither do most of the senators. And I have some qualifications and some I can acquire. I'm more than thirty-five, I'm a native-born citizen. White. Protestant. Republican, and never even a Bull Mooser. I'm blessed with enough of this world's goods without being a Wall Street millionaire. Married to a fine woman, father of two children. Attorney-at-law. Never connected with any scandal. And a grandfather who was lieutenant governor of one of the largest states and ancestors who fought in the Revolutionary War. The one thing against me is my own war record, but people are inclined to forget things like that, anyway, it would take me ten years to get established in politics. By that time my war record won't seem quite so important, unless my opponent happens to be a war hero. But I wouldn't run against a war hero. Have you ever heard such boasting?"

"It isn't boasting. It's what I've always wanted you to do. Not President. I never thought of that. But I've always thought

"She's in it somewhere," said Peg.

"You're right she is. She may be at the bottom of it," said Mike. "That's neither here nor there at this time. Now what do, I make the first move. I could wait for him to come to me, but if I make the first move and offer him something, he'll be flattered and he'll be one of my men. If I wait for him to come to me, he may come to me with plans of his own and I may have to turn him down, and I don't want to do that."

"He may turn down what you offer."

"That won't matter. I'll still be making the offer before he can come to me."

"Don't leave her out of your thinking."

"Oh, you may be sure I won't," said Mike. "They have been doing this together, and I wasn't very smart not to notice it before. The day after tomorrow I'll see him. I don't want him to get away from me. I wish there was some way I could find out all the charities and stuff he's been contributing to. But here isn't time!"

"Then why don't you take for granted that he's contributed to everything? Talk to him and meanwhile you can get someone at your office to examine the back numbers of the *Standard*."

"I'll do that," said Mike. "We don't want this fledgling to learn to fly without us."

"No."

"And I'll talk to him day after tomorrow and find out how high he wants to fly."

It was easy for Mike to obtain an appointment to see Joe. "But I'd rather we met at the Gibbssville Club, Joe. I have a feeling Arthur wouldn't like us to talk politics in your office."

"Your feeling is correct, Mike," said Joe. "I'll meet you there after lunch. I'm having lunch there."

"Great! The more casual the better. I'll eat at the round table and then you and I can have our meeting accidentally-on-purpose."

At about 1:45 the next afternoon Henry Laubach said he would have to get back to his office, and Joe said he wanted to have a look at the New York papers. With Henry safely out of the club Mike joined Joe.

"Joe, I'll be blunt," said Mike. "The time has come for me to talk of many things, and they all concern you. I could fill you up with a lot of high-sounding phrases about the good of the party, and good citizenship, but we wouldn't have been friends so long if you didn't trust me, and you trust me be-

tion was something she had avoided all her life, simply because utter frankness was not in her nature. *Why* it was not in her nature was not a secret she kept from herself: she gave only what she had to give, to get more in return. A revelation of her old relationship with Barbara would have been greater than any admission she could have got in return, for Joe had long ago admitted that in prep school he and other boys had watched each other masturbate. She had not matched his rather mild confession with any admission of her own (and he had accepted her claim of total purity). Now, at this late date, to have to admit the totality of her schoolgirl affair and the year's time it lasted, would have been to give Joe some kind of advantage that she had resisted giving him all her life. He was a man, her husband, who would hold it over her even now, and she would be compelled to relinquish some of that ownership of him that she needed for her soul. But most dangerous of all—if anything had happened to Ann. If through that ugly irony anything had happened to Ann, Joe's revenge on Edith would have been as calculated and as thorough as his love for the child was complete and instinctive. In the recent years of his going after the prize he wanted, he had, without knowing it, gained new respect from Edith. The travel, the conversations with new acquaintances, the maintenance of an attitude, all were chores or partook of the nature of chores. They were demanding, making demands on his patience, his good nature, and on his strength. But he made himself perform the tasks because he had an objective. If his objective



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at Joe was away in Montrose and safe from her desperate candor. She would be all right again in the morning, she knew, but she also knew she was in for a bad night. And insanely, crazily inconsistently, she realized she was wishing she could talk to Lloyd Williams. There was no one else she wanted to turn to, but Edith of the good sense had the good sense not to turn to him.

After the children were in bed and the house was quiet for the night and she was alone with herself, she wondered whether she might not be getting a little afraid of Joe. If that were so, Joe was in danger. She had always been suspicious and mistrustful of the world, but she never had been afraid of anyone before. She had always been able to despise people without being afraid of them.

At the corner of Christiana and Main, Barbara's red Fiat

memory was not limited to people and things that were pleasant to remember. And, finally it was almost impossible to deceive him about men's motives. He was a practicing skeptic, although a patient one, who would listen while a man lied and wait until the man was ready with the truth.

Mike had a working understanding of the mind of Joe Chapin, and where he failed of complete understanding was in the inability to sense that Joe was just as vindictive as *he* was. No matter how long they lived, no matter how closely they might work together or what gestures of friendship they might make, the fact, which Mike missed, was that Joe was incapable of pardoning Mike's impertinence in the scene after Joe's fruitless trip to Washington.

Peg had warned him. "Don't take your eye off Joe Chapin," she said. "You treated him as if you were bawling out a Hunky wardcaptain, and nobody ever treated him that way before, that I'll guarantee you. I'll bet those nostrils were quivering. In olden days he would have hit you with a riding whip."

He had worried along those lines himself, but he would not admit as much to Peg. When the meeting at the club came to pass so nicely, he was sure Peg was unduly alarmed. But he followed her advice: he kept his eye on Joe Chapin.

Mike's friends all over the state informed him of Joe's appearances, and Mike did not deceive himself that Joe had developed an overwhelming passion for golf or the legal profession. But Joe's refusal of the judgeship and his haughty behavior in the Gibbsville mayoralty matter, and the fact that Joe had sought an appointive job from Washington—all made Mike believe that Joe would not seek the mandate of the people. Joe was up to something, of that there could be no doubt; but whatever it was, he must have learned that if it was political, he would finally have to come to Mike. In the meantime, Mike got reports as to the dates and places on Joe's itineraries, against the day they might be useful. He could, he knew, have asked Joe point-blank, or more adroitly questioned him as to the meaning of the trips. But he would no more have expected a forthright answer from Joe than he would from Mr. Coolidge, who was refusing to say what he really meant when he said he did not *choose* to run. If you went back far enough, Joe was a New England Yankee too, and probably could be just as stubborn and uncommunicative as the President. Mike wished he knew what Joe wanted if only because he wished he knew what his own answer would be. There

the state than Joe Chapin made, but Mike's trips were surreptitious, stealthy excursions, with their purpose achieved in offices and hotel rooms and private residences, and no mention whatever in the newspapers. His driver, Ed Markovich, wore a felt hat and a business suit on their trips. Mike owned a succession of automobiles—Packards, Studebakers, Cadillacs—but he never owned the typical politician's limousine. He always bought sedans, and they were always black. Unless he wanted to take a nap on a long ride, Mike would ride on the front seat with Ed so they would look like two businessmen, not chauffeur and employer. (And Ed might conveniently be mistaken for the owner.) The hotel rooms often were taken under Ed's name rather than Mike's, and telephone calls almost always were made by Mr. Markovich. It was Mike's theory that the job of state senator was one that gave a man standing, got him a title, but was not a job that many people wanted. He believed that after a man had served in the lower house of Legislature, he went home and tried to get nomination for Congress. If he was content to stay in the State Assembly he probably was lazy or actually or potentially a thief. And since Mike was the man who usually put the fellow in the Assembly, the fellow had the good sense or the gratitude not to go after the only job Mike wanted. It was no disgrace to be a senator and continue to be one for one term after another. But Mike's power was not, of course, limited to his legislative vote. His power was a personal attribute: first of all, his word could be relied on, except when there was a policy switch for tactical purposes, and such switches did not come under the head of the doublecross. In the second place, Mike was persuasive with a gift for making the object of his conversational attentions feel important, and accompanying the gift was a certain sincerity; Mike liked to talk to people. Thirdly, he was humorous and sociable and he created the illusion of sentimentality, although in fact there was room in his heart only for his family and his Church. In the fourth place, he was clean; he shaved every day, he bathed every day, his linen was clean, his shoes were polished; and his speech was clean and unprofane. His virility was never in question, but his record with women was spotless, and he had never taken a drink in his entire life. But he laughed at dirty stories and he had a bartender's knowledge of and willingness to serve liquor. Fifth, he played the piano, and could carry a tune in his true tenor. Sixth, he had a good memory for faces and names and figures, and what he did not remember he knew how to find out. And the

memory was not limited to people and things that were pleasant to remember. And, finally it was almost impossible to deceive him about men's motives. He was a practicing skeptic, although a patient one, who would listen while a man lied and wait until the man was ready with the truth.

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would be almost as much pleasure to be had in granting Joe a big favor as in turning him down.

Gibbsville Country Day was in the tradition of the private school that prepared the sons of gentlemen for preparatory school. It was possible to stay at G.C.D. from the fifth grade through senior high-school year, but almost no boy did so. In Buffalo there was Nichols; in Pittsburgh, Shady Side; in Wilmington, Tower Hill; in New York, Buckley and Allen-Stevenson. In Gibbsville the well-born boy went to Miss Holton's until it was time to go to G.C.D., remaining there until it was time to acquire the polish and the label of Andover, Hotchkiss, Lawrenceville, The Hill, Mercersburg—among Gibbsville parents, the most popular of the noted prep schools. Gibbsville alone could not have supported a G.C.D., but it attracted the sons of the quality from the nearby mining and farming towns, and it struggled along year after year, with the annual deficits made up by private subscription by men who believed in the private-school idea. Scholastically, G.C.D. was sometimes a little better and never any worse than the public grammar and high schools. It did not field a representative football team (which was in its favor with the mothers) but it had a baseball team that played, and was always beaten by, Gibbsville High and the high schools of the nearby towns. Once or twice in a decade G.C.D. would beat G.H.S. in a dual track meet, and there were always some good tennis players at G.C.D., but the boys were aware that in most team sports they were outmanned by the public schools. The students of G.C.D. were known to the public-school boys and girls as Willie-Boys and Sissies, and the only support they got was from their sisters and cousins at Miss Holton's; but it probably did no harm to have G.C.D. take its beatings from G.H.S., and it probably did no harm when a G.C.D. boy gave a G.H.S. boy a bloody nose. It balanced things to have the rich reminded that they were outnumbered and to have the poor reminded that a rich boy could also use his fists.

The original G.C.D. building was a converted mansion at 16th and Christiana, once the home of the Rutter family, of the Rutter Brewery. When Jacob Rutter built his house he bought a block of land, with a stand of trees, and he had what amounted to a private park within the borough limits of Gibbsville. The Rutter line died out with Jacob and for more than a year the house was not occupied, until the gentlemen who were organizing Gibbsville Academy, predecessor of G. C.D., bought the property. Half of the block was promptly

sold for middle-class home sites, leaving adequate grounds for the school.

Joby Chapin was in one of the last classes to start at the Rutter house, just before the school removed to the new plant further out on West Christiana Street. The school made real estate money on the move to the new plant, which had all modern facilities, and there was even some talk about making G.C.D. a boarding school, but the objections were too numerous and the enthusiasm too slight. Classes always got smaller after the first high-school year, when the boys were usually sent to the established prep schools. By the time a boy reached senior high-school year his class was so depleted that he was practically being tutored, which would have meant an expensive education if the teachers had been better paid.

The trustees of Gibbsville Country Day would have liked an Oxon. or a Cantab. for headmaster of the school, a pipe-smoker with a blazer and with cricket in his conversation. But Fred M. Koenig had his defenders. Frederick Miller Koenig, as his name eventually appeared in the *Daybook*, the school annual, had gone to Kutztown Normal for two years, taught for two years for money to pay his college bills, graduated cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa from Lafayette, which was an acceptable college; taken his M.A. at Princeton, which gave him a Big Three label; and had been a lieutenant in the Service of Supply in France (which gave him an army record and some European travel). He was teaching English and French at Gibbsville High when he received the call from Gibbsville Country Day, a call to which he responded with dignified alacrity. He was a Reading boy, who had met his bride-to-be at Normal, and since his bride-to-be was the daughter of the third largest grocery store in Gibbsville, the post at Gibbsville High had always been on his mind and in the mind of his father-in-law. The Country Day job meant \$200 above the high school pay, but more desirable than that was the quick prestige.

Fred Koenig's strongest supporter on the G.C.D. board was Joe Chapin, who had originally been in favor of a Rhodes Scholar, any Rhodes Scholar. But when none was to be had Joe suggested they look into Koenig's record. Koenig having been suggested to Joe by his father-in-law, F. W. Hummel, a McHenry & Chapin client and one of the most respected Lutherans in Lantenengo County. Koenig always remembered that Joe Chapin had been his sponsor, and when Koenig took over at G.C.D., Joby was marked for special o

Indeed, for *special* special consideration, for as Joe Chapin's son, Joby was automatically special, without Joe's intercession in Koenig's behalf.

Koenig was always so careful not to show any favoritism that he became self-conscious about it. He would pass Joby in one of the halls, and say "Good morning, Chapin," so stiffly that a duller boy than Joby would have sensed the self-consciousness. And Joby was not a dull boy. He had long since learned the relative positions of the citizens of Gibbsville: there were people like Harry and Marian Jackson, who worked for the family but were not afraid of you. There were people like Uncle Arthur and Aunt Rose McHenry, who gave you presents, but did not care much about you one way or the other. You stood up when they came in the room. There was Uncle Cartie Stokes, to whom Harry and Marian were respectful, but to whom your father was not respectful. There was Peter Kemp, the farmer, who worked all the time and worked for your father and mother but to whom your father and mother were respectful, not in the same way that Harry and Marian were respectful to Uncle Cartie, but still in a different way from the way your father and mother were polite to Harry and Marian. There were the people in the Main Street stores: if they did not know your name, they treated you like just another kid: if they knew your name they called you Mister Chapin, although you were only twelve or thirteen years old. There were men and women usually older than your father and mother, who liked all children. And there were people like Mr. Koenig, who was known to be fair, but whose treatment of you was cold and almost rude while at the same time he was a little afraid you would think he was cold or rude. In a boys' school the reputation for fairness is a master's greatest asset, greater than a reputation for efficiency ("he knows his subject") or for jolly good fellowship or even for athletic prowess. Among the boys at G.C.D., Mr. Koenig was said to be strict but fair, but Joby did not agree. Mr. Koenig was strict but the fairness was doubtful.

When Joby was called to the principal's office for a lecture, Mr. Koenig would tell the boy about what a fine family the Chapin family were, what high hopes they had for him, what ability he had if it was only directed in the proper channels—and end up without meting out the punishment Joby had been expecting. For certain infractions of the rules a boy could expect to be kept in during recess or after school, but for the same infractions Joby would get a lecture. And Joby knew it, and so did his schoolmates.

Then in 1927-28, the school year, when a more serious offense was committed, Joby was overpunished, for the word had reached Koenig that he was being overlenient with Joby.

"Take your hands out of your pocket," said Mr. Koenig. "What's this I hear about you smoking a cigarette in the toilet?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You *don't know*? What kind of talk is that, you don't know?"

"I don't know what you heard, sir," said Joby.

"Oh, you want to be fresh," said Mr. Koenig. "You think because we've been lenient out of consideration for your parents, you think you're lord and master around here. Well, you're not, Chapin. You're not. Where did you buy the cigarettes?"

"I didn't buy them, I took them from my father's box."

"What would he say if he knew you were stealing cigarettes out of his private box?"

"I don't know," said Joby.

"Well, I think I do. He'd say you were a thief as well as a smoker."

"No he wouldn't. He wouldn't call me a thief."

"Isn't that what you are?" said Mr. Koenig.

". . . I don't know."

"You stole them. Isn't that what a thief does?"

"Yes."

"Yes *sir*. You're not here to receive a medal. You're here to be punished and don't forget that. When you speak to the masters and the principal you say *sir*, you're no better than any other boy in this school and don't think for one minute that your father wants you treated any differently, because he doesn't. Your father is a fine man and one of the leading citizens of this town, and he doesn't expect any privileges for you, young man. Well?"

"Sir?"

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Are you guilty, or are you not guilty? You know that much, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, what are you? Guilty, or not guilty?"

"I didn't know that's what you were asking me, sir."

"What do you think I've had you in my office for? To talk about baseball?"

"No, sir."

"Then answer my question."

"Which question, sir? Gosh, you ask me a thousand questions, and I don't know which I'm supposed to answer."

"There's only one question. Are you guilty of smoking cigarettes in the toilet and endangering the property, the lives and property of this school?"

"I smoked. You know that, sir. I was caught."

"And I suppose if you hadn't been caught, you'd go right on smoking every day, I don't know how many times a day. Is that about the size of it?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't know. You—don't—know."

*"Go ahead and punish me!"*

"Just a minute, there. Just a minute. I'll punish you, don't worry about that. But don't you start giving orders around here, young Mister Chapin. I'll punish you, and you're not going to wish you hurried me. *Tried* to hurry me. You might have received the ordinary punishment for smoking, but we can't tolerate students giving orders and disrespect or we'd have a bedlam, not a school. Once we let the students give the orders around here we might as well close up shop. We won't have a school, we'll have a bedlam, that's what we'll have. All right, since you're so anxious to be punished, you can start now, as of this minute. You are suspended for one week."

"Suspended?"

"For one week. One week from tomorrow you may return to school and resume your classes."

"You mean I'm not to come to school at all?"

"I mean exactly that. An enforced vacation. And when you return you may make up the lost work, if possible. Go put your things in your locker and then leave the school and go home. I will see to it that your parents know, in case you have the mistaken idea that you are going to spend the rest of the afternoon at the moving-picture show."

"I'll flunk if I miss a week."

"You should have thought of that when you were endangering the lives and property of this school, and giving me disrespectful answers when I tried to question you. That's all, you may go."

The severity of the punishment removed the active suspicion among the other boys that Joby was a suck, their word for a teacher's pet who was liable to be an informer. But the disgrace did not have the compensating effect of making him a hero. There were too many boys in the school who did not like Joby anyway, who were glad to see Chapin get what was com-

ing to him. No boy had ever been formally expelled from Gibbsville Country Day, although a few had abruptly transferred to boarding school. Joby's suspension therefore ranked historically among the major punishments and had the effect of convincing parents as well as students that Frederick Miller Koenig was a man of character, who had the courage to stand up against the prestige of the Chapin-Stokes clan. The unfairness of the punishment also had a curious effect on Koenig himself. He knew, without going so far as admitting it, that the punishment had been disproportionately severe and that he had acted not so much on principle as on pique at the boy's manner. It taught Koenig a lesson in self-control, but of course the person who paid for the lesson was a boy just entering his teens, and in the transcript of Joby's school record there was no credit for instructing a headmaster. It was a situation calling for a variant of the medical joke that the operation was a success but the patient died.

The episode of the suspension had the effect of opening an undeclared war between Joby and authority. It was not in Edith to question the established order and she accepted the Koenig verdict without inquiring into the justice of it. In the inevitable meeting between parents and son, behind the closed doors of Joe's den, Joby told the truth, but his account of the interview with Koenig was not phonographic and only contributed confusion. He could not remember exactly what Mr. Koenig had said or what he had said in reply, and Edith lost patience when the boy said: "Mother, you're just as bad as he is."

"How dare you!" said Edith.

"Look here, don't you speak that way to your mother," said Joe.

"I don't care," said the boy.

"You're going to have to be punished at home, too, I can see that," said Edith.

"I don't care! Just leave me alone," said the boy and ran out of the room.

"Really!" said Edith. "Now don't you go and be sympathetic with him. If you do, Joe, he'll never learn to obey."

"Oh, I won't," said Joe. "After all, I was the one that picked Koenig."

"I wasn't thinking of school, I was thinking of his rudeness to me. He should be getting a good spanking, he's not too old for that."

"Well, don't look at me. I'm not going to do it. I want to, go ahead."

"You know perfectly well I won't. He's too strong. And you're too weak. Too soft with them, both of them."

"Oh, cut it out, Edith."

"All right, I'll cut it out, I won't say a word, I'll leave everything in your hands."

"You've said that before," said Joe. "Always when we have some small crisis over something that happened at school. I'm the one who was too soft with them. When everything's going well I don't hear any of these renunciations of authority, but when something happens, it's because I've been too soft with them. Maybe if I *weren't* so soft with them we wouldn't have these long periods where they seem to behave themselves."

"Seem to. You don't know everything that happens."

"Well, why don't you tell me?"

"Because you're at your office, or somewhere in the western part of the state, playing golf with your politicians."

"If I'm neglecting the children I'd like to know about it."

"Well, today's an example," said Edith. "It just happened that you were here and not in Pittsburgh when Joby was sent home from school."

"That's never happened before," said Joe.

"Not suspension, no. But other things. It isn't the first time he's been punished, or Ann either, for that matter."

"Let's confine this to Joby," said Joe.

"Suit yourself. Ann has been caught smoking too, but you weren't here to hear about that."

"I was here when I got home, and you could have told me then," said Joe.

"When it's something about Ann you don't like to listen," said Edith.

"She's sixteen," said Joe. "If what I hear is true, we're very fortunate that our daughter's worst crime is smoking. I'd be more worried about her drinking this bootleg liquor."

"Would you?"

"Yes. Are you implying that she does drink?"

"I'm not implying anything."

"Then let's get back to Joby. How do you propose to punish him? Cut off his allowance?"

"Yes, or reduce it. Cut it in two. But something else, something to do with smoking."

"Make the punishment fit the crime, the punishment fit the crime."

"If we don't, when he goes to boarding school they won't just suspend him. They'll send him home for good."

"I know," said Joe.

They agreed on cutting Joby's allowance, but they never did find an appropriate punishment for smoking, and Joby was back in school in a week's time.

While he did not return a school hero, he had become a school celebrity. "Hey, Joby, got a cigarette?" the boys would say. He had the ephemeral nickname Lucky, after the cigarette brand. He was invited to join other boys in a smoke and he accepted the invitation if it did not mean smoking on school property. By degrees he became identified with the rebellious element, who were also the physically unattractive: the pimply, the fat, the bespectacled. There was a boy who was a source of supply for obscene versions of comic-strip characters; another boy who often got into bed with a housemaid; another boy who prowled the woods looking for embracing lovers; another boy who frequently carried a loaded .25 automatic; another boy who always had money provided by a middle-aged gardener. The last-mentioned boy said that the other boys could make fifty cents any time they wanted to, and it would not hurt but kind of tickle. But a boy who had once taken up the offer said that that was not all the gardener wanted, and the offer was closed when the gardener was sent to prison, where he hanged himself, and the boy sent to a distant boarding school where there were other boys who had known generous gardeners. The departure of the gardener and the boy was a fortunate accident for Joby, whose allowance had been cut to half of the fifty cents he might have earned from the gardener. On a quarter a week he was even more in debt than usual to Ann, Marian, his Uncle Cartie, and his cronies. For the remainder of his stay at Gibbsville Country Day, Joby was in debt, he was a member of a "crowd," he stayed out of discovered trouble, and he made passing or better grades in all studies. He was coolly polite to Mr. Koenig (who, to be sure, was more than happy to be able to report a total regeneration to the boy's parents), he forced himself to acquit himself adequately in the classroom, he did nothing that would jeopardize his chances of going to boarding school, where there would be a new life and new people, and where it would be fun. So far, in his thirteen years, he had not had much fun.

It was Joe Chapin's custom to make all important announcements at the dinner table, provided they were not important announcements that might upset the digestion of the food. The



custom made for interesting and amiable dinner conversation, as well as being the only time of day when the entire family were sure to be together.

On an evening in the spring of 1928 he smoothed out his napkin on his lap and said: "This is Station JBC Senior about to broadcast."

They looked at him expectantly.

"I wish to make an important announcement to my millions of listeners at this table."

Some laughter by Ann and Joby.

"First, bad news," said Joe.

"Oh," said Ann, with an exaggerated groan.

"The bad news, however, will be quickly followed by the good, so if Miss Chapin, of Gibbstville, Pennsylvania, will please remove her chin from her soup, let us proceed with the announcement."

"Chin removed. Matter of fact, wasn't *in* the soup," said Ann.

"Almost, though. It certainly dropped when I said I had bad news," said Joe. "Well, the bad news, not really bad, is that Mother and I have talked to each other about the whole family going abroad this summer."

"Us too?" said Joby.

"The whole family. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Chapin, Miss Ann Chapin, and Mr. Joseph B. Chapin, Junior. No dogs, cats or other livestock."

"But we're not going. That's the bad news," said Ann.

"You are correct, Miss Ann Chapin. You are interrupting, but you are correct. The reason we are not going this summer is that I am going to have to go to the Republican National Convention, which is always in the summer, and there would be no point in my going to Kansas City in the middle of our trip abroad. So, this is the good part of the announcement—we are going abroad next year."

"All of us?" said Joby.

"The whole kit and kaboodle. Now the reason why I'm making the announcement a year ahead of time is because I would like this whole family, myself included, to brush up on our French. And secondly, I think it might be fun if we all studied up on England and France and Italy and learned something about the interesting places we're going to visit. I've never been to Europe, Mother's never been to Europe—"

"Mother's never been to Chicago, Illinois," said Edith.

"I've never been to Pittsburgh," said Ann.



who had the money to buy Lincolns. If it was good enough for Joe Chapin . . . He still had the Dodge in 1928, when he and Edith made a kind of "Dodge" decision.

The decision concerned a school for Ann, who had been at Miss Holton's for thirteen years and was eager to go to boarding school. There were the obvious schools—Foxcroft, St. Timothy's, Farmington, Westover, Shipley, Madeira's, Irwin's. There was some discussion over sending her to live with the Alec Weekses while she attended Spence or Miss Chapin's. Edith's old school, Miss Hannah Payne's, had ceased to exist, and if Miss Chapin's or Spence meant Ann's living with the Weekses, those schools were ruled out by Edith, and Ann promptly gave up the idea of a couple of winters in New York City. "We could talk for years and never get anywhere," said Joe. "Ann, you say you don't want to go to college. Well, your mother and I think you ought to, but we're not going to insist on it, and if we don't insist on it, you won't go. So when we consider a school, we needn't bother about its record as a college preparatory school. A finishing school is what we're looking for. I think it ought to be in the country, but near one of the larger cities. But does it have to be one of the more fashionable schools, so called? There are some good schools that we haven't got down on this list. Do you know a school I always liked? Oak Hill. I don't know much about it, but on the other hand, I don't know a single thing against it. It's Episcopal, and about halfway between Philadelphia and New York. Near Princeton, as a matter of fact. It isn't a Foxcroft or a Westover, but as long as I can remember, back when I was at New Haven, and even when I was at The Hill, I've known girls from the nicest families that went to Oak Hill. Shall we look into it, or is your heart set on one of the others?"

"I don't know, I might like Oak Hill better," said Ann. "I don't really care where I go, just so I go. Thirteen years at Miss Holton's . . ."

They went by motor to have a look at Oak Hill, and on the way home Joe, who was sitting with Harry, asked Ann how she liked the place.

"I think it's swell," she said. "I liked Miss Ringwald and the girls I met seemed nice. I thought it was swell. I'd like to go there."

"Miss Ringwald said you could take the college preparatory in case you should change your mind."

"I won't. Father, if I went to college I'd be twenty-three by the time I got out. Twenty-three! Fan ma brow."

"If you changed your mind, you could be out of college at

twenty-two. Don't forget your Miss Holton's credits," said Edith.

"But the college boards, Mother. And anyway, *twenty-two* is almost as bad as *twenty-three*, although not quite. I don't think I'm the studious type, if you know what I mean, and *you* didn't go to college, Mother. It's all right for a man, a man has to. But not a girl. Joby can go, he can collect all the laurels. He's bright."

Oak Hill it was, and a timely choice, for shortly after her acceptance of Oak Hill and Oak Hill's acceptance of Ann, the incident of the butcher's delivery truck occurred.

"You talk to her," said Edith. "I can't get anything out of her."

Ann was sent to her father's den.

"Ann, what really happened? I'm your father, and I think you know I love you and will back you to the hilt, but we must know what happened."

"Father, do I have to go over all that again? I've told you, I've told Mother. I've told you both twice."

"I would like to hear it again in full detail," said Joe.

"He stopped. The boy, Tommy, or young man. He asked us if we wanted to go for a ride and we said all right. I know it was wrong, but we got in the truck and drove down country and we got stuck in the mud."

"And there you sat?"

"And there we sat."

"And he made no effort to get the car out of the mud?"

"No," said Ann. "At first we didn't know we were stuck."

"You didn't? Why not?"

"Because we just stopped on the side of the road and we smoked some cigarettes and laughed and talked."

"You and Sara Stokes and the driver," said Joe. "No other young man present?"

"No, just the three of us."

"And all this time the young man never made any advances, never got fresh with you?"

Ann looked at him but said nothing, then turned away.

"Is that what I'm to understand?" said Joe.

She remained silent.

"Is it, Ann? It's what you told your mother."

"I know I did," said Ann.

"But it isn't what you want to tell me?"

"I don't want to tell anybody anything," said Ann.

"But unfortunately I have to know."

"Why?"

"Because—so many reasons. I want to protect you, and I will. Be sure of that, Ann, no matter what. But I must know what happened."

"Just you?"

"That depends. I can't make any promises till I know."

"Father, nothing *much* happened."

"Well, tell me what did."

"Will Tommy get in trouble?"

"It's to our advantage to see that the whole thing is kept as quiet as possible. Ann, I want you to have confidence in me, and whatever is done, my first concern is for your welfare."

"My welfare. You mean for my own good?"

"Not quite the way that sounds," said Joe. "I'm not going to treat you like a child."

"I'll tell you," said Ann. "We stopped the truck, and then we smoked a cigarette. We all smoked. Then we started to get hungry and Tommy said there was plenty to eat in the truck and we opened up all the packages of meat, but mostly it was steaks and chops and things that we didn't want to eat raw, although he did. He ate some roast beef raw, without any salt or anything. We didn't have any salt. Then finally we found one package with some bologna and some sausage and Sara and I ate that. It made us awfully thirsty and we wanted a drink of water. So he got out and went up the road and came back with a half a coconut shell filled with spring water and we drank that. Then I guess we had some more cigarettes."

"Mm-hmm."

"Then he said who wants to get in the back of the truck with him. And we both said we didn't. Well, then he laughed and joked and kidded Sara and me and finally Sara said, all right, she'd get in back with him, and she did, and I sat in front alone. I could hear them but I couldn't see them. They were necking, and I said if you two didn't stop necking I was going home, and they said to get in back with them, so I did. And he kissed me."

"Forcibly?"

"No. I let him kiss me."

"I see. And then what?"

"Well, then he wanted us to take off our bloomers."

"And did you?"

"Yes, I did."

"And did Sara?"

"No, just me."

"And?" said Joe. "What about him?"

"He opened his trousers."

"He didn't take them off?"

"No, but he opened them all the way. I could see him. Then he wanted to go all the way with me, but I wouldn't let him."

"Did Sara try to stop him?"

"No, she wanted me to."

"Well, *then*, what *did* happen?"

"Well, I put my hand on him and he put his hand on me, and we did that."

"You say 'that.' Did you know what you were doing?"

"Yes. I've done it before with other boys. I won't tell you who, so don't ask me."

"All right. Then what happened?"

"Well, he fell asleep."

"And you and Sara stayed there? How long was he asleep?"

"I don't know, I guess about two hours," said Ann. "We were going to walk home, but it was too far, and we weren't sure of the roads."

"What did he do when he woke up?"

"He tried to get Sara to go all the way."

"But she wouldn't?"

"No. She said she'd do what I did but no more. So she took off her bloomers and that's what they did. Father, it's not so terrible. Almost every girl we know does that much."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because you looked so sad."

"I am sad, Ann, but at the same time relieved," said Joe. "And that's all you did? I don't mean to condone it, but is that all?"

"On my word of honor," she said.

"He never touched you with his private parts?"

"No. You're worried that I could have a baby?"

"Well, yes, partly. You've heard of venereal disease."

"The claps? No, he never."

"You've given me your word of honor. Is there anything more you want to tell me? That I haven't asked you?"

"Just that I'm sorry it happened, and it wasn't his fault. He didn't force us to go with him, and he didn't even make us do what we did do. Father, I'm not just an innocent little baby."

"No, not if you know about such things as the claps, as you call it. Have you ever gone the limit?"

"No."

"But almost?"

"As much as I did today, no farther."

"Do you realize that you were lucky? I take for granted you know what rape is."

"Yes, I know. But he couldn't have raped one of us with the other there."

"Sara seems to have wanted to encourage him."

"She was excited," said Ann.

"What?"

"Nothing. I'm sorry I said that."

"Well, I heard you. And you were, too, Ann, or you wouldn't have got in the back of the truck. That's the danger. You can't help getting excited, it's in all of us. But it's there for a good reason, so that when you fall in love with the right young man you can share everything with him. You don't cheapen it with a stranger that takes you for a ride in a truck."

"I know, I didn't think. What are you going to do about Tommy?"

"If I did what I want to do I'd give him a good beating, but I have to think."

"What are you going to tell Mother?"

"I'm going to have to tell her the truth."

"Please don't, Father? Please? I beg of you."

"How can I not tell her?" said Joe.

"You can lie for me. Please don't tell her. I don't want her to know. If you tell her what happened today, you'll have to tell her it happened before. I couldn't bear it. I'd run away."

"Why?"

"I don't want her to know, I don't want her to know. If you tell her I'll never tell you anything again as long as I live."

"She's your mother, and my wife. I shouldn't have any secrets from my wife."

"But you have. I'm sure you have," said the girl.

"What makes you so sure?"

"Because I've looked at you, Father. You have secrets."

"They can be a burden," said Joe. "And they get heavier."

"You must have been in love with somebody before Mother. Or maybe after. But there's somebody you love besides Mother."

"Of course—you, for instance."

"I didn't ask you to tell me, I just know."

"Yes. She died before your mother and I fell in love," said Joe. "All right. We'll make up some story. The young man tried to kiss you but you wouldn't let him. But what about Sara? What's she going to tell your Cousin Percy and Cousin Sara?"

"She's not afraid of them. She's stubborn. She bosses them around as if they were slaves. If they ask her too many questions she'll walk out of the room."

"Do you admire that?" said Joe.

"No, but look at Cousin Percy and Cousin Sara. So old and decrepit—"

"He happens to be two years older than I am, that's all."

"Well, they look older and act older. They're afraid of her shadow. Honestly they are, Father."

He took a cigarette from the silver box his ushers had given him. "Do you inhale?"

"Yes," she said. "Could I have one?"

"No," he said. "There's been quite enough maturity in this house for one day. I wonder what you'll be like with your children."

"Like you, I hope."

He suddenly broke, put his head on his hands and wept. "Go now, please get out," he said.

She took away his cigarette and crushed it on the tray. She touched the back of his head. "Good-bye, dear," she said, and went out. . . .

In a little while Edith came in and sat down.

"I suppose you got nothing out of her," said Edith.

"She said there was nothing, and I believe her," said Joe. "You know the expression they use nowadays—he tried to make passes."

"And failed? That's what we want to believe. I'd like to know more about the young man, I don't know a thing about him. I wouldn't know him if I saw him, and the girls don't know his last name."

"Well, what can we do, Edith? Call the meat market and ask them for Tommy's last name. We can't, and anyway, they're probably closed."

"You're a lawyer, find out from the police. They must know him, have some record of him."

"They'd know him, but that would be showing our hand. I say let's drop it."

"I say let's not drop it till we find out what kind of a person he is," said Edith. "There's one man that knows every man, woman, and child in this town."

"Who?"

"Mike Slattery," said Edith.

"He's also one of the last people I'd like to take into our confidence."

"He has four daughters," said Edith.



Joe was silent. "What would I say to him? How much do we want to tell him?"

"It's going to be all over school tomorrow, tell him you want to know what kind of a person this Tommy is. Has he any record with the police? Is he a poolroom boy? Just tell him the girls—he picked up the girls and they went for a ride with him."

"I've always been glad that Mike Slattery didn't have a thing on me."

"What would he have on you, really? What could he say that he could use against you? His daughters aren't grown up yet, and things could happen to them."

"All right, I'll call him."

He did so.

"Yes, Joe, what can I do for you?" said Mike.

"Mike, you have four daughters, and I'm talking to you as the father of one."

"Certainly, Joe."

"This afternoon my daughter Ann, and her cousin Sara Stokes, allowed themselves to be picked up by the young man who drives the truck for the Regal Meat Market. They went for a ride and got stuck in the mud, down country, and they didn't get home till just before dinner."

"I see."

"I've questioned my daughter very thoroughly, and so has her mother, and we're both convinced there was nothing wrong, aside from playing truant. But Edith and I don't know a thing about the young man, other than the fact that his name is Tommy. Do you know him, by any chance?"

"Yes. His name is Willis, Tommy Willis, they call him," said Mike. "I don't know very much about him, Joe. He seems like, oh, any number of young fellows that have that kind of a job. He isn't a Gibbsville boy. He comes from Taqua, originally, but he's been living in town three, four years. He boards at Mrs. Rafferty's, in the Fifth Ward. He must be pretty well behaved or Fran Rafferty wouldn't let him stay. He's a voter, he belongs to one of the hose companies—Perseverance, I guess. Yes, Perseverance, because I've seen him as tiller-man on the hook-and-ladder."

"Is he married?"

"Not that I know of, Joe. He may have a wife in Taqua, but he must be separated if he has. She doesn't live with him here."

"Do you know if he's ever been in any trouble with the police?"

"I don't think so, but I could easily find out. I'll call you back. Are you home?"

"Yes, thank you very much, Mike."

Mike Slattery telephoned in half an hour.

"I have more on young Willis. He's had two summonses for speeding out Market Street, and he is married but separated from his wife. She had him up for non-support about a year ago, and he was ordered to pay her fifty a month. That's a lot of money, being's he only gets a hundred a month."

"Has he any children?"

"No children," said Mike.

"Separated from his wife, and has to pay her half his salary. That explains why he picked up two young girls."

"That's what I thought too," said Mike.

"I think the sooner this town gets rid of him, the better for our daughters."

"I'd go easy there, Joe. I know you could have him fired, but you don't want him making a stink. He could make up some very beautiful lies and tell every pool hustler in town, and you know the kind of thing he'd say. I have dealings with a lot of different kinds of people, Joe. If you had him fired he'd have nothing to lose. Why don't you let me handle it for you? A word here or there, in the right place. He can be gotten rid of without it looking like you had anything to do with it. He hasn't fallen behind in his payments to his wife, because there he'd be in contempt and have to go to jail. But he's had two traffic summonses already and he can get in trouble again. Everybody breaks the law driving a car, but this fellow could be a habitual offender, you know. That'd take it out of your hands entirely, because the first two offenses were before this incident today, you see?"

"You're satisfied that that's the best way to do it?" said Joe.

"I think it's the best way."

"Well, then I'll leave it entirely up to you, Mike. All I care about is the reputation of the two girls. You can understand that."

"Joe, I can understand it four times better than you can, and I'm glad if I can be of service to you. That's what old friends are for."

"Thank you."

"My only other advice in this matter. If people say anything to you about it, don't just laugh it off, or you're too worried, either. If you try to pretend you don't know, people will be suspicious. But on the other hand, you know what I mean. Just be casual. It happens."

Girls will be girls. Could have been a lot worse. Handle it that way."

"Machiavellian, Mike."

"Hmm. Where have I heard *that* word before?"

"What?"

"Don't you worry, I'll handle the whole thing. My highest regards to Edith."

"Thank you, Mike."

"A pleasure, sir."

A few weeks later Fran Rafferty told Tommy Willis a man wanted to see him in the parlor.

"What man?" said Tommy Willis.

"Well, I never can remember his name, but he's something in the sheriff's office," said Mrs. Rafferty. "I know him by sight only."

"Tell him I'll be down in a minute," said Tommy Willis. He closed the door of his room and heard fat Mrs. Rafferty slowly descending the stairs. He thereupon opened the window, dropped to the roof of the coal shed and left by the back gate, thereby becoming a fugitive from the justice of the Domestic Relations Court, County of Lantenengo, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and Gibbsville saw him no more.

He had unwittingly been instrumental in repairing the still somewhat damaged friendship between Joe Chapin and Mike Slattery. Joe Chapin was properly appreciative of Mike Slattery's machinations, and Mike was enjoying that moment, especially enviable for a politician, of having done a favor for someone who could be kept endlessly in the position of never being able to fully repay it. Politics is trades, trades are the exchange of favors, and if a man owes you a favor so great that he will always want to repay it, but a favor of such unique character that it cannot be repaid in kind, the man who granted the favor assumes the status of dictator as well as benefactor.

Whatever Joe had been doing in his trips around the state, for whatever purpose, Mike was satisfied to let him go, for Joe must have learned his lesson with the Washington experience, and if the trips were adding to Joe's potential political value, they were going to be valuable to Mike. Mike therefore planted the thought, just the grain of a thought, among his own men in the various counties, that Joe not only was making his appearances with Mike's knowledge, but with his consent and even at his suggestion. A man in a distant county would say to Mike: "We had another visit from Joseph B. Chapin the other night. Here for a testimonial dinner for one of our old judges." The man would study Mike for Mike's reaction.

"I know," Mike would say, managing to imply that he knew a lot more than he wasn't saying.

"What the hell's a Lantenengo County lawyer doing this far from home?"

"A lot of people would like to know the answer to that. but I have a whole pocketful of answers for that kind of a question. Only I don't always give away the answers. Sometimes it's better to give away a cigar. Here, have a cigar."

By pretending to know what Joe was up to, and yet being noncommittal, Mike was subtly taking over Joe's private campaign in the event it might be useful, but not assuming any responsibility in the event Joe was getting nowhere. He had some of his politician friends sharply guessing that he, Mike Slattery, had actually sent Joe Chapin on the trips.

Mike was responsible, wholly responsible, for Joe's designation as an alternate delegate to the convention in Kansas City. It was that kind of recognition that keeps a loyal party man happy. Mike was not himself a delegate but he was in attendance at the closed-door conferences, as befitted his standing in a reliably Republican state. Moreover, he was known, wherever he was known at all, to be a devout Roman Catholic, and it did no harm to the Republican party to have a man like Slattery to urge voters to ignore Alfred E. Smith, the inevitable Democratic nominee. As a Republican Catholic, Mike Slattery was worth more to the party than a run-of-the-mill Republican Protestant. The Protestant Republicans could be taken for granted, but the Catholic Republicans were going to be hard to hold as election day got nearer. The convention was a worthwhile excursion for Mike, and he was careful to see that his familiarity with some of the great names of the party was not lost on Joe. He saw to it that Joe met them all, and he saw to it that the important men realized that the good-looking fellow in the white linen suit was a Slattery man. There were so many potbellied men with their pants hanging below their waistlines and their shirts creening out and their collars soaked with perspiration— that Mike was delighted to make a claim on Joe, who at least looked cool.

Coming back on the train Joe sat up most of the night with Mike.

"It's been a great experience, Mike. And do you know what to me was one of the most interesting things about it?"

"What's that, Joe?"

"Well, it may sound foolish, but I was always under the impression Mr. Hoover was a Democrat."

"You're not the only one had that impression."

planation for that was that Woodrow Wilson wanted people to think Mr. Hoover was a Democrat."

"Still, it's interesting, because only eight or ten years ago I'd have all but *sworn* he was a Democrat. The reason it's interesting is how comparatively short a time it takes for a man to become nationally known. I've always been a Republican, as you know, but yesterday we gave the nomination to a man I thought belonged to the opposite side."

"Well, Mr. Hoover was so busy feeding the people in Europe—he kept out of politics."

"It's quite fascinating," said Joe. "This big honor, the biggest in the world, can happen to a man almost overnight. What was Coolidge when he was nominated for the vice-presidency? He'd been governor of Massachusetts and settled the police strike. What was Harding? Well, Harding isn't a good example, because he'd not only been governor of his state but United States senator as well. But look at the other side, the Democrats, a governor and a college president. Cox? Nobody. Franklin Roosevelt, the fellow that ran for vice-president, I used to know him slightly. At least I met him at dances when I was in college. A typical New York snob, I always thought."

"And a Democrat. A Roosevelt a Democrat, it's like seeing Abe Cohen the clothier at High Mass."

"What was Roosevelt? Assistant Secretary of the Navy and that was as high as he ever got, but if he'd been elected, God forbid, and What's His Name Cox died, the fellow I used to know could have been President of the United States. It isn't Senator Borah, or Senator Lodge that gets to be President. It's often a fellow that the general public hardly knows at all."

"Some men get elected to the Senate and they have such a good organization that they never have to go home. They can spend half their lifetime in the Senate. I'm not speaking of myself, but the United States Senate, naturally. But it's one thing to get re-elected and re-elected to the United States Senate, and something else again to get the nomination for the presidency. In some ways it's easier to be elected President. You take Dawes. I like Charley personally, but I couldn't see him presidential timber. He'd make a good President, but not a good candidate, not against Al Smith. Al Smith is an expert at the kind of a campaign Dawes would conduct, and it wouldn't have surprised me if Smith could have beaten Dawes. But Smith won't beat our man. The country's prosperous, and the so-called independent voter, the little difference he makes is going to be even smaller in this election, because

the independent voter isn't going to vote for a Catholic. If people have to vote for a Catholic to get a glass of beer, they're going to do without the beer. I look for Hoover to beat Smith so badly that Smith will never recover from it. And speaking as a Catholic, I wish he wouldn't run. I'd vote against him even if I weren't a staunch Republican. Injecting the religious issue isn't going to do any good, and it can do a lot of harm."

"I agree with you," said Joe.

They were tired, but they could not sleep in the hot, dirty train. Every once in a while a half-drunken delegate would stumble into the smoking room. The porter was nowhere to be seen. Joe and Mike were in their shirt sleeves, and Mike could not remember ever having seen Joe without a jacket except on the golf course.

"I wonder what goes on in the mind of a man like Herbert Hoover."

"Tonight?" said Mike. "He's probably sound asleep."

"Do you think so? Knowing that for all practical purposes he's just been elected President of the United States?"

Mike smiled. "He'd be glad to hear that, and so would the National Committee. Yes, I think he's most likely asleep. Don't forget he's a man that's done a lot of traveling. Civil engineer. Lived abroad a great deal, and not always in the lap of luxury."

"I know, but tonight. I know this much, I wouldn't be able to sleep. Here we are going sixty or seventy miles an hour. We can't see out the window in the darkness, but it's easy for me to imagine being in his position, looking out the window and saying to myself, 'I can travel for five days and nights, from coast to coast at a high rate of speed and still be in the country that I'm President of.' Just one man, out of a hundred and twenty million people."

"Would you like to be President, Joe?"

"What?"

Mike saw that his question, and perhaps the tone of it, had taken Joe by surprise.

"Me, President? No thank you."

But Mike had seen what he had seen in similar circumstances, when he had asked other men, possum-players, about their political ambitions. If you caught them unprepared, you got your answer. He wanted to ask Joe a great many more questions, but now that he had given the answer to one, Joe would be cautious in his answers to the others.

"Well, I guess we're not going to get much sleep, but I'm going to get off my feet for a few hours," said Mike.

"Take the lower. I'm going to sit up."

"No, I had it coming out, you keep it, thanks."

"Well, if you change your mind," said Joe.

"Good night, or good morning."

Home once more, Mike gave Peg a complete report of his activities at the convention, a report full of the names of men she never had met but on whom she had detailed dossiers. They were not just pictures in the paper to Peg Slattery. "What did Reed have to say? . . . How long were you with Bill Mellon? . . . Did you talk to Mills? . . . Who else besides Fisher? . . ." Her questions helped Mike to re-create whole scenes, and in the re-creating of them he had a second and better look.

"Did you get along all right with Joe? That was a long time to be with a man, so constantly."

Mike looked at his wife.

"Do you know what that fellow wants?" he said.

Mike and Peg were two people who were often more nearly one person.

"Do I know what that fellow wants?" she said.

"I have trouble saying it, the words have a hard time getting out of my mouth."

"Now it *isn't* what I'm *thinking*," said Peg.

"I'll bet it is, though," said Mike.

"The same thing Al Smith wants?"

Mike smiled. "You can't say it either," he said. "Can you imagine? How do you convince yourself you can be, or ought to be?"

"You marry Edith Stokes."

"Do you think that's why it is?" said Mike. "No, I think he convinced himself. Maybe Edith encouraged him, but you should have heard the way he talked about it. Putting himself in Hoover's place."

"You're sure, eh?"

"Well, sure of what? I'm sure he wants it, but I don't know if he knows he wants it. But now I have the explanation for all these dinners and getting-to-know-the-boys and so forth. Do you remember a fellow ran for vice-president with Cox?"

"I have to think a minute. In 1920? Yes, a cousin of Teddy Roosevelt's. Franklin K. Roosevelt."

"You're thinking of Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior under Wilson. But that's the fellow. Well, Joe Chapin used to know him. I gather they went to society parties to-





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gether. Joe didn't like him, but that's neither here nor there. In fact, the fact that he didn't like him—well, Joe didn't think much of him, but all the more reason why he could convince himself he could do as well or better. This particular Roosevelt got to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Appointive, of course. Well, you remember when Joe went to Washington that time, to get some appointment. The time he went behind my back."

"Oh, I remember, and I'll bet he does too."

"Can you see it the way I do?" said Mike.

"He thought he could get an appointment without getting tied up with the organization."

"Sure. On his own. No political tie-up. Then get a reputation and maybe run for governor, or United States senator. It all works out."

"Joe is what? Forty-five?"

"Forty-six. We were born the same year, '82."

"Then he still has plenty of time," said Peg.

"He'll need it," said Mike.

Peg laughed heartily.

Joe Chapin was now reaching the point in his life and the position in his activities where it could be said, and was being said, that he was *a* first citizen and, more and more, *the* first citizen of Gibbsville. There would be conversations in which Citizen A would say: "The biggest man in this town is Joe Chapin."

"Joe Chapin?" Citizen B might say.

"Who's bigger? If you mean richer, yes. There's a half a dozen guys that have more dough, but who does more with their dough? Who does more for this town, and doesn't ask anything in return?"

"I wouldn't put Joe Chapin at the top."

"Then who would you put at the top? The Mayor? Some politician? Joe's for good government, but he kept his hands out of politics. Listen, whenever anything's good for the town, not just for Number One, who's the first guy they get to serve on the committees and all that? When you see Joe Chapin connected with something, it's good for Gibbsville, or Lantenengo County, not just for Joe Chapin. That's the way I look at it. And who would you rather have representing Gibbsville? One of those loud-mouths at the Rotary Club? Mike Slattery? Doc English? Henry Laubach?"

"How do you mean represent?" Citizen B might say.

"Represent? By represent I mean I don't mean I mean if say they had another Sesqui, who would

to be there representing Gibbsville? You'd want a guy that was honest and did something for the community, and looked the part. Listen, there isn't a thing that's for the good of this town that Joe Chapin is left out of."

"Well, maybe you're right."

"He isn't a crook, he isn't a hypocrite—Joe'll take a drink. Friendly, kind. Does a lot of things for people. I say you'd have a hard time getting anybody to say anything against Joe Chapin and prove it. You take a guy like Lloyd Williams, and he's a whoremaster. Then you take a guy on the order of Henry Laubach, and that son of a bitch, all he cares about is making more money. Henry isn't a *real* son of a bitch, but he's cold. One of those cold fellows. Doc English, he does a lot of good, but don't forget he gets paid for it, and if it came down to that I'd rather have Doc Malloy operate on me. No sir, the biggest all-around man in this town is Joseph B. Chapin."

In the course of an average two-block walk from his office to the bank Joe Chapin would bid the time of day to at least ten persons and usually many more. There would be many *Good morning, Mr. Chapin's* that he would answer with a *Good morning* and a smile but without a name. People liked to speak to him, and when they could engage him in a few minutes' conversation they wanted to be seen talking to him. Merchants liked to have him seen in their stores; the cops liked to wave to him; people would call to him from their cars. He had his suits made in New York, but he patronized Main Street for socks and underwear, which gave him the opportunity to appear in the store, and gave the merchant the benefit of his patronage above the actual money spent. Joe's suits, shoes and hats came from out of town, but almost everything else he bought was bought in town or ordered through town merchants. If he wanted a Lee Dreadnaught-Driver he had it sent through the hardware store; if he was buying a 410 gun for Joby, it was ordered on Main Street; if Edith wanted a black caracul, it was a Main Street transaction.

The feeling generally was that Joe Chapin, except for his set taste in clothes, was the best of Gibbsville. He had achieved his status first by living to the age of forty-seven, having been born in Gibbsville of Gibbsville parents. He had returned to Gibbsville after getting his education. He had married a Gibbsville girl, the daughter of Gibbsville parents and with many Gibbsville relatives. Joe had then gone into partnership with a lifelong Gibbsville friend and native. He made his money in Gibbsville, he spent most of it in Gibbsville. When-

ever he went away he "reflected credit" on his home town—and he always came back to it. He had avoided messes, and he had given the people confidence in their town and in themselves: Joe Chapin was not a New Yorker or a Philadelphian or a Chicagoan or a Bostonian, but wherever he went, he would be on equal terms with the best—and he was one hundred per cent Gibbville. They did not quite love Joe Chapin, but they were proud of him and grateful, and if he had died in 1929 they might have found out that they did love him. But he did not die in 1929.

Joe Chapin was almost the last of the upper-middle-class Gibbsvillians who had not been abroad. He had never been to Europe because in the days preceding the World War he had not been attracted to the Eastern Hemisphere by culture or by sin. Young men in his circumstances sometimes took their brides to Europe on their wedding trip, but during their engagement period Edith had told Joe that the very thought of a great ocean liner gave her *mal de mer*, and in accordance with her wishes, that ended the discussion. After the World War there was a longish period during which Joe mentioned Europe, and especially France, as seldom as possible. France, in the American language, was a word that had a quick association with the word *army*, and both words stayed out of Joe's conversation. But ten years after the Armistice the embarrassment had lessened to the point where Joe could make plans to take his family on a six weeks' trip to England, France, and Italy, and the plans, once postponed on account of the Kansas City convention, reached the passport and sailing-date stage. They would go in a French Line ship, which was "wet," and you could begin to try out your bilingual ability as soon as you went abroad. The Chapins were given the names of the little restaurants that were known all over the United States as truly French and off the tourist-beaten path. Warning letters were written to the three or four Gibbville expatriates. Morgan, Harjes were alerted through the good offices of Dave Harrison ("We have a man there that can do absolutely anything for you, whether it's good for you or very bad for you," he wrote). The names of reputable physicians were obtained, and Joe and Edith even had serious discussions over the advisability of having the children's appendices excised in advance. They were reassured by the existence of the hospital at Neuilly. They promised themselves to drink no water but Evian and to drink no milk whatever. They would use their oldest, most decrepit luggage until they got to Paris and the establishment of Louis Vuitton.

was never to be let out of their sight, particularly in Italy, and most particular in Firenze. The right kind of letter was being sent to our ambassadors in London, Paris, and Rome; to the purser of the *Ile de France*; to Bob Hooker's not very close friend Larry Hills, of the *Herald Tribune*; and to the managers of White's Club in London and the Travelers in Paris. Monsignor Creedon was arranging for a private audience with His Holiness Pius XI, and for months Joe and Edith took down the names and addresses of Rosa Lewis, Bricktop, Joe Zelli, George of the Ritz, Italian tailors, shoemakers more expensive than Peal, certain clerks at Asprey's, dons at Oxford, car-hire people who were cheaper than Daimler, Louis Bromfield's secretary George Watkins, and Nita Naldi, Erskine Gwynne, Sparrow Robertson, Jimmy Sheean, and Ben Finney. The mention of each name was introduced by the urgent *Be sure and see . . .*

They were to leave Gibbville two days after Country Day closed for the school year, sailing two days later. On the night that school closed Joe broke his right leg.

Edith and Joby had gone to bed early, having finished all but the final packing, and Ann was at a bon voyage party at the Laubachs'. Arthur and Rose had given Edith and Joe a party the night before Country Day closed, so that that ceremonial of the trip was out of the way. ("A good idea to get that out of the way so you won't be exhausted boarding your ship.") The trunks had gone to New York, and Marian had even put the slip covers over some of the downstairs furniture. The house was not quite abandoned, not quite occupied, and Joe was busying himself with last-minute chores, mostly of a paper-work nature. Although Edith had retired, he had gone twice to their bedroom to ask her questions. On his third visit to the bedroom he found her deep asleep and he closed the door gently and walked softly to the top of the stairs.

In later months he tried to recall exactly what occurred—whether his loose-fitting house slipper caught on the carpet-covering, or he misjudged the turn that he had made literally many thousands of times. In any event, he started falling at the top of the stairs, which were quite steep and had sixteen risers.

He fell all the way to the first floor and lay there. He was unconscious, his fall unheard by his wife or their son or any of the three servants. He was later able to estimate how long he lay there: from about ten minutes past eleven until Ann's return at twenty-five minutes to one.

Ann quickly recovered from her first horror and de-

terminated that he was alive. She called her mother, who did not answer, and she went upstairs and shook Edith out of her sleep. Together they went downstairs again, and they noticed what Ann had not noticed earlier: the blood on his trouser-leg. Edith telephoned Billy English, who, as Ann said, took forever to get there. He announced that Joe had a broken leg, compound fracture, and a concussion of the brain. He sent for the ambulance. Nobody remembered to wake Joby.

Ann in her party dress went to the hospital with her mother and Dr. English, who was an extremely careful and slow driver. The Chapin women waited in the superintendent's office for Billy English's first report, which was an hour in coming.

"He has a bad fracture of the leg, that we know, and he must have done a complete somersault falling down the stairs, to account for the concussion. We're lucky, very lucky, he didn't break his neck. That sometimes happens in falls of that kind. I won't try to underestimate his condition. He's badly hurt. However, he's alive and right now he's sleeping. Our danger now is from the concussion and of course shock. I've arranged for a room for you, Edith, and you, Ann, if you'd care to stay. It'll be down the hall from Joe's room. I know you're not going to feel much like sleeping, but the floor nurse will get nightgowns for both of you. Regular hospital nightgowns, but it might be a good idea for you to try to get some rest tonight so that you won't be exhausted tomorrow."

"Has he recovered consciousness?"

"Not completely, Edith, and he won't for several hours, how many I don't know. That depends on several factors. We don't know how long he was lying there, and of course we don't even know what happened, do we? You can have some coffee, if you like, or tea, but I'd suggest you both have a cup of bouillon. I have a room here myself, so I'll be here through the night, and I'll see that you're notified the minute there's any change either way. I don't want to alarm you, but at the same time our dear Joe has had a very close call and I can't honestly tell you ladies that he's entirely out of danger. Joe's more than a patient to me, too, you know."

"Thank you, Billy, we realize that," said Edith. "I've had some sleep and I'm quite awake now, but I think we'll follow your suggestion."

"Mother, I'm wide awake," said Ann.

"But let's do what Dr. English says. We have to think of tomorrow, and we're not going to be much help if we haven't had any sleep. Will you show us our room?"

"Come with me," said Dr. English. "Your mother's right, Ann. Tomorrow's when you're going to need your strength."

"I know that, Dr. English. It's just that I know I won't sleep."

"Well, try," said the doctor. "I can give you a tablet that will put you to sleep . . ."

"No, and don't put anything in my bouillon," said the girl.

"That never crossed my mind," said the doctor.

"And you'll apologize to Dr. English for your rudeness."

"I didn't mean it rudely. I'm sorry, Dr. English," said the girl.

"We're all under a strain," said the doctor.

The Chapin women got little sleep. They were kept awake by their concern for Joe, but that was not the only tension that made sleep come hard. They were extra-conscious of each other; it had been a long time since they had slept in the same room. What it came down to was that it had been a long time since they really had been together. Edith was proud of her daughter's exquisite form, and Ann was pleased that her mother had not gone to fat as so many mothers had. But Edith had preached modesty all through Ann's childhood and girlhood, and now the act of undressing in the same room was an intimacy that neither Edith nor Ann was prepared for. They did not appear wholly nude in front of each other; the putting-on of the hospital nightgown was accomplished in the bathroom. But they could not help looking down at each other's gown, where the bosom extended, and lower down where the pubic shadow could be seen under the summer-weight cotton. The intimacy made them strangers, and since neither wanted to talk about what was worrying both of them, they told each other good night, try to get some sleep, and lay listening to each other's breathing and turning in the beds. They were placed in each other's company, but it could not be said that Joe's accident had thrown them together.

However, they had been apart for years. A teacher at Miss Holton's had had to instruct Ann in the frightening mysteries of menstruation, and with that opportunity gone, Edith neither was given nor had contrived a second chance to get on close terms with the matured and maturing girl. And Ann, therefore, was independent of her mother, but with no one of her sex to take her place. The whole world of sex was between Ann on the one side, and, on the other, what she did and did not know. This very night, before her discovery of her father at the foot of the stairs, she had touched a boy, a boy had touched her, with such exciting effect that her capacity to feel

put her, in her own mind, a million miles away from a candid relationship with her mother. She was in the stage where what *she* was discovering and experiencing was unique, notwithstanding her complete knowledge of the act which, performed by her parents, had caused her existence. She thought about it little enough, but when she did she thought of her father visiting her mother in total darkness, without visual or tactile enjoyment or prolonged excitement such as she herself had enjoyed, and achieving the ultimate embrace (which she had not yet achieved) in the fashion of all married couples. So far she had not been able, or permitted herself, to imagine her father in the positions of love-making. It was easier for her to imagine her mother making love with an anonymous, featureless figure that was her father, but not Father. She was convinced otherwise, but it was not impossible for her to imagine her mother as a partner in love-making with almost any man; and except for the dirty trick it would have been on her father, she would not have been irreparably shocked if her mother had used her body for pleasure with another man. To Ann a woman's body was designed for two related purposes, pleasure and child-bearing, and her mother as a woman was no different from any other woman. As the wife of Father, however, she owed him complete fidelity, and there was nothing to indicate that she had betrayed that trust. She knew that when *she* got married she was not going to fool around.

The mother and daughter were not visited until seven-thirty o'clock in the morning, when a nurse brought them coffee, toast, and soft-boiled eggs. Edith telephoned Marian to have Harry bring some day clothes and she then spoke to Joby. To her annoyance and relief Marian had already told the boy the bare facts of Joe's accident.

"Why didn't you tell me about Father?"

"Because you were asleep and there was nothing you could do, now don't be upset, Joby, don't be upset."

"Can I come over with Harry?"

"Yes, of course, although you'll only be able to see Father for a minute. He's still asleep."

"Are we going to Europe?"

"Oh, dear," said Edith. "No, we'll have to cancel all that. A broken leg takes months to heal."

"Will Father have to carry a cane?"

"At least. In the beginning, crutches."

"Is he going to have to stay in the hospital?"

"I imagine so, quite a while."



"All summer?"

"Possibly."

"Then he won't be able to play golf, either," said the boy.

"Oh, no. Now I must stop talking, unless there's something important you want to ask me."

"Is Father going to *die*?"

"No, no, no, Joby. You mustn't think that," said Edith.

"Well, the paper called up and asked if it was true Father had concussion of the brain."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I answered, they thought I was you on the phone."

"Well if they call up again, don't tell them anything. Tell them to get in touch with Uncle Arthur McHenry, if they want any information."

"A boy that was on Gibbsville High football team, he got concussion of the brain and he died. I remember."

"There are different kinds. Now I must hang up, and you get ready to come with Harry."

There was gloom on Main Street and in the Lantenengo Street homes with the report of Joe's accident, and in the barber shops and the Gibbsville Club and the Elks Home and on the Market Street one-man trolleys and in cigar stores and soda fountains and at bus stops and in the forty-five speak-easies of Gibbsville, wherever men and women gathered by the half dozen. There was no one to say, "It served him right," and there were many who said, "It's a goddam shame." Bob Hooker ran a daily bulletin, a one-column box on Page One, on Joe's condition, and when it was announced, after the third day, that Joe was "off the critical list but unable to receive visitors" Gibbsville accepted Joe as among the ailing, who would be a long while "on the mend."

Joe was allowed to go home, to the farm, in the second week in August, almost exactly two months after entering the hospital. A bone man from Philadelphia was called in for an opinion when the leg was slow in healing, and in return for his \$1,000 fee he provided the information that Joe was forty-seven years old and that he approved the treatment Joe was getting under Dr. English.

"Otherwise, I don't see what good he did," said Arthur to Edith. "It's nice to know that Billy's a good doctor, but we knew that all along. Of course I'm not particularly enthusiastic over Philadelphia specialists."

"Forty-seven," said Edith. "Your bones don't knit as quickly. I just hope the right leg won't be shorter than the other."

"Billy says it won't be," said Arthur. "What I don't like—it seems to me Joe himself is still low in spirit."

"Billy says that's the result of the shock and the concussion."

"And it may be, but I don't like it. He'll say to me, 'I'll be back in harness after Labor Day,' and then he'll wonder aloud whether he'll be ready for the November term."

"Of court?"

"Yes. November's always very heavy because we lawyers ask for postponements in the September term. But one good thing, one consolation. He's achieved one ambition."

"Which?"

"Just sitting here and lying in the hospital, Joe's made enough money in the stock market so he can give you and each of the children pretty close to a million dollars. Joe's a very rich man. So am I, I might add. At least we don't have to worry about money. Edith, I wonder if it might not be a good idea for you and Joe to go abroad this winter."

"Let's not talk about that again till he's all recovered."

"But think about it. Take some of that money and go to the Riviera and have a real rest. Joe's been working hard and scooting about the countryside as though he were running for office. Why don't you start inculcating the idea of a real vacation? The children will be going away to school in the fall."

"He likes scooting about the countryside."

"It'll be quite some time before he's able to do it again, and you might as well get him away from temptation. If not Europe, Florida. It doesn't have to be Palm Beach. There are other places. Or California. Sit in the sun and see some new people and get his mind away from work. In less than three years we'll be fifty, Joe and I."

Joe called to them. "Hey, you two."

He was in the living room, which had been converted into a downstairs bedroom. The main house on the farm was always cool, what with the shade of the walnut trees and the two brooks that passed in front of and at the side of the house. A hospital bed was set up in the living room and Joe was able to escape most of the August heat.

They went inside and Edith washed Joe's face.

"What dire deeds of derring-do were you plotting?"

"Arthur was doing all the plotting. He thinks we ought to go abroad next winter."

"That's odd. I think *Arthur* ought to go abroad next winter."

"Well, then somebody in this firm is going ~~abroad~~ next winter," said Arthur.

"Not necessarily. Arthur could be just as stubborn about it as I plan to be. Result: neither goes."

"Result: we'll both collapse. It was just an idea I had, and Edith doesn't take kindly to it."

"Well, I certainly don't. I don't expect to win the Harvard game with a sixty-five-yard dropkick, but I'll be well enough to let you have a vacation. You're entitled to a good one, and I'm going to insist you get it."

"It isn't only the office, Joe. You're going around as though you were a traveling salesman."

"Oh, well, that's fun, that comes under the heading of relaxation."

"Relaxation? Joe, I've seen you come home from one of those relaxations. Last winter. I remember one time you'd been to Erie, I think it was. Yes, Erie. I don't remember what that trip was for. In fact, I seldom do know. You used to tell me, but in the past year or so you just announced that you're off for Lancaster, or Altoona, and away you go. Sometimes it's an overnight Pullman, other times a long drive, a long exhausting motor trip. Say, hadn't you just come back from one when you tried to take the steps all at once?"

"I don't remember," said Joe.

"Yes, you had. We had our party for you, and the next day you went to Whitemarsh for the Lawyers Club tournament. And the next day was when you cracked your leg."

"It might have been, but don't try to see cause and effect there, Arthur," said Joe.

"Why not? If I can show you that the relaxing trips, as you call them, are taking too much out of you, I'll be doing you a favor. Joe, I was just telling Edith, we're getting close to the fifty mark, and whether we like it or not, we're slowing up. If Billy English were to tell you that the reason—"

"I beg your pardon, Arthur. I know what you're going to say. I don't think Billy English is going to tell you that I broke my leg because I was tired. But even if he did, I'm doing something I like to do, and if I get tired while doing it—at least I'm getting tired at a pastime I enjoy. Fellows we know are out risking their necks fox-hunting, down around Philadelphia. And others are chasing women instead of foxes, and others are ruining their guts on bootleg hootch."

"I know all that, but you seem to me to be tiring yourself out for thirty pieces of silver."

"What?"

"Those little cups and cocktail shakers you pick up at golf

tournaments, those cigarette boxes they give you for making a speech."

"Thirty pieces of silver has another connotation that I'm sure Joe doesn't like any more than I do, Arthur," said Edith.

"It was unfortunate. However, to thine own self be true, and you can be a traitor to yourself, you know."

Joe moved in his wheelchair. "Ah, I'm glad you said that. I'm doing the exact opposite. If I didn't make those trips, I wouldn't be true to myself." He turned to Edith. "Shall I tell him?"

"I think you're going to, so why ask me?"

Joe lit a cigarette. "Arthur, in a way I am a traveling salesman. I'm peddling a commodity called Joe Chapin."

"I see."

"The trips have often been exhausting, but they've had a purpose, and not just the thirty pieces of silver."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Arthur.

"Until this minute Edith has been the only other person to know what's been behind the trips. Oh, I imagine there have been some guesses, but that's all they've been. Guesses."

"Go ahead."

"Unconfirmed guesses. The fact of the matter is, I'm running for office."

Arthur looked at Edith and laughed, but she did not smile. "I'm laughing because I was just saying to Edith, you appeared to be running for office."

"Well, you were right. I'm running for lieutenant governor."

Arthur rubbed his chin and stroked his nose with his thumb and forefinger. "It all becomes clear, once you clarify it," he said. "An ambassador of good will, like Lindbergh. Mending fences before they've been broken."

"You might say," said Joe.

"Then I take it you're planning to run next year? That's the next time we vote on lieutenant governor."

"I hope to," said Joe.

"Am I to keep this a secret?"

"Oh, yes indeed. I'm waiting for the psychological moment."

"To announce it to Mike Slattery and the others?"

"Yes."

"How will you know the psychological moment has come?"

"Well, to some extent I'm relying on instinct. When I'm satisfied that I have enough friends in all the counties of the state, then I'll make my position known. You. Arthur,

I've made at least one appearance in every county in the state, and in some counties, like Allegheny and Lackawanna, Dauphin, Philadelphia, Berks, I've made as many as ten appearances."

"Good God, there are seventy-six counties in the Commonwealth. You *have* been busy."

"You're damn right I have."

"Haven't the professionals been suspicious?"

"Suspicious, but careful. They've had nothing to go on. I've made no political speeches except for a few last year in support of Mr. Hoover."

"Thereby declaring yourself against Al Smith, and you did declare yourself all right."

"Well, I'm a Republican. That's no secret, and I meant every word I said against Al Smith. The audacity. Tammany Hall."

"Well, we've had some rotten eggs in our own basket. However, that's neither here nor there. Water under the bridge, they say. I'm more interested in your campaign. You think you'll have enough of a following to be able to convince the Slatterys and people like that that you're the man?"

"That's what I'm counting on."

"But for all you know, they've picked their candidate for next year."

"If they think I'm strong enough, they'll change their minds."

"True."

"I noticed you haven't expressed any approval or disapproval," said Joe.

"You've always known how I feel about politics, but you'll always know how I feel about you."

"Arthur, that's all I wanted to know."

"I'll back you with every word I can speak and every dollar I can rake up."

"Yes, I always believed that," said Joe.

"And I think I can guess why you want the job."

"I'll tell you if you're right."

"You want to be as good as your grandfather," said Arthur.

"Yes," said Joe. He looked at Edith, who returned his look expressionlessly. He said no more.

"Well, you are, in my opinion, without going to the bother of a political campaign, but I don't write the history books and I guess that's what you have in mind. As a matter of fact, Joe, now that I've had a moment to think it over, it's a praiseworthy ambition. We've had some judges in our family, and

I've often thought I'd like to go down in the books as a judge. But never enough to go into politics. However, your ambition, your pride, is stronger than mine, and I always knew that. They couldn't hope to find a better man. But first—before you start mending fences, mend that leg. I must be going."

When he had gone Edith said: "I was afraid—"

Joe nodded. "I was going to tell him everything. I could tell that. But I feel much better now that I've told him that much. It isn't that we can't trust Arthur, but I think it might shock him to know what I really have in mind."

"Oh, he was shocked anyway," said Edith. "He doesn't like it."

"And that's the proof that he's a real friend. He'll support me in spite of his true feelings about politics."

"What else could he do?" said Edith.

The visits of Dr. English were becoming as much *punctilio* as *medico*. There was little he could do to hasten Nature, and his thrice-weekly calls at 10 North Frederick were scheduled to coincide with the serving of a cup of tea.

"I brought my chauffeur with me, I hope it's all right," he announced one afternoon. He was followed into the den by his son Julian.

"Hello, Julian, how nice of you to drop in," said Joe.

"Hello, Mr. Chapin. I'm sorry you had such tough luck, but you're in capable hands. At least that's what my father tells me."

"Really, Julian. I don't talk that way," said the doctor.

"Would you like a Scotch and soda?" said Joe.

"He would not," said the doctor. "He very kindly offered to be my chauffeur, just for this afternoon, but he knew what that entailed. No chauffeur of mine drinks."

Julian and his father rose as Edith came in. "Oh, it's Julian," she said. "How are you?"

"Fine, thank you, Mrs. Chapin. Sorry to be so healthy with Mr. Chapin laid up."

"Would you like a Scotch or something?"

"That problem's just been settled, thanks," said Julian.

"How's Caroline?" said Joe.

"Great," said Julian English. "She's been wanting to come and see you, but your physician discourages visitors. Did you know that?"

"Not Caroline," said Joe. "Billy, don't you know a pretty girl is the best tonic in the world?"

"Well, while we're on that subject, you have one in this house. Ann," said Julian. "If Caroline ever ac— I'll wait

around for Ann to grow up. She's a knockout. What is she now, eighteen?"

"Yes, a little young for you, Julian," said Edith.

"More's the pity, and say, speaking of the Chapin younger generation, I guess you're all getting ready to retire on Joby's earnings."

"Joby's earnings?" said Joe. "I can't even get him to caddy for me."

"Caddy for you? In two more years he'll be making records," said Julian.

"What kind of records? The hundred-yard dash?" said Joe. "He scoots out of the house fast enough to break that record today, but I have no idea where he's in such a hurry to get to."

"Seriously, am I the first to tell you you have a damn near genius in your family?"

"You must be," said Joe. "What at, may I ask?"

"At the eighty-eight. The piano," said Julian.

"Why I've never heard him play anything but popular jazz, what we used to call ragtime."

"Oh, Mr. Chapin, come on," said Julian. "That boy could sit in with any dance orchestra—well, almost any dance orchestra. He plays better piano right now than anyone else in Gibbsville."

"No, I don't think he plays anything but that jazz stuff," said Joe.

"But that's exactly what I'm talking about, Mr. Chapin. I'll tell you where he goes when he leaves here. He goes to Michael's Music Shop and listens to Victrola records, and all he has to do is hear a record played once and he can duplicate Roy Bargo, Arthur Schutt, Carmichael. Have you ever heard him play 'In a Mist'?"

"Is that the name of a tune?" said Joe.

"If you have to ask that question, I'm sorry. You don't know about Joby. You must have heard him play 'Rhapsody in Blue,' by George Gershwin. He's been playing that for at least two years."

"Yes, I rather like that one," said Joe. "Is that the one . . ." He hummed the four notes of the great theme.

"That's the one. 'Rhapsody in Blue,' by George Gershwin."

"But it's only jazz, Julian. He never plays anything worthwhile."

"Worthwhile! I've heard about prophets without honor, et cetera. But this is almost fantastic, your not knowing about Joby. The sad part is, I don't think you'll appreciate him even after my outburst."

"And it is an outburst," said the doctor.

"And I don't apologize for it. I hear you're sending him to St. Paul's, which is an all-right school for ordinary boys. But Joby ought to be going to some place like Juilliard or Curtis."

"I've never heard of either one of them," said Edith.

"I've heard of Curtis, so I guess the other's a music school too," said Joe. "But I think we'll go on with our plans to send him to St. Paul's. I'm certainly not going to encourage him to play that jazz stuff."

"No, I don't imagine you will," said Julian, in tones of such disgust that his father rose.

"I won't bother to take your temperature or your blood pressure now, Joe," said the doctor. "I'm sure my own's gone up to the danger level."

"Well, I'm sorry, Mr. Chapin, and Mrs. Chapin. The fact of the matter is, Joby's what I wish I'd been. He's a great jazz piano player, whether you like it or not."

"Well, frankly, Julian, I don't," said Joe. "But it's always nice to know we have *some* talent in the family. I'll try to appreciate it."

"No. You have a Steinway, and it isn't even in tune," said Julian.

With that remark there was no further effort to simulate cordiality, and the doctor and his son left.

"And that's what Caroline Walker has to put up with every day," said Edith.

"He makes it very difficult to defend him," said Joe.

"Not many people try any more. And those that do, they're like you, fond of his father."

"No, not altogether that, Edith. He has that certain indefinable thing called charm. And the whole thing started over his well-intentioned overpraise of Joby's piano-playing. His motive was all right, but his enthusiasm and impatience got the better of him. Impatience, that's what it is."

"Oh, rot. It's common, ordinary bad manners by an ungrateful spoiled brat. Caroline can be glad they have no children. That's going to make it easier when the time comes."

A conversation at the Gibbsville Club on an afternoon in 1930:

ARTHUR MC HENRY: Billy, is there anything organically wrong with Joe?

DR. ENGLISH: No, why?

MC HENRY: Are you sure? You can tell m



ENGLISH: And I would. He's on his feet. Walks almost normally. What do you think is wrong?

MC HENRY: He's never come back since his accident. I don't mean to the office, of course. I mean—well, he has no pep.

ENGLISH: Has anybody any pep these days? You told me yourself Joe lost the better part of two million dollars.

MC HENRY: Hell, Billy, we're all in that together.

ENGLISH: Yes, but some of us are taking it harder than others. We haven't all got your disdain for money.

MC HENRY: Disdain, my ass. But it's gone and there's nothing we can do about it. We're lucky to have anything left.

ENGLISH: Those that *have* anything left. I wanted to retire this year, go abroad, but I'm going to have to stay in harness the rest of my life. I'll be extremely fortunate if I don't end up as an old quack, treating gonorrhea, examining men for lodge insurance. I wish I had Joe's money.

MC HENRY: I'll bet he'd give it to you if you could make him his old self.

ENGLISH: Arthur, damn it all, Joe's nearly fifty. By the normal optimistic life expectancy his life is two-thirds lived. That's the optimistic outlook. Well, at the two-thirds mark he has had a serious accident, and aside from the things that we know that happened, there are *millions* of things about the body that haven't been discovered. Millions. I don't know what's the matter with Joe. Something, yes, of course. When I go there to dinner I see it, as a friend as well as a doctor. It's almost as though he'd been dropped, like a magnet, and demagnetized. Not as bad as that, but—

MC HENRY: Sometimes it *is* as bad as that.

ENGLISH: Well, all right. Maybe it's Edith. Maybe it's a personal matter too delicate for him to discuss, even with you. When men begin to lose certain powers—and you know perfectly well what I'm talking about—they sometimes seem to age overnight. And to all intents and purposes that's what they do. But of course I can't bring that up with Joe until he asks me about it, and even if he should, I'd probably send him to a G.U. man or a psychiatrist, and Joe wouldn't go to a psychiatrist. I know that in advance, and I can't say I blame him. Don't worry so much about him. A bad fall shakes you up, and the older you are, the longer it takes to recover from it. You must have noticed that elderly people seem to go on forever until one thing happens—they get a fall. And invariably that's the beginning of the end. It shakes up their insides, disarranges everything, including the unknown, undiscovered elements I spoke of. An elderly person almost never

recovers from a fall. Well, Joe's not an elderly person, but he's forty-eight. There's a lot of good sound medical advice in that old saying, watch your step.

MC HENRY: I suppose so.

ENGLISH: We've got him walking again and he may just be taking a long time making a complete recovery. Although I don't look for a complete recovery, frankly. If he tried to run to catch a train, or if he tripped stepping off a curbstone—no good. It'll be another year at least before I give him permission to drive a car. No more horseback riding, at least for several years, and I'd just as soon he forgot about it for good. As to his spirit, if you really want to know what I think, I think one trouble is he misses his daughter, Ann.

MC HENRY: You know, Billy, I think so too.

ENGLISH: Oh, I'm pretty sure of it, pretty sure. But he's going to have to get used to that. I never had a daughter. Wish I had. But I can readily understand how a father could get so attached to one. Why, the way I've got attached to Caroline, and to her all I am is an old ogre that's stingy with Julian.

MC HENRY: Oh, I don't think that's how Caroline feels.

ENGLISH: Spare me your consolation, Mr. McHenry. I'm much wiser than you think. But I'm sure we're right about Joe. He misses Ann. But we can't very well go to a friend of ours and tell him to take his daughter out of boarding school.

MC HENRY: No.

ENGLISH: You and your father always seemed to hit it off very nicely, but that isn't usually the case. It's usually father and daughter that get along well, and Joe and Ann do, only more so. However, when you have an attractive, sweet creature like Ann, you're going to lose her eventually, so this may turn out to be a blessing in disguise.

MC HENRY: Let's hope so. Let's hope *some* good will come of it.

It was the custom among the younger set of Gibbsville to form a group for a swim, a picnic supper, and a visit en masse to one of the amusement parks to dance to the music of the name bands. A band would be booked so that in five successive nights it was never more than seventy-five miles from Gibbsville. After the World War all of the famous bands were booked into the coal regions—Earl Fuller, Fletcher Henderson, Red Nichols, Jean Goldkette, Garber-Davis, Lopez and Whiteman, the Great White Fleet, Waring, Ted Weems, the Scranton Sirens, Art Hand, the Original Dixieland, Ted Lewis, Paul Specht, Ellington, among the readily recognizable

names, and others, on their way up, like Charley Frehofer's, which had made a couple of recordings that placed the band among the promising. It was the summer of "Sweet and Lovely" which Frehofer had recorded, and anyone who had an interest and an ear could tell that the unbilled piano soloist had technique, imagination, taste, and heart. The style anticipated Duchin but was a fuller, two-handed discourse, and Joby Chapin brought the record home and played it over and over again on his portable.

"This fellow's good," said Joby.

"What's his name?" said Ann.

"I've written to find out but I haven't got an answer yet."

"He *is* good."

"I'll play his solo again. The last chorus is all band, all out for Swedish Haven. Everybody. But I can't get enough of that piano. Listen."

Ann heard the record so many times that when a party was being organized to hear Frehofer, she mentioned the fact to her brother.

"No use my asking if I can go. They won't let me. But will you try to find out the name of the piano-player?"

"All right," said Ann.

At the dance pavilion Ann moved up to the stand and at the end of a set she asked a saxophone-player to tell her the name of the pianist.

"Hey, Charley, what's your name?" the saxophone-player called.

"I'll bite. What's my name?"

"No kidding, Society Girl wants to know."

The piano-player came to the edge of the stand and leaned down. "Why do you want to know my name? Have you got a subpeeny?"

"First I want to know if you made the record of 'Sweet and Lovely.'"

"I plead guilty," he said. "Did it meet with your approval?"

"Yes, but I'm not asking for myself. My brother is an excellent pianist. He's only fifteen, but he's terribly good, really he is, and he thinks your playing is superb, really."

"Well, good for him."

"Well, what's your name, so I can tell him?"

"Charley Bongiorno."

"How do you spell that?"

"I'll write it down for you. Sure you don't want my telephone number? Do you live around here?"

"Yes, I live around here. I hope you don't think I came here to spend the summer."

"Here's the name. I hope you can read my writing. How about a drink?"

"Are you inviting us, or what?"

"Inviting you. I have a pint," said Bongiorno.

"Okay," said Ann. "We'll meet you at intermission. We'll be standing to the right of the exit."

"Don't fail me."

The music resumed and Ann's partner said, "I like that—I don't think."

"Oh, don't be a stuffed shirt. You haven't got anything to drink, and I'd love one."

"Well, I'm not going to drink any of that fellow's liquor."

"Well, isn't *that* just too bad."

"What's the matter with you, anyway? Picking up a bum out of an orchestra."

"He didn't seem like a bum. He had nice manners and as far as being a bum, I'll bet he makes more money than you'll make when you're thirty."

"I won't be making it that way, you can be sure."

"I'll say you won't. You can't play 'Chopsticks.'"

"Let's go out in the car."

"No."

"Is that final?"

"It's as final as—the Declaration of Independence."

"Then excuse *me*. Go home with someone else. Your God damn piano player, for all I care."

"Good night, chopsticks," she said. He walked away from her and she had to wait fifteen minutes before Bongiorno met her.

"Where's your boy friend?"

"I'm sure I haven't the faintest idea."

"Is he sore on account of me?"

"Yes, but don't let that worry you."

"Okay, let's get a couple bottles of ginger ale and go to work on this rat poison. Have you got a car?"

"No, have you?"

"No," he said. "How are you going to get home if your boy friend took a run-out?"

"Oh, I came with a crowd. I'll get home."

They bought ginger ale and seated themselves in the back of an unoccupied Buick.

"Straight with a chaser, or a highball?"

"

He made highballs in paper cups and they drank them quickly. "Another?"

"No thanks," she said. "But you go ahead."

"Not right away, thanks."

"Don't thanks me," she said.

"I only need one or two at intermission. It keeps me going through intermission, otherwise I'd get tired. I don't get tired as long as I'm playing, but when I stop I do. Where you from? And what's your name? I told you my name, but I was too stupid to ask you yours."

"Ann Chapin. I'm from Gibbsville."

"Yeah, I played Gibbsville last winter, I mean the winter before last, not last winter. This is summer but it's still last winter as far as I'm concerned. We got different suits and we're working outdoors, but the only difference is the temperature. Otherwise it's always the same. But I remember Gibbsville. That's where you live, hey?"

"All my life. Born there."

"I was born in Jersey City, N.J. We just call it Jersey, but people think we mean the whole state when we say Jersey."

"Are you married?"

"Married? Not in this business. Are you?"

"Lord, no. Will you have a cigarette?"

"Thanks. I got a match. I wouldn't get married if I was in this business. I seen too much of it."

"Where'd you learn to play the piano?"

"Where'd I learn to play the piano? From the sisters. You know, the nuns? I'm Catholic. I went to Catholic parochial school and my old lady, my mother, she insisted on I take piano lessons and beat my ears if I din practice an hour a day. But she din have to beat my ears because after at first, you know, I liked it. Then I began making a dollar out of it, oh, then I was Vincent Lopez or somebody. Any piano-player she ever heard of, I was better. Well, she's right I'm better than Vincent Lopez, I'll say that much. 'Nola.' Jesus, if you only *knew* how that offended me. What's the use of playing a piano if you can't play it bettern that? And it's just as much trouble to play bad as good, the way he plays. He moves his fingers as fast as anybody, and he hits the key all right. But Jesus. Your kid brother's good, hey? Who does he like?"

"You."

"Who else? Besides me."

"I'm not very good on their names."

"Well, if he knew I was good on 'Sweet and Lovely' he's got some sense, I know that much. He ain't a 'Nola' man if he liked what I did with my solo. He couldn't be, that I'll guarantee you. I love good piano. If it wasn't for piano I coulda been a dead gangster by now. I knew a couple of friends of mine that I grew up with, they end up on the Jersey Meadows and it coulda been me. You come from a well-to-do family, Ann?"

"Yes."

"What would they say if they knew you were out here having a drink with me?"

"I dread to think."

"Well, you oughtna be here, either. I'm glad you are, but some guys with bands, they'd have half your clothes off by this time."

"I was taking a chance, wasn't I? But I did."

"Why, I wonder?"

"Who can tell?"

"Well, to show you how much I respect you, I ain't even gonna ask you for a kiss. And you're pretty, too." He looked at her face and her bosom. "Yeah, you're pretty all right. There's nothing wrong with you, baby. But now I get started thinking that way we better amscray. It-hay the oad-ray. Ann Chapin. I never heard that name before, Chapin. What nationality is that?"

"American. I don't know. English, I guess."

"Chopin, he was really a Polack, you know. He wasn't French. Polack. But you're Chapin. Ann, I know a lot of Annas, but no Ann. I knew an Irish girl named Anna, called herself Ann to put on the dog, but you were always Ann, right?"

"Uh-huh."

"My old lady used to tell me, don't say uh-huh, it ain't polite. But it sounds all right. You want another drink, Ann? Highball out of warm ginger ale?"

"No thanks. Let me see your hands."

"Three over an octave," he said.

She took one of his hands, and impulsively put it to her cheek.

"Now you *want* me to kiss you, don't you?" he said.

"If you want to."

"If I want to? Do you know what, Ann? I love you."

"I believe you."

"Do you love me?"

"I think I do, a little," she said.

"Ann?"

"What?"

"Are you a virgin?"

"Yes," she said.

"Then let's go back."

"All right, Charley," she said. "But kiss me first."

"Not too much of a kiss, though. I ain't responsible."

Two days later, in his hotel room, she ceased to be a virgin, and within a month she was pregnant. In September they were married in a small town in the northern part of the state, near the New York line. An incurious justice of the peace performed the ceremony and there was no vigilant newspaper space-writer to report the event to the Gibbsville papers. The new Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bongiorno drove the Chapin Buick to 10 North Frederick Street, and the process of nullifying the marriage was begun immediately. The abortion was performed in a private hospital near Media, Pennsylvania, and once again Mike Slattery was called upon for his unique services, which in this instance required the destruction of an official record of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. But "Sweet and Lovely" became what is known in the musical trade as a standard, and indestructible, and with the power in just the first four notes to torture Ann Chapin for as long as she might live.

It had not been a good year for Joe Chapin. His trudging recovery from his accident had prevented his making any effort to try for the lieutenant governor nomination in the spring; and Ann's disastrous romance had taken away some of the strength he had been able to gain during a lazy summer on the farm. Arthur had helped him to accept philosophically the financial defeat of his plan for Edith and the children: it was quite true that "we were all in that together." Everybody wanted to talk about his losses, but not one wanted to listen. The potential listener either had his own losses, or if he had not been seriously affected by the market's behavior, he felt declass   and even a bit of a chump not to have had a million or so on paper. Joe had not yet reached the age at which his own conversation, his half of a conversation, dominated his relationships with other people. He therefore did not inflict the story of his losses on his friends, and by the time most of them were finished with their own woeful accounting, his own losses were made to appear lighter.

And so, for 1930, Joe Chapin had missed out on an op-

portunity to further his political ambition; he had lost the money that would have realized his financial ambition; and he had been a full partner in the decisions that introduced tragedy into the life of the one human being he loved without reservation, without limit.

What Joe could not know was that after the first hatred of her parents, of the abortionist and his nurse, of Mike Slattery and Billy English and even Arthur McHenry—Ann began to feel pity for her father. The man who had given her understanding and support and secrecy during the Tommy Willis escapade was the same man who had grieved and been shocked and destructive in the Charley Bongiorno episode. As she watched him about the house, moving now with deliberate care where a few years earlier he had been quick and graceful, she was learning what happens to people, even to people whose love you can count on. This saddened man, whom she had once looked upon in what she was afraid was death, had banished her lover and ordered her to an operating table in a house that was disguised as a family home and once had been one. Her father was kind and solicitous when she came home. "We're not going to talk about it, Ann," he said. "Let's consider it as—let's try to think of it as something that didn't happen to us." To talk about it at length, with him, was exactly what she had wanted to do, but she knew he must be feeling guilty of disloyalty to her. He became awkward with her; he was overpolite and overcasual, where always in the past he had been casual and polite and sure. When she kissed him good night he would lay his fingers on her arm, where in the other days he had always given her a loving squeeze. He was not treating her as though she had become fragile, although the things he had been responsible for had made demands on her toughness. Well, maybe not toughness. Strength.

She was around the house as a secret invalid, a girl who belonged back in boarding school, a full-fledged woman, a graduate of emotional torture, an only daughter, the equal of her parents, the sister of her not-much-younger brother, a person who was suddenly allowed to have a cocktail and a cigarette because to forbid her to have a cocktail and a cigarette after her recent ordeal would have been as silly as trying to force her to play with dolls in order to make her a girl again. The ambiguities of her position in the family were in evidence from one minute to another.

"Ann dear," said her mother. "V



awhile before going back to school. I'll write and tell them you've been ill, but will be going back for the second fall term."

"But I'm not going back, Mother," she said calmly.

"You're not?"

"Oh, that would be ridiculous. A married woman living with a bunch of schoolgirls? Of course not."

"She's right, Edith," said Joe.

"But you haven't finished any school. You really ought to go somewhere and finish."

"I went to that hospital, that's finishing enough for me. Don't let's talk about it, or I'll go away. Mother—and you too, Father—I'm liable to go away anyhow. I'll keep my word. I won't see Charley. But that isn't saying I won't go away. And if I go, I'm not going to ask you if I can go. I have three hundred dollars in the bank—"

"I will put a thousand in the bank for you tomorrow," said Joe. "If you can't stand it here, tell us, but don't think of us as using money as a hold over you. If a thousand isn't enough, I'll make it two. But we want you here because we love you, and maybe we can help you. If we can, we'll try."

"We ought to have some excuse for your not going back to school. Everybody knows you have another year," said Edith.

"A lot of girls quit school at nineteen," said Ann. "Say I'm thinking of taking a secretarial course in New York. And I am, as a matter of fact."

"People will believe that, Edith."

"All right, just so we agree on a story. That's what I'll tell them at Oak Hill, too," said Edith.

The people who knew the truth of her relationship with Charley Bongiorno—Dr. English, Uncle Arthur McHenry, Mr. Slattery, the abortionist, the nurse—had all been of her parents' choosing. She realized one day that except for her mother and father, there was no one whom she had told by choice. And although the weeks were passing, the need to confide was not. It was not only a question of telling her *side* of it; it was a matter of telling the whole story. And there was only one person in the world for that.

She said to her mother one morning: "Can Harry drive me to the club today?"

"Why of course. I won't need him, and your father's been at the office for hours. Are you going to play golf?"

"No. Just have lunch."

"Alone?"

"There's always somebody there."

Ann sat on the front seat of the Cadillac sedan.

"The club?"

"Philadelphia. I have a lot to tell you."

"Do you mean that, Philadelphia?"

"Depends on how long it takes. Don't drive fast."

She made him promise not to interrupt until she told him she was finished. They were not far from Philadelphia when she said, "And that's all."

He turned the car to the side of the road and stopped. He bowed his head and wept. He kept his hands in his lap and then he put his hands on the steering wheel and rested his head on them and wept more wholly. At last he spoke as he took out a handkerchief.

"I knew there was something," he said. "They did a great job of camouflaging, but I knew you were in some kind of trouble. Where's your husband now?"

"I'm keeping my promise. I don't know."

"Do you want me to find him for you?"

"No," she said. "They'll make trouble for him."

"Trouble? Trouble? What do you want to do? That's all I want to know."

"Oh—whatever I am doing. Whatever that is. Just going on living and not shooting myself."

"Don't say that! Jesus Christ, girl!" This time he cried out and the weeping began again, but now it was not wordless; it was full of mutterings and incoherent sentences, and she put his head on her shoulder and patted his face. But it always stops, and his weeping stopped with a deep sigh.

"Harry. Dear sweet Harry," she said.

He smiled. "Dear sweet Harry, with a whole head full of salty tears and nothing else."

"That's why you're sweet and dear."

"I brung along me pipe and tobacco. I think I'll have a smoke," he said. The operation of filling and lighting his pipe, the something to do, brought him back from his misery.

"Marian and I have over fourteen thousand dollars saved up, not including six thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds. You ought to go away."

"I may."

"We'll give you the money. Don't take it off of them."

"I might as well let them

a check doesn't make up for things. I'd rather you took our money, good hard work and long years behind it."

"They wouldn't like that if I did."

"Oh, I'm giving notice anyway, whether you take the money or don't. I wouldn't live in the same house with them any more."

"If you leave, I'll leave."

"All right, that's what I want you to do."

"No, Harry. I'm going to stay. At least for a while."

"Why?"

"Oh—it's my home, and they're my parents. I think there's been enough harm done for one family, without my adding to it. If I leave, what good will that do anybody? Now I pity them. They're beginning to realize they did something awful and they're not sure what they ought to do to make up for it. And I'm just as well off there as I would be any place else. Maybe better."

"There's one thing you mustn't let them do. You mustn't let them make you think you made a mistake. Never let them do that. You made no mistake, girl. They made the mistake. Ah, what a mistake they made, and it'll plague them."

Before she could reply they heard the short whirl of a police siren and immediately there was a face under a Stetson at the left door of the car.

"Having trouble?" said the highway patrolman.

"Well, not your kind of trouble," said Harry.

"Are you the owner of this car?"

"I work for the owner."

"Let me see your owner's registration and your driver's license."

Harry handed them to him. The cop held onto them while he questioned Harry. "Do you think this is a safe place to park, right on a main highway?"

"Well, I don't know."

"Do you always stop on a main highway when you want to have a chat with your girl friend? I've been watching you for ten minutes."

"We been here ten minutes?"

"More than ten minutes. I've been *watching* you for ten minutes."

"And we didn't break any law."

"No, but if you want to park why don't you get off the main highway? Who're you, young lady? The maid?"

"She's the maid."

"Pretty soft for you. Go on, why don't you roll?"

"All right," said Harry.

The cop mounted his motorcycle and moved up to the door again. "Give him the air, baby. He's too old for you." He laughed, looked behind him, and deliberately backfired the machine and roared away.

The fresh cop changed the trip home into a cheerful journey.

Edith Chapin often wished that the family physician had not been so early in life and so permanently a man who was also a family friend. It was not so much that she felt embarrassment through the presence and the touch of Billy English; she had long ago accepted Billy in his impersonal, professional role; there was nothing more for him to see or to know. Except that there was more to know, that she never could let him know. She had no confidant as, for example, Ann had Harry Jackson as confidant. She had no woman friend to whom she would entrust a secret that was more her own than the more or less routine intimacies that she could tell another woman as another woman would confide in her. There were, so to speak, body secrets, functional secrets that finally were not secrets at all. They had, for instance, nothing to do with desire. She would not even go so far as to tell Josephine Laubach or Rose McHenry that she considered a man handsome. She seldom told any of the secrets of her mind, whether or not they were related to the actions or needs of her body. Even with Joe she had assumed and maintained an identity that went only as far as she wanted to go—and seemed to be as much as he wanted. They could revel in extremes of passionate experiment, but in the morning, after they had slept, they managed to make no reference, by word or by look, to the departure from conventional husband-and-wife that had occurred in the night. They would speak of each other as "my husband," "my wife," in such terms as to make the appellation seem to be a form of approval and applause, but at the same time a warning to the listener not to inquire into the subsurface relationship.

During the long convalescence Joe had not been in bed with her, and there was enough of drama and alarm about the accident to render them both impotent during the early months. But when Joe went back to wanting her actively, the memory of his injury kept them apart. He had been warned of the serious consequences of a refracture, and when he was lying again and wanted to stay with her, she was warned of his breaking his leg again that she would kiss her and touch her but the

had nothing left but their vote. With some misgiving, but hopefully, they gave or loaned their vote to the newer Mr. Roosevelt.

Joe Chapin had not been sufficiently impoverished to impel him to cast his vote for a Democrat, and the lasting impression made by the 1932 Democratic candidate as a Harvard undergraduate gave Joe Chapin a special reason for remaining a Republican. It was not feasible or desirable for Joe Chapin to stump the county and the state and tell the voters he had not liked Franklin D. Roosevelt at New York debutante parties. In the national mood of that moment such talk would have been paid for gladly by the Democratic National Committee. But Joe expressed himself at the Gibbsville Club and elsewhere, and since a lost cause makes aristocrats rather more attractive, and since Joe Chapin was already well thought of, his support of Mr. Hoover hurt him personally not at all; and actually was of some value in later years when he claimed the distinction of uninterrupted party conformism. He never had to make that hackneyed, apologetic admission that he had "voted for him in '32, but once was enough."

Arthur McHenry confessed that right up to the very last minute, even as he entered the voting booth, he had not decided not to vote for the Democrat. "But then I thought of whom my friends are, and I voted right," he said. There was enough of Arthur's and Joe's kind of thinking to carry the state for Mr. Hoover, but there were not enough of them in the country as a whole, and Mike Slattery and a thousand men like him took a hard look at the figures and knew they had their work cut out for them. In Mike's case the test would be in '34, when the voters would elect a governor and a United States senator. "Give him enough rope and he'll hang himself," said Peg Slattery, of the new President.

"Ah, now, but will he?" said Mike. "You won't listen to him on the radio, but you ought to, Peg. Know your opposition is one of the first rules of this nefarious profession of mine. Know your opposition, and take stock of what you've got to buck up against it with. Three things licked Hoover. The Depression, the fellow they elected, and Hoover himself. Say a few Hail Marys we'll develop a spellbinder by 1936, nationally."

"Put up Graham McNamee," said Peg.

"A funny remark, but closer to the truth than you realize. Say another few Hail Marvs he stays out of the governor and senator campaign in '34. Which he won't, of that you may be

sure. He wants Pennsylvania. He has to have Pennsylvania if he wants to win again."

"Win again, Mike? He's hardly in the White House."

"It'll take dynamite to get him out. Do you think that fellow's going to be satisfied with the one term? The campaign he ran? The wanting to show his fifth cousins? He'll run in '36 and he's going to make a fight for this state the likes of which you never saw. We haven't put in a Democrat for governor since 1890, and if it wasn't for somebody named Gill that ran on the Prohibition ticket we'd have won then, but that was 1890. This'll be 1934 and there won't be enough Prohibitionists to cut any ice one way or the other. We're not going to be running against the fellow that gets the Democratic nomination, either for governor or senator. We're going to be running against the fellow they just elected President. He'll see to that."

At 10 North Frederick Street there was another conversation of a political nature.

"Well, our friend had his parade," said Joe.

"Our friend? What parade?"

"You know our friend, the friend of the common people. The Harvard snob."

"Oh, of course," said Edith. "He had a parade?"

"Didn't you know about the parade? The N.I.R.A. parade, the Blue Eagle. What fools these mortals be. Every day I pick up the paper and it's getting so that if there isn't some new socialistic scheme, I'm surprised. Arthur thinks the N.I.R.A. may be unconstitutional, even though he's rather sympathetic toward some of our friend's wild schemes. I don't know whether it's unconstitutional or not. I haven't examined it that carefully, but I'm damned sure it's dictatorial."

"Well, if it's dictatorial isn't it unconstitutional?"

"That will have to be decided in court and it'll take some time."

"When does he get out?"

"When the people get some sense and vote him out, in 1936."

"How old will you be then? Let me think," said Edith.

"In 1936 I'll be fifty-four."

"And in 1934 is when—"

"Yes. Is when we go to the polls to elect a new governor. And lieutenant governor."

"You're going to run, aren't you? You still plan to?" said Edith.

"As fast as my legs can carry me," said Joe. "A rather appropriate remark, considering the shape of my legs, or one of them. Feeling the way I do about our friend, I have to run. It isn't only the honor any more. It's something I feel inside me, a matter of conscience, not to be too high-sounding about it, but that's what it is. Anything I can do to shorten his stay in the White House or to make it unpleasant, I'm duty bound to do. I'll campaign, I'll spend as much money as I can afford without endangering your financial security. I'll run as fast as my legs can carry me. And that's appropriate, too. You know our friend is worse off than I am, much worse. I can walk. He can't."

"Yes, you told me that," said Edith.

"I'm struck by the points of similarity between us. First, the kind of background he had, not too much unlike mine, although he's trying to destroy people like us. Second, this isn't a point of similarity, but I did know him slightly and couldn't stand him, and the point of similarity is that he didn't like me either. Third, remember when I told you how he'd run for vice-president without any political experience?"

"Yes, I remember."

"And then there's the similarity of handicaps. Mine isn't serious, but his is. He contracted infantile paralysis, and I broke my leg. I think it's fascinating. I could probably think of a better word than fascinating, but fascinating will do."

"And of course Arthur thinks you look a little like him."

"Arthur also used to think I looked like Woodrow Wilson. Our would like me to be a Democrat so that he could be one too."

"Not really," said Edith.

"No, not really, but it does irritate me," said Joe. "Oh, he told me a rather amusing thing that happened at The Second Thursdays. Last week it was unanimously agreed to stop drinking the customary toast to the President of the United States."

"Well, I should hope so," said Edith.

Joe smiled. "They couldn't wait till next winter. Henry Laubach polled the members and they all agreed."

"Didn't he call you?" said Edith.

"He didn't have to. Arthur said he felt sure he could speak for me, and he was right," said Joe. "It's interesting, you know. Woodrow Wilson wasn't the most popular man with The Second Thursdays, but they kept on drinking the toast."

"We were at war," said Edith.

"Yes, so we were. Well, I'd have felt like a damned hypocrite toasting Roosevelt, and now we won't have to."





say yes, and go get measured for my robe. I wouldn't have had to make any speeches. I could have gone to Atlantic City for the whole campaign. But if I want to be elected to anything next year, anything at all, I'll have to campaign. All Republicans will, because we're out to beat Roosevelt. It will be a great pleasure."

"Especially if you win."

"Especially if we win," said Joe. "Well, first I must convince Mike Slattery that he must convince that State Committee that I'm the logical man for lieutenant governor. Logic. There is no such thing as a logical man for that job. But I suppose if logic had anything to do with it, I could be called the logical man on account of Grandfather Chapin."

"What is there against you?"

"Against me? Well, first the State Committee has to decide on the governor, and not always, but usually, they allow him to have some say in picking his running mate. I don't think Gifford Pinchot would want me as his running mate, for instance, but Gifford Pinchot won't be nominated again. Then there are other considerations. I'm not a breaker boy, I've never pretended to be poor, and if having some money worries a voter I don't see how he can vote for our friend. Our friend has a family place up the Hudson that—oh, well, you know. I've never believed that having money hurt a candidate. Mr. Hoover is a very rich man, very."

"But he was defeated."

"Before that he won," said Joe. "What is there against me? Well, I'll find out."

Joe met Mike Slattery by appointment at the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia. If they were seen together, what more natural than two Gibbsville friends running across each other in the city? If they were not seen together, so much the better for Joe's first plan, which was to have an uninterrupted discussion in which he could sound out Mike. Mike came to Joe's room, where lunch was served, and when the waiter was dismissed, the two men smiled at each other.

"Mike, I think my best strategy with you is to be completely frank with you," said Joe.

"Well, I wouldn't know about the strategy, Joe. But at least it'll be a change from the way fellows usually approach me. Naturally you didn't lure me to your room and give me a fine big lobster just for a change from Bookbinder's."

"For a long time I've been working at building up my contacts, as some people call them, and when I had my accident I was just getting ready to have this talk with you. But it's

taken me a long time to get on my feet again, you might say, but now that I am on my feet, both feet, I'll put my cards on the table."

"Right," said Mike.

"Next year we're going to have the two big state contests. For governor, and for United States senator."

Mike nodded, but said nothing.

"I don't want either of them."

"You don't want either job, is that it?"

"Yes."

"I'm only making you say these things so there'll be no misunderstandings. Some men who are somewhat less experienced might think we've already picked our candidates. But we haven't."

"I see," said Joe. "Well, as I say, I don't want either job, I don't want either nomination."

"But now that you've told me what you don't want, you're going to tell me what you *do*?"

"Yes," said Joe. "I want the nomination for lieutenant governor."

Mike leaned forward and took a tiny sip of his ice water. "Who knows that you want it?"

"Edith knows. Until now, no one else. Arthur has a pretty good idea. But that's all."

Mike whistled softly an unrecognizable tune, unrecognizable to Joe because it was the Stabat Mater. He uncrossed and recrossed his legs. "I'm not going to waste both our time by asking you a lot of questions that you've thought out the answers to. I'm sure they're the right answers and good ones. You know you want the nomination, you have your reasons, going back, I suppose, to your grandfather. You're pretty well convinced that your contacts will support you?"

"Yes and no. I've spoken to no one about what I want but I modestly believe that I could count on a great deal of support from my contacts, which by the way are in every county in the state. I've used my Bar Association connections to make a great many after-dinner speeches. It usually worked out that I'd go to some Bar Association function, then get invited back for something like the League of Women Voters, and various Republican organizations, and Boy Scout dinners—all sorts of things. I've never talked politics, or at any rate not the kind of politics we mean when we say we talked politics. I wasn't actually running for anything, but I was, and I admit it, running in a sort of popularity contest, personal popularity."

Mike took another sip of ice water. "I have... much

talk about lieutenant governor so far. To that extent you have nobody to compete with. However, there may be several fellows have their eye on the job and are waiting to see which way the blanket turns. You know how these things work. If we nominate a governor from this part of the state, you haven't a chance. But if he's from west of the Nesquehela, that'll be in your favor. Speaking personally, and going only that far, I'd like to see you get the nomination, and not only as a friend. Joe, I'll tell you this much. I've known for some time about your building up contacts, and I know you made an excellent impression. That doesn't surprise me in the least. But you also know how it is in practical politics. Personal considerations, and attractive personality—they often mean less than nothing. And I'm a practical politician. I'm not a statesman. I'm a successful, fairly respectable ward-heeler. And if the rest of our fellows want somebody else, I'll see it their way. If on the other hand, they have nobody ticketed, I'll fight for you."

"That's what I hoped you would say."

"Now. Practical politics. Are you going to ask friends to help with the finances? Henry Laubach? Arthur? People like that?"

"Not for the nomination. I'm willing to do that myself."

"Are you sure you want to do that, Joe? Sometimes, in fact, usually, it's a better idea to have a lot of people putting up moderate sums than one or two people putting up the whole war chest."

"I'll take all the help I can get after I get the nomination, but whatever I have to spend before the nomination I'll do myself."

"It may be a considerable sum."

"I know."

"You may spend a considerable sum and not get the nomination."

"That's why I don't want my friends to give me financial support till I know they're going to get a run for their money."

"Now by a considerable sum, Joe, I mean a considerable sum. You may find yourself spending money, your own money, where another fellow that wants the nomination won't be spending anything because he's an organization regular. Remember, you're new at this, and it can be an expensive education."

Joe reached in his pocket and took out a long envelope and laid it in front of Mike. "You want me to look at this?" said Mike.

Joe nodded.

Mike emptied the envelope on the table. "I think I see twenty thousand dollars."

Joe nodded again.

"Do you want me to put this in my pocket?" said Mike.

Joe nodded again.

Mike smiled. "Joe, don't worry about a dictograph being hidden somewhere. If there's one here, which I doubt, we've said enough already."

"I haven't said anything in any way incriminating," said Joe.

"Have it your own way," said Mike. He got up and went out into the hall and beckoned to Joe to follow him.

"There's no dictograph out here, we can be sure of that," said Mike. "Don't be too suspicious, Joe. Money changes hands all the time. Now as to this money, I'll see that it gets where it'll do the most good. And I'll time it right. I'll wait till our fellows begin asking about money before they see a cent of this. Is that satisfactory to you?"

"Perfectly."

"Fine, now let's go back and have another cup of coffee and forget political intrigue."

Joe laughed. "Mike, you're a wonder."

"Oh, well," said Mike, not entirely displeased. "At least you didn't call me a smart Irishman."

"Only because I forgot to."

"I like it when people forget that," said Mike. "You'll be hearing from me in about a month, not before. If it's a big fat no, that'll end it for good. But if it isn't a no, just a perhaps, will you want me to continue trying?"

"As long as there's a good chance," said Joe.

"I'll almost guarantee you that much. As to this—" he tapped his coat pocket—"you understand you've kissed that good-bye."

"I understand," said Joe.

In about a month Mike telephoned Joe: "I'm a day or so late," he said. "But I just wanted you to know. I told you if there was a big fat no, that'd end it. Well, there hasn't been a big fat no or a little thin one, but I was right. A couple of other fellows think they'd like the same thing you'd like."

"Are they important?"

"Oh, more or less, but they can be dealt with. I'll call you again in three or four weeks."

Edith tried to persuade Joe to exact more detailed reports from Mike, but Joe argued against it. "The le know of

Mike's maneuverings at this stage of the game, the better off we are."

The next call from Mike was a week later than he had said he would be. "Do you remember what you handed me in Philadelphia?"

"Of course," said Joe.

"How many times would you be willing to multiply it? In other words, is your limit twice that? Two and a half times it? Or five times? What is your outside limit?"

"I'd have to know a lot more than I do know before answering that question," said Joe.

"I understand. Well, do you want to run into me at the club in about an hour or so?"

"I'll be there," said Joe.

Mike was reading his *New York Herald Tribune* in a back corner of the reading room. "Why, hello, there, Joe. As the Indians say, long time no see."

"May I join you for a minute or two?" said Joe.

"Well, we've made it casual," said Mike. "Have a seat. The fellows want to know this: how much is Chapin willing to spend on the campaign as a whole, and take his chances on the nomination?"

"I could spend a hell of a lot and never get anywhere."

"Exactly," said Mike. "But that's what they want to know, and they want me to find out. They won't make a single promise, not a single one. The twenty thousand, that's in the war chest. You're credited with it, but it had no strings attached to it."

"I fully realize that."

"They argue this way, Joe. Whatever you contribute, you're going to be taken care of somehow, proportionately to what you give. But they want to know are you going to hold out money in order to get a handshake deal on the particular job you want. If that's the case, they won't do business. You see, voting being what it is, they're not going to shake hands on lieutenant governor if you don't qualify for the ticket. You have to make a strong ticket, and you personally may not make it strong because of where you come from, or your background, or any number of things. That's only right, Joe. That's the way it works in politics. But what they will guarantee you is that they'll take care of you, although it may not be lieutenant governor."

"But that's the job I picked. What else is there?"

"Governor, and United States senator. And you won't get either one of those. A million dollars wouldn't get you senator."

Now I don't say you're not going to get lieutenant governor but we're not going to—I say we, I mean they—they're not going to promise you something they may not be able to deliver."

Joe thought a moment. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go five times as much as I have gone. In plain language, up to a hundred thousand, but with the understanding that that will also be my campaign contribution if and when I get the nomination. In other words, a hundred thousand between now and the primaries, but after that nothing. If my friends want to contribute, all right, but no more from me. If I don't get the nomination, no more contributions for twenty years."

"Oh, they're not going to like that last part. Do you really want me to tell them that? It sounds as though you were trying to give the orders."

"Not the orders. The money," said Joe. "And don't forget, Mike, I didn't say it was my final contribution for twenty years if I *do* get the nomination. I only said that if I don't get the nomination, I'll stop contributions for twenty years. It's like a life membership in a club. I usually give about five thousand a year to the organization. And to tell you the truth, I have been giving it for so long that I could argue that I shouldn't spend anything *like* a hundred thousand to get the nomination I want."

"What you gave in the past was the contribution of a regular party man. A lot of fellows in your circumstances give that much and more without wanting anything in return. And, Joe, I hate to bring this up, but there's that matter upstate, the thing I took care of with that justice of the peace."

"I always knew that would be brought up sooner or later."

A laudatory page-one piece in Bob Hooker's newspaper—two-column measure, 12-point Ionic on a 14 slug—was so skillfully done that many citizens actually asked Joe Chapin if he approved of Bob Hooker's article. Since Joe had read the piece as soon as it came out of the typewriter, and had reread it in galley proof, the question was not hard to answer. But among the older friends of the Chapin family a publicly active participation in politics was still regarded as a relinquishing of one's privacy. Mr. Taft was said to be a gentleman, Teddy was a gentleman, Woodrow Wilson was probably a gentleman, and there Gifford Pinchot was a gentleman but a *stranger* but as had been other gentlemen who ran for *rule, it was* out a rule, as a good, sound general rule, it was out

of politics when politics meant running for office. It was all very well to be a strong supporter of the party, and to accept, say, a Cabinet office, but it was not all very well to ask people to vote for you. What was to be gained? On the evening that Bob Hooker's Call to Arms was sounded there were, therefore, quite a few older people on Lantenengo Street and South Main who characterized the editorial and its author as "fresh." They agreed that the party, as Bob Hooker said, needed a man like Joseph B. Chapin, but they were sorry that Bob Hooker had taken it upon himself to specify not a man *like* Joe Chapin—but Joe Chapin!

The telephone at 10 North Frederick began ringing at about six-thirty, and the first calls were politely indignant. But after Edith had told various friends that Joe had seen the editorial, was flattered by it, and felt that if that was where his duty lay . . . On the following day Joe's statement was published. It was a nice combination of modesty and forthrightness.

"I was highly complimented to read the editorial which urged me to campaign for the high office once held by my grandfather and namesake, Joseph B. Chapin. I have always believed that the office should seek the man rather than the reverse. At the same time, I believe that good citizens of whatever party affiliation are becoming increasingly aware of the danger to the American way of life which is now threatening us in the national capital; and it is my conviction that no man or woman can shirk the performance of any task, great or small, which may contribute to the restoration of the fundamental principles on which this country was founded and which have made it great. If it should fall to my lot to be chosen to fight for those principles in a campaign for high office in our beloved Commonwealth, I shall accept the charge and carry our message to the people of Pennsylvania. If this be done, if the people are acquainted with the conditions which are leading us down the road to state socialism, the issue can never be in doubt. Suffice it to say that as an American and as a Republican I shall campaign to the best of my ability."

In several homes on Lantenengo and South Main and West Christiana, the head of the house was moved to say: "Good for Joe Chapin!"

In Collieryville, in the home of the district attorney, Lloyd Williams, that public servant, exclaimed: "Oh, dear."

"What?" said Lottie Williams.

"Oh, dear. Dear me."





"Yeah, that was when I was the Queen of England. I don't think she has a good screw in her, if you want to know what I think."

"She has two children," said Williams.

"That's just getting pregnant. You know darn well what I mean."

"Well, you never can tell," said Williams. "She may be just right for Joe."

"Then I don't think much of him. I wouldn't vote for him, on account of her. She's high-hat enough so's it is."

"I'll bet you a good dinner you won't get a chance to vote for him."

"Well, if I did, I wouldn't," said Lottie.

He was off by himself again. "If I had some common decency about me I'd go and have a talk with him. But would I? He wants it, or else it wouldn't get this far. It's none of my business if he wants to throw away twenty-five thousand bucks. He has it."

"Over a million, I hear," said Lottie.

"And I've got myself to look out for. He isn't what you call a real friend of mine. I never went to his house."

"Fat chance of that," said Lottie. "I'll bet you never even saw their house. When were you ever on North Frederick Street? I lived over in that part of town for a couple of years. I went to school to William Street. Fourth and fifth grade. Maybe it was fifth and sixth. I know I went to fifth at William Street. Fifth I remember. I think I remember fifth because twice five. I was ten years old. But part of the time I was either in fourth or sixth. I know I was ten when I was in fifth. That I do remember. But I'm not sure if I was there when I was *nine*, or *eleven*. I can't make sure whether I had my tenth birthday when I was in fifth or when I was in fourth. I'da still been ten if I had it when I was in fourth because school starts the Tuesday after Labor Day, in September. The Catholics used to start the Friday before Labor Day, or the Friday after. Before. That's right. Before. They always started earlier than we did. They never used to start the same day. And they used to get days off, holy days, but we got Institute Week. We always got off Institute Week and boy were they sore! But then they'd have some day like Holy Mother, or something, and they'd get the day off and we'd have to go. Let's see now, we got the week off for Institute Week. That was five days. The whole week. But they got all those religious days off, must have been five at least. Oh, more than that. And we used to argue. Would you rather have the whole week for Teachers'

Institute, or have it a day at a time, here and there, scattered. Which'd you rather have?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Williams.

"I think I'd rather have Institute Week. It was more on the order of a real vacation. But they gave us plenty of home work. *Oh*, that *home* work. I guess you didn't mind it because you liked to read, but I always wanted to be out playing baseball or games like that. There for a while I was a real tomboy. I hated being a girl. Well, I got over that all right. Do you want anything out of the kitchen?"

"What is there?"

"Well, I'll get you a snort, as far as that goes. Do you feel like a snort? I got some of the rye you brought home the night before last. Do you want a ball?"

"All right, give me a ball."

"We did have plenty of ginger ale unless we drank it all the night before last. I think we still have some. If we don't do you want just a straight?"

"Either way," said Williams.

"I think there's a whole bottle left, though. You brought home six bottles and I think we only used up the five. I'll go see."

"That's a good idea," said Williams.

"I could go and take a look instead of stand here and talk about it," said Lottie.

"Well, if you don't, I will."

"All right, don't get excited. I'll bet two pins that Edith Chapin wouldn't go out in the kitchen and wait on her husband. Not her. *She* has a *butler*."

"I'll get you a butler."

"Yeah, so you could have a French maid."

"Are you gonna get the drink or will I get it?"

"Keep your shirt on, Attorney. I'm getting there, slow but sure."

Williams telephoned Mike Slattery the next morning. The two men were not friends, chiefly because it was traditional in Lantenengo County for the Welshmen and the Irishmen not to be friends. But they managed to maintain cordial relations.

"What could the district attorney be wanting at this hour of the day?" said Slattery. "Let me quick examine my conscience."

"That's your trouble. When you examine your conscience it's God damn quick. Spend a little time at it one of these days."

"All right, now we've exchanged pleasantries, let's get down to business," said Mike Slattery.

"That's all right with me, Mike," said Lloyd Williams. "Like everybody else, I've been reading the newspapers."

"And?"

"Did Joe Chapin ever fight a duel?"

"Did Joe Chapin ever fight a duel? Now you're asking me that for some sly purpose. I don't know if Joe Chapin ever fought a duel. What's your sly purpose?"

"Well, if he did, I just looked it up, and according to Article Twelve, Section Three of the Constitution of this great state, any man that ever fought a duel, or even challenged another lad to fight a duel, is prohibited from holding an office of honor or profit in this great state."

"You're driving at something and I don't know what it is."

"You don't? I'm not too sly for you this morning?"

"I confess you are."

"Well, maybe you can get a couple guys to swear that Joe Chapin once fought a duel, and then when the time comes to give him the gate, all you gotta say is he's unconstitutional."

There was a long silence at Mike Slattery's end of the telephone connection.

Williams broke the silence: "Are you still there?"

"I'm still here," said Mike Slattery. "Let me ask you a question, Lloyd."

"Go right ahead."

"Is that your joke for today? Are you getting your laughs all over the courthouse with that one?"

"No, I thought I'd try it on you first," said Williams.

"Well, you've tried it, and I didn't laugh a bit. I didn't even smile. I'm not smiling now. If you know what's good for you—and I never saw the day you didn't—you'll lay off that kind of witticism. If you have your eye on Congress or Common Pleas judge, don't repeat that little joke or any like it."

"Well, I didn't think it'd go over so big."

"Then why did you go to all this trouble?" said Mike Slattery.

"Because if I was only born yesterday I could still see what you're going to do to Chapin, and you could have picked somebody else."

"I can hardly believe my own ears. Are you the new self-appointed guardian angel for Joe Chapin?"

"No."

"Then I'll give you some free advice. Keep your nose out of where it doesn't belong. You just go right on serving the people as the able district attorney for the County of Lantenggo, and have a good time doing it, because it could be your

last opportunity to serve them. You may find yourself retiring to private practice at the end of your term, and that isn't what you want."

"No, but God damn it, I'll sleep better tonight for what I've been telling you this morning."

"Oh, I slept all right *last* night, Lloyd. I'll bet I sleep better than you most nights. And I'll sleep all right tonight because I showed you where you might be making the biggest mistake of your life. You made your little protest, now keep your big mouth shut." Slattery hung up without another word to Lloyd Williams, but he immediately telephoned an assistant district attorney in Williams' office.

"Jamason speaking," said the assistant.

"Ralph, is your boss anywhere near you?"

"No. Who is this?"

"Mike Slattery."

"He's in his own office and the door's closed."

"I want to hear anything and everything he has to say about Joe Chapin, even the slightest little wisecrack. Check with me promptly. That's all."

But the precaution was unnecessary. Lloyd Williams had made his only protest, and it was the only one of its kind.

The regular party organization would be announcing its ticket in the spring, and with few exceptions the announced ticket had become, in the fall, the elected candidates. Party members were allowed to vote for the regular or the independent candidates for the nominations, but the regular organization had had a comfortably consistent record against independents. Even in 1934, with the Democrats in power in Washington and rising in the state, a Republican seeking office wanted the support of the regular organization. Moreover, Joe Chapin was by habit a regular organization man, and he had uncompromisingly aligned himself with the regulars. His nomination therefore depended entirely on his being announced on the organization ticket. In the months preceding the announcement of the organization ticket he repeatedly declared that the independents were merely New Dealers in disguise, and several times he implied that they ought to be read out of the party. It was not subtle politics, but it was Joe Chapin's, and no one stopped him.

Joe had accepted Mike's invitation to "put yourself in my hands" and he obeyed Mike's command to "do nothing without consulting me." Mike was his personal envoy at the higher councils of the organization, and was therefore presumed also to be speaking for the organization leaders when he told Joe

to be careful about accepting requests to speak at dinners and rallies. As a consequence Joe's speaking engagements were fewer than he had expected them to be. "It was all right before, but that was small stuff. Now you're out to get the nomination, and that's big stuff. And the wrong speech at the wrong place could hurt everybody, the party *and* you," said Mike.

"I'd like to know a little more about what's going on."

"There's no secret about it, goodness knows," said Mike. "We've got men all over the state finding out who'll make up the strongest ticket. We don't want to win for governor and lose for United States senator. We want a clean sweep. My man for lieutenant governor is Joseph B. Chapin, but aside from you, I keep an open mind. I could tell you who I'd like to see senator, but who I like and who gets on the ticket are two separate matters. I give advice, they listen to it, and if they think I'm right, they adopt it. But they don't always adopt it. Many's the time I came from Pittsburgh, tired and weary and wishing I'da been a schoolteacher or a doctor. Those were the times when my advice was thrown right out the window of the Duquesne Club, and I wished I'd gone out with it. But it's nice to win. Oh, it's nice to win. Then you forget the disappointments as though they never happened. And it's a team job, Joe. The Penrose days are gone forever. That's why you're lucky to be going along with the organization."

Early in February of 1934 Mike showed Joe Chapin a clipping from a Pittsburgh newspaper, a story in a political column. "This is the first sign of any trouble, and in case you didn't see it, I show it to you for what it's worth."

The column quoted a local politician, an organization man whose name was new to Joe. "In the eastern part of the state they are giving early support to Joseph B. Chapin (for lieutenant governor). Chapin, a lawyer, has had no previous political experience, according to William J. Murdock, who went on to say that the presence of an 'unknown' on the organization ticket could do irreparable harm to the party as a whole, particularly in a year which is expected to see close contests deciding the outcome in November."

"Well, he never heard of me, and I never heard of him," said Joe.

"I know him. He's pretty well thought of out that way."

"Do you think I ought to meet him and have a talk with him?"

"I thought of that, but I don't think you'd get along very well. He only wants men that came up from ward-heeler."

"Like our friend in the White House?"

"Well, our friend did have some experience. Murdock will do as he's told when the time comes. He'll deliver a whole congressional district," said Mike.

"Mike, you sound as though you like this fellow."

"He's very useful, Joe, and that's what counts, not my likes or dislikes."

Edith received Joe's account of the conversation calmly. "As Mike Slattery told you, this man Murdock will do as he's told. I don't see that he's anyone to worry about."

"He isn't if he's only stating his own opinion. Or if he's the only one that has that opinion of me. I'll start worrying when I hear that there are more like him."

He was not long waiting. "Did you see the *Philadelphia Sun* today?" Mike said, over the telephone.

"I missed it this morning."

"It isn't good, Joe. Have you got it at the office?"

"I think Arthur has a copy. I'll get his."

The *Philadelphia Sun* employed a political columnist who was a sarcastic delight to everyone except his victim of the moment. He wrote: "My Old Lady and I are going to have to pass up the hospitality of Lantenengo County which we have enjoyed in the past at the hands of jovial Mike Slattery and his Peg. Our reason is that Mike is trying to convince The Powers That Be that Joe Chapin ought to get the nomination for lieutenant governor. I don't know what is happening to friend Mike unless it be that he is getting in sassiety up Lantenengo way. Joe Chapin may be Joe Chapin in Gibbsville, the county seat of Lantenengo, but the only time I met him he was so forbidding of mien, so condescending in his attitude toward plain folks, that it is stretching the imagination to picture him allowing Mike to call him anything but M' Lord. Lord Chapin is so lofty in manner that we are amazed that lieutenant governor is noble enough for him. If we had a Viceroy in this here Commonwealth, we could understand how he might 'stand for election,' as they say in jolly England. Not having a title of that nature, we suppose lieutenant governor has to do. But it must be frightfully boring, doncha know?"

"Seriously, we are not at such a loss for prospective candidates that we can afford to try out an amateur who has only one thing to recommend him, that being a grandfather who likewise served a term as lieutenant governor. If we are selecting candidates on that basis, can't we find a Republican who is a collateral descendant of George Washington? Furthermore, if Mr. Slattery is seriously proposing that the second place on

the state ticket be handed on a silver platter to a rank amateur, who never has held public office in the fifty-two years of his life, it could be that Mr. Slattery is 'losing his touch.' If so, it is fortunate we are discovering it before the harm is done."

Joe Chapin called Mike Slattery back. "Mike, I don't remember ever meeting that fellow."

"That isn't the part that worries me."

"What does?" said Joe Chapin.

"His sources."

"His what?"

"His news sources. All newspaper fellows have news sources. And this fellow has the best. He's the mouthpiece for The Powers That Be that he mentions. In other words, he knows something I don't know, because I haven't been let in on it."

"About me?"

"Well, yes. I'm going to be out of town for a few days, beginning tomorrow. I'll be in touch with you when I get back."

"Shall I go along with you?"

"Oh, no. Thanks for offering to, but I have to do this job myself."

Mike went home that evening and did not wait for dinner to be finished before his chat with Peg. "I suppose you saw today's *Sun*."

"Oh, sure."

"They've started to give it to Joe."

"They gave it to you a little, too."

"Oh, that did me no harm. I knew it was coming. I heard about it last week. They asked me if I'd mind and I said of course not. Philadelphia papers can do me a little good, but they can't do me any harm. Quite the opposite. I probably made a few friends through that article."

"Well, Joe Chapin didn't."

"That's different. He was ridiculed where he's vulnerable. I was made to look like a loyal pal. I wish Joe'd quit before they really start to work on him."

"Why? He knew what he was getting into."

"Oh, no he didn't. They never know. He was upset, I could tell over the phone. Nothing he said, just his manner, the tone of his voice. What have we got for dinner?"

"Roast lamb," said Peg. "With mint sauce."

Mike nodded. "I wish you were friends with Edith."

"Well, I'm not, so you can rule out that consideration."

"How's Michelle's cold?"

"She was over this afternoon. It's gone," said Peg. "She and Howard are thinking of getting a Plymouth."

"It's a good little car, a Plymouth. 'Don't buy a big car,' I told Howard. Ed likes a Plymouth better than a Chevy. What worries me is if they give him the works too soon. He's going to get it, that's as sure as the Lord's above, but we want it to look good. We don't want him or anybody else to think we took his money and gave him a seat in the bleachers. That's a lot of money, Peg. A lot of money. He'll get something out of it. They can dream up some kind of a commission to be chairman of, if necessary—"

"That's if we don't lose the election," said Peg.

"I must ask you not to voice that thought," said Mike. "Or we could put him farther down the ticket, but he wouldn't go for that, and he shouldn't. Not with that money to his credit. I wanted to have a talk with him myself, but they decided against it. They decided they were going to make it look like, uh, spontaneous combustion. One of them said spontaneous protest. When Murdock let go his blast a while ago, that was to see how Joe'd take it. Well, he took it like Joe Chapin. He wanted to convert Murdock, and thought he could. Just like today, he wanted to go away with me tomorrow and talk to them, but I got out of that fast."

"Well, what's next?"

"Oh, I don't know. Probably have him to a meeting and ask him if he'll withdraw gracefully and take something else. If he squawks, then he'll get nothing. That'll make it easier for all concerned. If he listens to reason, they may be able to satisfy his ego. We'll see."

Two weeks passed, then Mike was instructed to bring Joe to a meeting. It was being held in a building on North Broad Street, Philadelphia, in an office that had no name but only a room number on the door. A girl sat reading a magazine at a desk in the outer office, and she nodded in greeting to Mike and Joe, who proceeded to a larger room which was furnished like a board-meeting room. There were eight men present, one of them the former senator whom Joe had interviewed in Washington. There were numerous paper items and ash trays and water carafes on the table, and it was apparent from the ash trays that the meeting had been in progress for a considerable time. The men remained seated.

"Gentlemen, this is my friend Joe Chapin. Joe, I think you know almost everybody here."

"I think so," said Joe.



The well-tailored man who seemed to be chairman spoke up before there could be any further delays for the exchange of courtesies. "Mr. Chapin, if you'll have a seat?" He indicated a chair facing his own and halfway around the table.

"Thank you."

"Mike, if you'd like to sit next to Mr. Chapin," said the chairman. "I think we're ready to begin. Mr. Chapin, the party is genuinely and deeply appreciative of your assistance in all matters, and by no means the least of them, of course, your very generous monetary assistance, which I can assure you was needed and timely, and we wish there were many, many more Republicans like you. I will say to you here, and not for repetition—nothing said here is to be repeated, please—that in this room we are all realists. We don't kid ourselves, we don't kid each other. We try to be polite, but sometimes we even fall short of that. But as I say, we are realists, all of us, and the plain, stark, unvarnished truth is that I don't exaggerate when I tell you that the party is in for the toughest battle in its history, not even excepting the days of Woodrow Wilson, which I'm sure you remember. Wilson was elected President of the United States, but his party didn't carry Pennsylvania. We haven't had a Democrat for governor since I believe 1890. Pattison. And even he was an accident, due to splitting of the ticket by a group that called themselves the Prohibition party. If we had had those Prohibition party votes, which rightfully belonged to us, we'd have beaten Mr. Pattison, but he won because something like 16,000 voters defected. And defected is the word.

"Now then, you may wonder why I dwell on something that happened nearly fifty years ago. I do so, because—again, I remind you, we are realists here—I do so because this is going to be a close election, closer than you'll get any of us to admit in public. I have here the latest figures on Relief. Or, as the British more honestly call it, the Dole. They are startling, but you are probably familiar with them yourself. What they represent to us, and to the party, is potential Pattisons. *We could lose this election*, Mr. Chapin. The people have their beer again, but the President is also giving them cash. Some people will tell you that we are being taxed out of existence, but though I happen personally not to believe that, I do subscribe to the theory that our party is being taxed out of existence by the very money we pay in taxes. It isn't a pretty thought, but I believe it's a true one.

"Now then, I mean it literally when I tell you that we cannot afford to lose a single vote. Votes that we used to be abl

to count on are now being taken away from us by the President and his dole. We can't hope to compete with the Federal government in handing out money, notwithstanding a few contributions like yours. All we can hope for, Mr. Chapin, is to hold on to every vote we've ever had in the past, and possibly, just possibly, attract a few voters who can look past the cash the President offers, and see which direction he is taking us. In order to attract any voters and to hold on to those we've had, we must put up the strongest ticket the party can supply.

"Mr. Chapin, the party needs you and men of your caliber. But this year we can't afford to gamble on a man who is not a proven vote-getter. I'm afraid it's as coldly simple as that, and knowing you to be a man of principle as well as a loyal Republican, I, speaking for myself and for the other men at this table, am going to ask you to withdraw as a potential candidate for lieutenant governor.

"I am not going to ask you to give us your answer here and now. You can let us know through our friend Mike Slattery in, say, a week from now. We meet here nearly every day, and Mike can let us know when you've made your decision. In the meantime perhaps you might like to say a few words to this meeting. The floor is yours."

Joe got up from his chair, which, since the chairman had remained seated, led the other men to believe he was about to make a speech. They frowned slightly, but they looked at him and settled back in their chairs. Then he looked at each man individually, slowly making the circle of the table and at last coming to Mike. He then faced the chairman and said: "Gentlemen, I withdraw."

He then quickly walked out of the room, leaving them with their astonishment.

He went to a cheap hotel and registered as Joseph B. Champion, City. "Do you have any luggage, Mr. Champion?"

"No, I'll pay in advance. Three days."

"Be twelve dollars in advance. The boy'll show you your room. Boy, front."

He followed the bellboy into the elevator, which the boy operated, and down the hall to an inside room. "Will that be all, sir?"

"Not quite," said Joe. "I want you to get two bottles of Johnny Walker Black Label Scotch."

"I can't leave the building till my relief gets here, but I can get you a bottle of other Scotch, eight dollars a bottle."

"All right, bring that."

"It's good Scotch, but it just ain't Johnny Walker Black. I

keep a bottle for late at night and people come in and want Scotch, I always have a bottle or two."

"Well, if you have two, bring both. Here's twenty dollars."

"Meaning I keep the change?"

"If you have two bottles of good Scotch, yes."

"I'll be right back."

He was back in five minutes with two bottles, one different from the other, but both Scotch. "I brought you some ice, in case you wanted ice."

"Thank you."

"Anything else, sir?"

"Not a thing, thank you."

For two days Joe stayed drunk in the dismal room. On the third day the telephone rang and he answered it. "I'm afraid we're going to have to ask you for your room, Mr. Champion. Your three days are up today."

"Thank you for telling me."

He had the boy bring him shaving supplies. He took a bath, dressed and went to the Union League and had some eggs and coffee and a few drinks, and then he took the 4:35 for Gibbsville.

The 4:35 was a train that got the well-to-do home in time for dinner and the less well-off home late for supper. The Gibbsville station was only three blocks from 10 North Frederick Street, and Joe Chapin always walked.

Edith was reading the *Standard* when he appeared in the den. She looked up at him, then looked back at her newspaper.

"I've been quietly getting drunk," he said.

"Do you want me to hold dinner, or do you want to talk now?"

"Are you hungry? If not, let's wait."

"I'm not very hungry," she said. She rang for Mary and told her there would be an hour's delay. During this time Joe made himself a Scotch-and-soda, then sat in his favorite leather chair.

"Mike Slattey's been trying to get you. He called a couple of times today. Yesterday. The day before."

"A touching concern. What did you tell him?"

"Well, I only spoke to him once, the day before yesterday. I told him you were expected home that evening. After that I had Mary or Marian take the calls. He left word to have you call him when you got home."

"I went to a hotel and got drunk."

"Were you alone?"

"Yes. Oh, did I have a woman with me? No. I never thought of it, to tell you the truth."

"Or you would have," said Edith.

"No, I don't think so, Edith," said Joe. "The way I was feeling, I wanted to be alone, not even with myself. That's why I got drunk. The tender ministrations of a whore were the last thing I wanted."

"No, the tender ministrations of your wife. You apparently never thought we might be worried about you here. I did telephone the Bellevue, but of course you weren't registered. I thought of calling the police, to check the hospitals in case your leg was hurt again, but then I decided you'd be identified if you got in an accident."

"It was very inconsiderate of me."

"Very," said Edith.

"It was wanting to be alone. I remember one time you were cross with me, oh, long ago. We'd been to the Vineyard, and we were going to spend the night at the Bellevue. I think I had an appointment to meet somebody, and whoever it was broke it, and I wanted to go home. But you had some shopping to do, so you stayed in Philadelphia and I came home. Do you remember that?"

"I remember it very well."

"Well, you wanted to be by yourself that time, and this time I wanted to be by myself."

"Yes, but you knew where I was. For three days I haven't known where you were or who you were with. I still don't know, but I suppose you're going to tell me."

"Yes."

"If you want to," she added.

"There's nothing to hide, Edith. Nothing to be ashamed of except my lack of consideration for you, and my own real, deep, congenital stupidity. It's a hell of a come-down at my age to suddenly realize that all your life, at least all your mature life, you've been hoping for something that you had no more right to hope for than . . . Like picking an apple off a bowl of fruit. Or a paper off a newsstand. Drop a few pennies on the pile of newspapers, and walk away with the paper you want. That's really how simple I thought it would be, if I ever thought at all. At fifty-two I still went on thinking that because I wanted something, I could get it. I deceived myself so completely that I even deceived you. My ambition, I can't even put it into words, it's so absurd. Only three days ago I was still

thinking that . . . Oh, what a fool! It's cost me a hundred thousand dollars, but that isn't punishment enough for being so stupid. It's no punishment at all, really, because I won't miss it. Dave Harrison has the word for people like me. A chump. Well, all this isn't telling you anything. I'll tell you exactly what happened. Mike Slattery and I, as you know, took the eight-thirty-five, and after we got to Philadelphia we went to an office building on North Broad Street. . . ."

He told Edith every detail that he could recall. At the end she said: "Is that all you said?"

"That was all. I think they expected me to make a stirring appeal to their I don't-know-what. I'm sure they expected me to make a little speech. But long before that I was ready to go. I knew it was all over. What else was there to say? Eight important men, nine with Mike Slattery, were watching me to see how I was going to react to being told I was a useless chump. Well, what is there to say? I couldn't graciously tell them, 'Gentlemen, I know I'm a chump.' They knew that better than I did. They'd known it for a long time. What do you do after you've been given the coup de grâce? I've never seen it, but I suppose you shudder a little and die."

She looked at him before speaking. "You haven't lost."

"I haven't lost? Edith, what do you mean I haven't lost? I've wasted dear knows how many years, how many miles of travel, a hundred thousand dollars—and my conceit."

"Those things, yes. But you still haven't lost an election."

"Small comfort, that. I never lost the Harvard game, either. But I never played. Never made the team. Never sat on the bench."

"They'll offer you something, if only because you gave them all that money. Aren't you going to accept?"

"No."

"What *are* you going to do, Joe, with the rest of your life?"

"I've been wondering. First, I'll try to get back my self-respect without the conceit. I'll try to get over my embarrassment. I wasn't embarrassed at the time, but since then I can't tell you the embarrassment I've felt, thinking of myself sitting there facing those men while they stared at me and told me I was a useless chump. They were being courteous to a hundred thousand dollars. Mother's money, incidentally. Not even money I earned myself. Not even money a Chapin earned. Money a Hofman earned. What am I going to do? I'm going to live at 10 North Frederick Street, go to my office, spend the summers on the farm—and yes, I know one thing I want to do. I want to be a better father to my children. I'm a useless



that suddenly, and they asked me. I said, 'Gentlemen, class tells. Class tells,' I said. I said what was there for you to do? Prolong it into a session that would be painful for all concerned, or make your announcement and leave before anybody had a chance to get embarrassed. I just want to know first and foremost, you're not sore at me, I hope?"

"No, I think you probably did the best you could," said Joe.

"What I wanted to hear you say. I'm on my way to Washington tomorrow, but let's have lunch when I get back."

"Any time at all," said Joe, hanging up.

"Well, that's that," he said to Edith.

In the Slattery living room Mike said to Peg: "I don't know. He made it too easy for me."

"Don't look for trouble, Mike. You said yourself, class tells. I don't know about class, but he was raised a gentleman."

"Uh-huh. And he'll never trust me again as long as he's alive to draw breath."

"Well, why should he? And what do you care?"

"I care because now that he's completely out of politics I can like him again," said Mike.

"The way I look at it, twice you came to his rescue to get the daughter out of trouble. The first time wasn't anything, the time she had her little whatever-it-was with the truck driver. But that second time was worth a hundred thousand dollars."

"Well, thanks for reminding me. I guess it was."

"A hundred thousand dollars, a lot of money even if you say it quick. But not much to what they would have spent. If you could get that thought across to him maybe he wouldn't take it so hard, not getting on the ticket."

"I don't think he minds the money so much, but it's a good idea to remind him of what he would have spent. And I never even asked him for carfare to give that marriage record the tear-up."

A brief telephone call from Mike Slattery to Bob Hooker disposed finally of any further local publicity regarding Joe Chapin. At Mike's suggestion Joe issued a single statement concerning his candidacy, which ran in the *Standard* and in some other newspapers in the county, but nowhere else in the state. "Upon the advice of my physician, who informs me that the rigors of a strenuous statewide campaign could lead to serious complications of the recent accident to my leg, I have asked the members of the State Republican Committee to withdraw my name from consideration in shaping up the ticket for the coming elections. In doing so, I have assured the Commit-

tee that I shall continue to lend my wholehearted support to all Republican candidates in the forthcoming campaign, short of public appearances involving extensive travel. I wish to thank my friends, who have so loyally rallied to my support, for their good wishes and offers of assistance. I know that they, like me, will now direct their energies toward the only satisfactory conclusion of the campaign; a sweeping Republican victory in November!"

Joe saw Billy English at the club the day after the announcement appeared. "Joe, I'm sorry to learn you have a new doctor."

"A new doctor? Oh, the statement."

"As a matter of fact, I've always warned you that the leg could give you trouble, so I didn't mind. Is that why you withdrew, or did a little taste of politics turn your stomach?"

"Well, between you and me, a little of both. My leg and my stomach were involved. But I'm not going to admit that to people."

"For people who don't need it in their business, the best publicity is no publicity. The biggest men I've ever known have stayed out of the newspapers as much as possible. When Julian died I developed such a hatred for notoriety that I told Bob Hooker I never wanted my name in his paper again. Well, I knew that couldn't be. The hospital, and the Medical Society, they come in for a certain amount of publicity, and my name gets printed in those connections. But articles about me or my family, even squibs on the society page, I don't want them. You wouldn't have liked it after a while, Joe. I saw one article in one of the Philadelphia papers, I guess you saw it too. I wanted to horsewhip the fellow that wrote it, and I was thinking about it last night after I read your statement. You're well out of the whole thing. I'm all for helping the party, but I'll do it with money, as long as I can afford it, and whatever my opinion is worth to the people I come in contact with. There's Arthur."

"Where?"

"Isn't that Arthur at the bar?"

"No, Arthur's still in the dining room. I don't know who that is. A guest, I imagine."

"Oh. I thought it was Arthur, but on second look I can see it isn't. Well, glad you haven't changed doctors, Joe. Wouldn't like to have to change lawyers."

Some men at the club commented on Joe's withdrawal from politics, and others ignored it. Partly on Mike's advice, and partly on Arthur's, Joe was making himself visible at all of his



usual places—the club, the courthouse, Main Street, the country club—for the first few days after the statement. In a little while, probably as little as a week, people would accept him as a non-candidate, and in only a little more time they would forget he had ever been considered a possibility. After that Joe and Edith were to visit the Dave Harrisons at their new house in a place called Hobe Sound, Florida. They had not at first intended to accept the Harrisons' invitation, but as Edith said, "This would be a very good time to remind Gibbsville, and Pennsylvania, that one of your best friends is a Morgan partner. It won't do any harm, just in case there's any talk about your not getting the nomination."

The Harrisons had the Alec Weekses and the Paul Donaldsons from Scranton as their other guests with the Chapins. The men fished and played golf and drank large quantities of whiskey and nursed their grudge against their friend in the White House. The women swam and played bridge and went to Palm Beach to shop or to the nearby St. Onge's for Kodak film. Hobe Sound was less than an hour's drive from Palm Beach, and was only just becoming known. It was a resort that was in effect a private club, and the theme of it was the new simplicity: houses that could be run with staffs of a minimum of servants; multimillionaires driving inconspicuous Plymouths instead of Rolls-Royces; a place where the powerful could relax unobserved by the trippers from West Palm Beach, and yet could tie up their Diesel yachts. A visitor could be made a member of the Jupiter Island Club for ten dollars, but he could then find himself in a dollar-a-point bridge game every afternoon and night. The man in the old Groton School blazer might be a Morgan partner, and the man in the shredded khaki pants might be the brains of the motor car industry.

Dave Harrison and Alec Weeks went fishing one day and left the Pennsylvanians, Chapin and Donaldson, to play golf. But the rain fell heavily and the Pennsylvanians decided to do some rainy-day drinking together while the women visited the shops of Worth Avenue.

"Joe, I understand they gave you a real royal screwing a month or so ago."

"I guess you could call it that."

"Well, what would *you* call it?"

"Oh, a real royal screwing," said Joe.

"Is what I heard true? A hundred and fifty thousand smackers?"

"No, not that much, but it was a large sum. But I see their point."



"You ought to come to New York with me some time and I'll fix you up with a little group I know. They aren't hookers. Most of them are getting alimony from some poor sucker, and all they want is somebody to take them to El Morocco so they can doll up. A couple of them even live with their husbands, but the husbands don't give a damn either. They've got girls of their own. I saw one of them in Palm Beach the other day. In fact I almost went down there this afternoon and got myself a good piece of tail. They aren't kids, but who wants kids? The only trouble I ever got into was those young kids that think all they have to do is holler and you'll shell out. No, these dames I'm talking about, they're all in their thirties or more, but there isn't a thing they don't know, and you don't have to go to Paris. New York is overrun with the most perverted, fanciest, goodlooking dames in the history of the world. And all they want out of you is to take them out to a good dinner and a show and a night club."

"How do you get time to make all your millions?"

"Listen," said Paul. "I'm downtown by ten o'clock, just after the bell rings. A good piece of tail and a good seven hours' sleep, and I think more clearly than if I was some guy that tossed and turned wishing he had what I had. A lot of our friends go to a gym. I get in bed with a woman and I sleep better. I'm a great believer in sleep. Not ten hours, not twelve hours. Six or seven or eight hours of sound sleep."

"How do you get away with it?"

"You mean Betty?"

"Yes."

"That's just it, my boy. If I came home looking debauched. But I don't. I don't drink too much. I drank more in the time we've been here than I ever do in New York."

"But doesn't Betty wonder what you do at night?"

"She's in Scranton, most of the time. She knows I'm not going to stay in the hotel and have dinner in my room every night. She knows I go out."

"I know, but when you're gone all night."

"No calls between midnight and eight-thirty."

"And you've never been caught."

"Never been caught. Why should I be? Listen, boy, I don't want you to think I get laid every night. I don't. But every time I go to New York, yes. You know man is naturally polygamous, Joe. You know that. A stallion always has as many as forty or fifty mares. I've got a girl in R st and one in Chicago and two or three in Philadelphia. And if Betty weren't along on this trip I'd be kept busy in Palm Beach."

"Paul, you amaze me."

"Yes, I imagine I do. The one big trouble with living in a small town, the best people haven't got the facilities for high-class adultery. Automobiles. Country roads. Sneaking off to camps in the woods. In New York nobody gives a damn. And I don't live there. I'm home every week-end, unless I'm out on Long Island or up in Connecticut. I'm a visitor. So my wife doesn't have to run across the dames I go to bed with. Not that they'd ever run across each other anyway. These dames are not exactly the Bryn Mawr type, but they're a damned sight better looking because they haven't got a worry in the world except looking their best after six o'clock."

"What would Betty do if she did find out?"

"Betty is very careful *not* to find out."

"Oh, then she knows."

"No, she doesn't know. But she doesn't try to know. And I don't want her to know. Listen, boy, I'm not a damn fool. I believe in our marriage. You don't think I'd ever marry one of these dames? I wouldn't leave Betty for anything. And don't forget, it's often harder to keep a marriage going than it is to break it up."

Joe looked at him and said nothing.

"You're too much of a gentleman to ask me what's on your mind," said Paul. "Yes, Betty and I sleep together. If I had to give up the other women, I would, if it meant breaking up with Betty."

"Well, you have a daughter coming out next year."

"Oh, not only that, Joe."

"I must say you make it all sound like the only way to live."

"Not for everybody. But for me."

"No, I think you're a fucking hypocrite. And that's a good use of both words."

"Well, and I think guys like you are the real hypocrites. You want it, but you're afraid to go after it."

"It isn't always a question of being afraid. But I don't think you'd understand what I believe. It'd sound too sanctimonious."

"I'll bet it would."

"Oh, but I'll say it anyway. There's such a thing as respect. Giving up those other dames because you respect the woman you're married to."

"You think I don't respect Betty?"

"I know damn well those dames don't think you do, and that's what matters, whether Betty ever knows about it or not."

"You are a little Lord Fauntleroy. Tell me the truth, Joe. Did you ever stay with anybody but Edith?"

"Yes. But not since we've been married."

"You know, you're almost due for some middle-aged wild oats, and then we'll see who's the hypocrite."

"Oh, I'm probably a hypocrite, too, but in different ways. I don't think I could ever have an affair with a woman and then try to kid myself that I was having it because I liked to get eight hours' sleep. I don't say that I'm better than you are, but I believe my imperfections are less harmful than your imperfections."

"Let's go up to the pool and have a look at the girls in their bathing suits."

"They won't be there. It's raining."

"So it is. Well, let's tie one on. I was thinking of asking you to go to Palm Beach, but you're too damn sanctimonious."

"And I'm a very sound sleeper."

Paul Donaldson from Scranton held his glass at arm's length and stared at it. "You know, I don't know but what you may be right. But I won't admit it. If I had to do over again there isn't a single piece of tail I'd want to give up. So I guess I consider myself a happy man. God knows I don't consider *you* a happy man. You go ahead and consider me a fucking hypocrite, but I consider you a miserable, unhappy bastard. You never got anything out of life and, boy, you wouldn't know how to start now."

"But that's assuming I'd *want* to start now," said

forget all about the girl from Dayton and Charlotte and Kansas City and Gibbsville, and she would begin to make her own life with office friends and friends of office friends and young men who had grown up in Kansas City or Gibbsville, attended Choate and Williams, had jobs in New York and, usually, considerably less money to spend than the girls. The Kansas City girl and the Choate-Williams boy might become fond of each other, fond enough to go to bed together, but there was little talk of love. The boy was not really interesting, not as interesting as The Boss. The girl was not really desirable to the boy, who was busy using Squadron A as the first step toward the Racquet Club and with an eye on the richer and just as pretty girls on the North Shore of Long Island. The boy would practice economies by buying his suits at Broadway's or Roger Kent while still going to Brooks for the right shirt. He also would economize by taking the Kansas City girl to the Italian restaurant on Bleeker Street, so that he could swing a dinner at "21" for a girl he had met through the Squadron. The boy would learn the language of his type: "I went to a place called Choate," he would say to the sister of a Grottie. "I come from a place you probably never heard of—Indianapolis."

The outlander boy and the outlander girl stayed away from their Bohemian fellow-townsmen who lived in the less expensive sections of Greenwich Village. "Carol? Yes, I saw her last fall, at the theatre. Yes, she still keeps up with her painting. At least she was then. I think she was going to marry a Jap, but it fell through."

Ann's first job was found for her. "I'll find a job for her, Joe," said Alec Weeks. "It probably won't be anything very interesting or exciting, but it'll give her something to do and pay her a small salary." The job, paying twenty-five dollars a week, was in the library of the firm of Stackhouse, Robbins, Naismith, Cooley & Brill, the successor to Wardlaw, Wardlaw, Somerfield, Cooley & Van Eps. The lawyers at Stackhouse et al. liked to look things up themselves, but when only a certain book or two were needed they would telephone their library, give the titles of the books, and Ann would carry them to the lawyers making the requests. Her other duties consisted of seeing to it that the yellow paper and sharpened pencils were on the refectory tables, and that the lights were turned off after the lawyers left the library, and that no cigarettes were left burning in the glass ash trays or on the shelves of the stacks. She also saw to it that the room temperature was kept fairly uniform and that there were extra packages of Zymole

Trokies for Mr. Meade, the firm's librarian, an elderly gentleman who had once done a-year-and-a-day in Atlanta but preferred not to talk about it.

Ann grew weary of the subway trips between her apartment and Cedar Street, and the unstimulating work, and Mr. Meade's throat-clearing and spitting. She heard about, and took, a job in a bookstore on Madison Avenue, where she could walk to work and have her opinion sought and make five dollars a week more than Stackhouse, Robbins, Naismith, Cooley & Brill had been paying her. It was 1935 and she was twenty-four years old.

The girl who lived with her in the East 64th Street walkup was from Buffalo, New York, and always said "Buffalo, New York." Her background was the same as Ann's, in that her father was a lawyer, quietly rich, and a class behind Joe Chapin's at New Haven. She was likewise an only daughter and a non-college girl who had gone to Farmington and an American school in Florence, Italy. The apartment arrangement was more or less inevitable after they compared backgrounds over many cups of coffee in the Barbizon drug store, where they both were living during their early New York days. They might also have taken the apartment together without the common backgrounds, since they had liked each other from the beginning. They never were introduced. They introduced themselves in the drug store, and after they began sharing the apartment one of them would occasionally say to the other, "I don't believe we've met."

Kate Drummond was a cool, self-sufficient beauty, whose hair was black and whose skin was creamy. She was half an inch shorter than Ann, who was five feet, five inches tall, but Kate with her slender nose and narrow shoulders, seemed taller than Ann. She was one of the girls who had made good her announcement to do some modeling, but the work bored her and exhausted her and she took her name off the lists, even before giving up the room in the Barbizon. It was not until they had lived in the apartment for a month that Ann realized that she really knew nothing about Kate, nothing that could not have been guessed by any observant person.

Ann had not known, for instance, that Kate did not have a job. She had known about the modeling work, and assumed that that was what she did in the daytime. But after they began living together, Kate remarked that she was looking for an easy, but entertaining and not confining job. She would get up and have a morning cup of coffee with Ann, wash the breakfast dishes, make the beds, and "putter" until it was time to go

out for lunch. She kept the household accounts, sent out the laundry, bought the magazines, the phonograph records, the gin and vermouth, and ordered the food for their evening meal.

Ann's protests that all the work was being done by Kate were answered by Kate's insistence that it all gave her something to do. And then they had their first confidential conversation.

They had had their cocktails and lamb chops and ice cream, and they were having their cigarettes and coffee. "Tonight I insist on doing the dishes," said Ann.

"All right."

"Why, Kate? No argument?"

"No. There may be an argument, but not about that. Ann, have you ever wondered why I never seem to go out with men?"

"Yes, but I thought you probably had a beau in Buffalo."

"I have a beau, but not in Buffalo. And he's not a beau. I have a lover. or I'm his mistress, as you prefer. He doesn't keep me, and I certainly don't keep him. But there is a man that I'm having an affair with, and I've got to tell you about it because I took the apartment with you under false pretenses. I wasn't completely frank with you."

"Well, you didn't ask me anything like that, either."

"No, but there's more to it than that. This man is married and I'm in love with him, which is why I haven't taken a job. He comes here in the afternoon."

"Oh," said Ann.

"We very seldom have any nights together, but he's been here—at least once a week. I know *you're* not a virgin, without ever coming out and saying so. But if you consider it messy to have me meet my—lover—here, I'll stop until you can find another girl to share the apartment. Or, if you feel very strongly about it, I'll give you my half of next month's rent and leave right away."

Ann took a deep drag of her cigarette. "So you knew I wasn't a virgin," she said. She smiled.

"Right away," said Kate. "I wouldn't have liked you if you'd had that lingering virgin look."

"Well, I'll tell you something that will make you and your lover look very inexperienced." She then told Kate the story of her marriage to Charley Bongiorno, all of it. As she finished, she looked at Kate and saw there were tears in her eyes. Kate got up and put her arms around Ann, who now wept for the first time in years.

"What I meant when I said I knew you weren't a virgin, I



put it badly. What I meant was I could tell you'd been in love. It left a mark on you, Ann, but it isn't a scar. It's beautiful."

"Oh, dear. I'm all right."

"You started to tell it flippantly, didn't you? But halfway through I almost wanted you to stop, because I knew the ending. I could guess."

"Well, I'm glad you let me finish. I feel better, I really do. And I guess you know the answer to your question about moving out."

"I think I knew anyway," said Kate. "Do you want to have men here, I mean spending the night? Is there anyone you would like to have spend the night?"

"No, but I won't say there never will be."

"The best way is for us to be completely honest about it. And if you bring somebody home and I'm still up, you come in first and I'll go to my room. We ought to avoid seeing the other's gentleman friend as much as possible. My activities are pretty much restricted to the afternoon, but you go out in the evening and you may want to finish the evening with breakfast, here. We'll make up some house rules."

"Well, I was wondering about that, because I have somebody that I've liked well enough to spend several nights at his apartment. But we can't always go there because he lets a suburban friend sleep on the davenport."

Kate smiled.

"What's the big smile for?" said Ann.

"When you really come down to it, isn't this what we left Gibbville and Buffalo for?"

"Well, partly," said Ann.

In her first year in New York, Ann had slept with four, and possibly five—she was not sure—men. She had not slept twice with the same man, or even gone out with a man after she had slept with him. In every case, she had deliberately taken more to drink than mere party spirit required, and one morning she awoke in a man's apartment, nude, and in the single large bed, with no idea of the man's name or what he looked like. She found enough letters and bills in his desk, addressed to the same person, to convince her that that was the name of her departed lover. She searched for a picture that might recall what he looked like, and on a sudden inspiration she looked up the name in a college yearbook in his bookshelf. His name was there, and a distinct photograph, but she remembered nothing about him. Her dress, her hat, her underclothes, her stockings, and her shoes were scattered in various parts of the apartment. She looked up the man's name

in the telephone book and from it learned where she was. She found her handbag with more than forty dollars in it, and she remembered having cashed a check for fifty dollars before going to a cocktail party the day before. She now knew the man's name and age and college and home town and parent's names and fraternity and college record and nickname and apartment address. But she did not know his height. Then on another inspiration, she tried on his dinner jacket and made a guess that he was fairly tall. But she could not be sure she would know him if she saw him again, and when she began to realize that at least he was not a thief, that he had gone to a good school and college—she also began to realize that she had been lucky not to have spent the night with a gangster or some such. There was evidence that they had had an affair, but the details of her behavior, and of his, were known to him alone. But how much or how long they would be his alone depended entirely on his personal code and discretion, and she had no reason to have confidence in their existence. And she would have to wait out the possibility of a pregnancy.

She did not become pregnant, and in thanksgiving, she discontinued the practice of casual promiscuity. To make it worse, although making it better, he telephoned her at the Barbizon.

"Ann, I'm sorry I was such a bastard that night. Are you all right?"

"Yes, I'm all right."

"In other words, not pregnant? You told me you got pregnant easily."

"No, I'm okay, thanks."

"Would you like to have dinner Friday night?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Would you ever like to have dinner, or go out with me?"

"Don't you think it'd be better if we didn't? You're nice to call, but I think we'd better not."

"I meant to write you from Toronto, but I didn't have your address."

"Well, thank you for calling."

"I like you, Ann. It isn't just—you know. I've thought about you all the time I was in Canada. But I understand."

She kept seeing young men who looked like the fast receding likeness of the college yearbook, and then one night, she did see him and knew it was he. He was dining with a girl. He saw her, he bowed; she bowed; and he was forever out of her life.

After that, there were dates for dinner and the theatre with young lawyers and friends of young lawyers; and one young lawyer whom she liked well enough to spend several nights

at his apartment. The young lawyer's suburban friend was an actual person. But Ann sometimes suspected that he did not stay in town every time the young lawyer said he was staying in town. It was a give-and-take relationship between Ann and the lawyer, who was a Harvard College, Harvard Law man named Howard Rundel. He was a conventional-looking young man, unsmilingly handsome and recently taken to wearing spectacles. He dressed well; in the manner, but tailor-made, and always wore a starched collar. He was self-centered and impatiently snobbish, but he had a surprising streak of sensuality that was the last thing Ann suspected in her office contacts with him. She knew he was using her, but to the same degree she was using him. And she also knew that part of his long-term plan was to go back to Chicago after three years with Stackhouse, Robbins, and marry into the family of a girl he was engaged to, and to whom he represented the ultimate in Atlantic Seaboard suavity. Sometimes Ann would look at him and imagine his small face half hidden behind the wedding Ascot, but he could excite her in many ways, and he had been successful with an astonishing number of women of all ages. He was not a gentleman, but she admitted to herself that she would have a hard time telling anyone just why she thought so. No single thing was wrong, but the total effect was of incompleteness. Her father would know; but she was not likely ever to ask him.

"Do you mind if Yale spends the night next Saturday?" said Ann.

"Isn't Yale a little young for you?" said Kate.

"It's my brother."

"Oh, Joby. I want to meet Joby," said Kate.

"I hope I haven't given him too much of a build-up," said Ann. "Are you sure you won't mind? It won't become a habit, because I have a feeling he won't be there much longer. He's a sophomore, but barely. He says he's taking a private course in Afro-American music at a place called the Famous Door. And extra work at the Onyx Club. It's all he cares about."

"Jazz."

"Jazz. And I don't know one orchestra from another, except Guy Lombardo. But I hope you like Joby, so don't mention Guy Lombardo or he'll bare his fangs, show his unsocial side."

Joby turned up in a Chesterfield and a tan hat with a stitched brim and a gabardine jacket and flannel slacks. To that extent he was indistinguishable from the great mass of Yale-Harvard-Princeton undergraduates of the period. He was



"On your feet," said Ann.

He got up and bowed to Kate, who left smiling and regal.

"How old is she?" said Joby.

"Twenty-four."

"She seems older. At least she seems older than you."

"Oh, but I'm a very young twenty-four," said Ann.

"Are you going out, too?" said Joby.

"I'm going out to dinner and the polo matches."

"The polo matches? What's that a new name for?" said Joby. "I've heard of riding academies."

"A polo match is where three men on horses play against three other men on horses."

"Are you serious?" said Joby.

"Haven't you ever heard of Squadron A?"

"Oh, yes. And who are you going out with?"

"A lawyer named Howard Rundel. He'll be here in a few minutes."

"That means I don't get any dinner here, eh?" said Joby.

"That's what it means."

"Is it all right if I fix myself something?" said Joby.

"There's a steak, but I'm saving that for tomorrow. Help yourself to anything else," said Ann. "How are things at Yale?"

"Oh, I guess I'm flunking out," said Joby.

"That'll be a nice Christmas present for Father," said Ann.

"It's a damned sight better than hanging around for another year and not making Wolf's Head."

"How do you *know* you're not going to make Wolf's Head?"

"Oh, come on," said Joby.

"Father's had an awfully tough time the last few years, and we haven't been much help. Me. And that political thing. And his leg."

"Go ahead, say it. And me and St. Paul's School. And getting ready to flunk out of dear old Yale."

"Well, I didn't have to say it. You did."

"But it was on the tip of your tongue. All right, I haven't been what every father wants his son to be. But don't forget, Ann. I haven't been what *I* want to be."

"A piano-player in a jazz band."

"I never wanted to be that, and what's so bad about that? You married one."

"I knew the minute I said it," said Ann. "What are you planning to do after you've so carefully flunked out?"

"I'm going abroad. I'm going to live in Paris for a couple of years. I play good enough piano to get by. I can get a job on

a boat for my passage, and jump ship at one of the French ports, and then play for my room and board."

"Something you overlook. The French have some kind of labor laws against foreigners. You won't be able to get a job because they won't give you a work permit."

"Well, there goes that brilliant idea. Christ, I don't know what I'll do. Go home and marry Miss Laubach."

"You make it sound so easy."

"It could be arranged," said Joby.

"Have you got a girl?"

"Several," said Joby.

"Tonight, for instance."

"Well, tonight it depends. There's a staff musician at NBC, a trombone player, and if he decides to put on a package, I have a girl. If he stays sober, no girl. I won't know till half past eleven."

"Is this one married?"

"Not *quite*," said Joby. "There's one guy she can't find to serve papers on to get a divorce, and the trombone player is going to be next, but meanwhile she isn't quite *sure* of the trombone player, so there am I."

"At half past eleven," said Ann.

"How's Madam?" said Joby.

"Don't you know. Don't you write to her? I'm sure she writes you."

"Oh, she's got a letter that she writes every couple of weeks. 'Joby dear—love, Mother.' You could fill in what she writes in between. She'd love to give me hell, but she knows I'm *wise* to her."

"*Wise* to her? What ever are you talking about?"

"Wouldn't she love to give me hell?" said Joby.

"Now there you're cooking. If there's one thing she wants it's peace."

"My lawyer gentleman," said Ann, at the sound of the door-bell. She pushed the clicker button and in a minute Rundel was at her door.

"This is my brother, Joby Chapin. Joby, Howard Rundel."

"Nice to see you," said Howard.

"I'm all ready," said Ann. "See you at breakfast, any time after ten. Good night, wee one."

"Good night, Anna Banana. Good night, Mr. Rundel."

"Nice to see you," said Howard.

They went out, but Ann was back immediately. "I didn't give you a key. Here."

"Did you say he went to Harvard, or did I guess it?"

"Good night, sophomore," said Ann.

"Porcellian? Or not *quite*," said Joby.

"You little sonofabitch," said Ann, but she laughed when she said it, and not in the Wisterian tradition.

It is foolish to say a man's life is over while there is life in him that will respond to new life, whether the new life is in the form of a drug out of the live earth, or new love exchanged. In his recent confidences to Arthur McHenry, Joe had repeatedly been returning to his lament that his life was over. Arthur was too sincere and too shrewd to offer routine reassurances as his responses to the lament. As far as possible he had always been truthful with Joe, and Arthur had long ago discovered that the conventional polite responses exasperated his friend and automatically put an end to conversation. "It's true, you've had three knockout punches," said Arthur, in one of their evening chats at 10 North Frederick Street.

"Which three?" said Joe.

"The obvious ones. The leg. Ann's troubles, and the nomination."

"There's another one. Not a knockout punch, but a sort of sneak rabbit punch."

"What was that?"

"Getting to be fifty."

"Oh, well I think that's horseshit," said Arthur. "We're both almost fifty-three, but I'm making my plans to live at least another twenty years."

"You are?"

"I am. I'm planning on another twenty years. I've taken care of the contingencies and emergencies. But my attitude toward the future is that I'll take another twenty years of it."

According to my estimate, we can make our fiftieth reunion and have a year to spare."

"You're planning to go to a *reunion*?"

"To our fiftieth, you're damn right I am. Not any other, but if I'm around I'll be at our fiftieth."

"It's still a long way off, and I think I'll wait till 1953 before I send my check to the reunion committee."

"Oh, *well*, if you're talking about *checks*," said Arthur.

"From the way you talk, you ought to have your bag packed and train reservations," said Joe.

"Yes, and from the way you talk we'll both be lucky to last out the week," said Arthur.

"We will be," said Joe.

"Oh, cut it out, Joe."

"Your rosy optimism is very pretty on the surface, but underneath you're kidding yourself. I've stopped kidding myself. We are fifty-three, just about, and we're liable to keel over any day. I've had moments the past few years when quite frankly I wouldn't have minded. I'm not in quite as much of a funk as I was, but I don't know what there is left. I'd like to see Ann happily married to a nice guy. Joby—I don't worry too much about my son. But girls need somebody to take care of them."

"What about Edith?"

"Well, what *about* Edith? Does she need anyone? If I were to kick the bucket tomorrow, would Edith be any the worse off? I don't think so. But I wish Ann would find somebody."

"She will," said Arthur.

"Maybe that first guy would have been all right."

"Better not say that to Edith."

"I won't," said Joe. "But I'll say it to you. How do I know that what we did was the right thing? The answer is, I don't know. And never will, and therefore there'll always be a doubt in my mind. You can be sure of one thing. The next time I won't interfere. If she loves the man, I'll be all for it."

"That's good. I'm glad to hear it. I don't know, there's something about Ann, I've always told you."

"Yes," said Joe. "Joby's about to get himself fired out of college, and I suppose that's at least partly my fault for sending him there when he didn't want to go. But boys are supposed to have tougher hides."

"How tough is your hide?"

"Well, you answer that. Pretty tough, I'd say."

"I guess so."

"I went through life without my hide getting put to the



rest, then everything seemed to come at once. That's why I may appear to be thin-skinned now. Or, I may just be naturally thin-skinned. You had your toughest break when you were much younger, don't forget that. And you had Rose to help you."

"True."

"I'm sorry I said that, Arthur. It implies that Edith didn't help me. She did, and you and I both know she did. I can't blame Edith."

"No, of course not. Well, home for me."

"Yes, we're not supposed to need so much sleep when we get older, but I don't find that to be true. See you in the morning."

"See you in the morning."

The two friends had many such conversations, which Rose McHenry was wise enough to encourage and Edith wise enough not to interfere with.

Joe went to New York early in '36, as much to see Ann as to transact business that could have been discussed over the telephone. He had not yet timed a visit to New York that made it possible for him to meet Kate Drummond, but on his visit the meeting took place.

"Father, how long are you going to be in town?" said Ann.

"Tonight and tomorrow night," said Joe. "Why?"

"Would you think me a perfect beast if I had dinner with you tomorrow night instead of tonight? They're taking inventory at the shop."

"Well, I think you're a perfect beast, but there's nothing I can do about it. Kate, are you free?"

"I am, Mr. Chapin."

"We can have dinner at '21' and I understand you can get theatre tickets through them at the last minute."

"Lovely, that would be lovely," said Kate.

In the taxi he opened the conversation with the safe subject of her father. "How is Father Drummond? Did you know that was his nickname in college?"

"Yes, but I never knew why," said Kate.

"Oh, you didn't? Well it was because a lot of fellows thought he looked like a priest. I must say he didn't behave like one, but he certainly had the look of innocence. Which I suppose he still has. I haven't seen him in twenty-five years."

"He refers to you as Duke."

"Duke. Yes, luckily that was confined to Yale, it never got

back to Gibbsville, P. A. I'm awfully pleased that you and Ann became friends."

"Imagine how pleased I must be. I think Ann's the most attractive girl I've ever known."

"Well, she tells me you're the most attractive girl *she's* ever known. And I agree with both of you. I'd like to pump you a little bit about Ann."

"Well, you can try."

"Oh, nothing awkward, Kate. I love Ann—well, I guess Father Drummond thinks he loves you the same way. And I'm sure he does. You and Ann have become so close, does she confide in you?"

"I know about her marriage," said Kate.

"Thank you. You saved me a lot of devious questioning," said Joe. "Knowing about it, you no doubt have some preconceived ideas about me, and Mrs. Chapin."

"Yes," said Kate.

"Well, when you become a parent you'll justify a lot of selfish acts on the ground that you were acting in your child's best interests."

"I hope not, but probably."

"In recent years, I've questioned my own actions at the time of Ann's marriage, but that doesn't make things right today, *and* in my own defense, we can't be sure that the marriage would have worked out well."

"No, but I don't have to tell you, Mr. Chapin, you didn't give it much of a chance."

"No chance at all," said Joe.

"Go on. Please go on."

"Shall I? If you're sure we haven't reached an impasse."

"As long as you don't try to change my mind."

"I don't think I'd have a chance, and I'm not at all sure I want to change it. I told you, I'm slowly coming around to your way of thinking."

"Slowly."

"Not really so slowly. Well, to continue, whatever ~~damage~~ I've done—"

"Don't you take all the blame, Mr. Chapin. At least ~~half~~ the blame belongs to Mrs. Chapin."

"But she's not here to state her case. So, whatever ~~damage~~ whoever's responsible, it goes without saying that I ~~am~~ to be happy. And that's where I'm going to pump you ~~in~~."

"Ann is too loving to be happy without ~~somebody~~," said Kate. "Does that answer your question, ~~Mr. Chapin~~?"

one you didn't ask me? No, Ann isn't in love with anyone, not a bit. She has beaux, but she's not in love."

"I see: I'm sorry to hear it. Every time I come to New York, or she comes home, I keep hoping it will have happened."

"And get her off your conscience."

"Get her off my conscience, but don't forget, I'd have wanted her to be happy even though she hadn't been on my conscience."

"That's a good point, and it puts me in my place. I'm sorry I've been captious."

"Think of your being able to produce a word like captious, out of thin air."

"It *was* out of thin air, too. I don't think I've ever used it before."

They got a table upstairs in the restaurant, and their conversation progressed past nine o'clock before Joe looked at his watch and said: "Kate, I've robbed you of the theatre. You name the show, and I'll send you two tickets any time, next week, any time."

"I'd have spoken up if I'd really wanted to go."

"Do you mean it, because I know I'm enjoying *myself*," said Joe.

They stayed in the restaurant through the post-dinner lull and into and beyond the after-theatre activity. Twice people spoke to Joe, and three times people spoke to Kate, but the people who knew Joe didn't know Kate, and the people who knew Kate did not know Joe—and Joe and Kate knew that the others were wondering about them. "I've been thinking back, and do you know, this is the first time I've ever dined out alone with a lady other than Ann's mother."

"The first time?"

"In all the years we've been married," said Joe.

"The way some of those people looked at you, and didn't come over to say hello, I'd have thought you were an old hand at it."

"They were so astonished to see me out with a pretty girl. Not just a pretty girl. A handsome young woman. You're not just a pretty girl. But your friends didn't seem at all surprised to see you out with an elderly old hand."

"They obviously didn't think you were so elderly, and anyway, I do have dinner with friends of my father's, older men."

"Are they all friends of your father's?"

"No, they're not."

"I shouldn't have pried."

"Pride? What has pride got to do with it?"

"I meant pried, p-r-i-e-d. Pried into your affairs."

"Oh, the past of pry. I'd only tell you what I felt like telling you, no more."

"They're slapping the check. When a waiter slaps a check I always know he wants me to pay up and go. He also reduces his tip. What would you say to a night club? Have you any special favorite?"

"Yes, but I don't have to get up at the crack of dawn, and you probably do."

"I'm not going to retire to my quarters at the Yale Club as long as you'll stay up."

They went to Larue, an institution which provided society-bounce music and always at least one or two familiar faces to any customer who had gone to Yale, Harvard, or Princeton in the preceding thirty years. The same Joseph C. Smith of F. Scott Fitzgerald's Plaza Hotel. The men who had been patrons of Dan Moriarty's speakeasy. The women and girls of the fashionable New York day schools and boarding schools from Foxcroft to Milton.

At Larue—sometimes called Larue's—sometimes called Larry's Bar & Grill—Joe and Kate saw four of the mystified patrons of "21." "They're wondering," said Kate.

"Yep, they're wondering. This is fun."

"Our fun is as the strength of ten because our hearts are pure," said Kate. "Are you going to ask me to dance?"

"Well—of course I am," said Joe.

They got up and danced two choruses of "They Can't Take That Away From Me" and then Joe steered her to the edge of the floor and back to the banquette.

"That's the first time I've danced since I broke my leg."

"You should have told me."

"No. Because it was the first time I've felt like dancing, so I did."

"You don't always follow those impulses," said Kate.

"No, I don't, but how did you know?"

"Not from what Ann has told me directly, but from what I've put together, and what I've observed tonight."

"Good God, Kate, what you've observed tonight? You've been observing a man having the time of his life. Do I seem stuffy even when I'm enjoying myself?"

"Reserved," said Kate.

"Yes," said Joe.

They stayed for an hour and then took a taxi to the girls' apartment. "I'm taking Ann out tomorrow night," he said. "Will you join us?"

"I'm terribly sorry, but I can't."

He told the driver to wait, and walked with her to the downstairs door. "You want to kiss me, don't you, Mr. Chapin?"

"Not and seem an old fool," said Joe. "At my age a kiss has other implications, Kate. At least, the way I want to kiss you."

"Yes. Well, I can't imply any promises, or promise any implications, or whatever I'm trying to say. Ann's upstairs, and I'm not ready, and I have a lot to think about, an awful lot to think about."

"Well, think about it, Kate, because I'll be back to find out what you've thought."

"I know you will. Oh, I know that."

"I'm 'way past where I ever thought I'd be again, and if it isn't you, it'll never be anybody. Good night, dear Kate."

"Good night," she said, and went inside.

Joe got in the taxi. "Yale Club, please."

"Fifty Vanderbilt. Fiff-ty Vandabilt Avenya. You know I was thinkin' if the City of New York wunda save the taxpayers about two million dollars a year, what they oughta do is . . ."

In a month Joe went to New York again when he knew Ann would be in Bermuda. He telephoned Kate from Gibbsville so that she would be free, and he appeared at the apartment at seven o'clock in the evening. "Let's have an evening before we get down to cases," he said. "This time I *have* the theatre tickets."

They again dined at "21" and were at the theatre in time, but as they were getting up to go out for a smoke after the first act Kate said: "Let's take our things and not come back."

She asked him to take her to the apartment, and they rode in silence after she said: "What was the use? I wasn't paying any attention to the play. I didn't eat my dinner."

At the apartment she said: "Will you fix me a weak Scotch and soda and I'll be back in a minute."

She returned and lit a cigarette and took up her drink, then put it down again. She sat in a corner of the sofa and began making circles with the ember of her cigarette in the cloisonné ash tray on the end table.

"I've done a lot of thinking. A lot. But I couldn't do it all alone. I had to have you to help me," she said.

"Yes," he said.

"I couldn't live with Ann any more. I'd have to find another apartment."

"Yes, that's true."

"And you know what else, too. That's where we'd always have to see each other. We couldn't go out together any more. Your wife and Ann and Joby would know right away, and my family'd find out too." She took a quick look at him and then looked away. "I'm by nature a faithful person. That means that it wouldn't be long before I didn't even see anyone else. I'd really be alone except for when you could come to New York. And how often would that be? Once a month at the most. But I've taken the first step."

"You have?"

"I've broken off with the man that I've been having an affair with. I *am* by nature a faithful person. I had to stop seeing him the day after you and I went out together. And please don't say I shouldn't have. It was my decision."

"That's what I *was* going to say," said Joe.

"Marriage would be out of the question for you and me, even if you asked me, which hasn't entered into the discussion. But I'm not in a hurry to get married. Nobody's come along that made me want to be married to him for the rest of my life, and when I get married that's what I want it to be. And so—that's how it is with me. I've said just about everything, not much for a month of thinking, but I guess I'm a plodding thinker. In any case, that's my side of it, and I thought I ought to tell you. Oh—and needless to say—I wouldn't be saying any of this if I didn't *want* to be your mistress."

He sat with his elbows on his knees and his finger tips at his temples, and for a long time he did not speak. At last he spoke and softly: "This is something that I could easily have lived all my life for. I'll tell you now, Kate, that I love you as I've never loved anyone else. As surely, and deeply, and completely, and happily—never like this, never ~~anytime~~ before it happens, you know. You're sure. And the ~~same~~ it never happens to, and the millions of women ~~in the world~~ to me.

"And now I'll tell you what I ~~was going to tell you~~ I wanted to have an evening ~~together~~

"Everything you've told me, I ~~had~~ ~~broken off with the man~~ ~~three weeks ago~~ ~~to take another apartment~~

every month or two. Hiding from people. Never going out. Kate, my dearest Kate—what do you think I was going to tell you?"

"You have to tell me," said Kate.

"Two things. I was going to ask you to marry me, although I know better than you do the objections to that. And since I knew what you'd say—I was going to tell you to stop thinking and to stop worrying. You can't be my mistress. You alone in an apartment, waiting till I came to New York, and then hiding from people while I was in New York? Would I let you do that?"

"No, I don't think you would. But I'm willing."

"I said to you the night we went out, when I was saying good night to you, I told you I was past the point with you where I ever thought I'd be with anyone again. Well, that was only my way of saying that I was already in love with you. But now that I've actually told you I love you, I can add something. I can add that I always will love you, and that I'll always feel that you loved me."

"And I do," said Kate. "I wasn't going to say it. But I do."

"Will you marry me?"

"No," said Kate.

"Why?"

"Because my marrying you would be just as bad as your making me your mistress. It would do almost the very same things to your life. Cutting you off from your friends. You'd be embarrassed when you saw my father. You'd worry about what Ann was thinking. You'd be conscious of the difference in age between you and my friends. Even now, on account of Ann, I can't quite make myself call you Joe."

He smiled. "I noticed that."

"I was afraid you had."

"Then it's settled, and I'm not unhappy, Kate. I can't tell you how un-unhappy I am. The fact that you love me and that I love you. I want you to let me give you a wonderful present. I don't know what. But something exquisite and extravagant. Will you let me?"

"Yes."

"A ruby. Would you like a ruby?"

"Yes."

He stood up. "Now I think I'll leave you," he said.

"No," she said. "You're not going to leave me tonight."

"I'm not?"

"I want you to remember all your life that I meant it when I said I love you. You'll have to leave me tomorrow, but to-

night I want you to stay, just as though I were your mistress or married to you. We'll make love and sleep together, and we'll always have it."

In the morning when she awoke he was leaning on his elbow, smiling down at her. "It's morning, Kate," he said. "Good morning, my love."

"Good morning, Joe," she said. "What time of morning?"

"About twenty of eight," he said.

"Naked as the day we were born. Isn't it nice?"

"Yes."

She reached out and folded up the traveling clock on the night table. "Turning off time," she said. "Let's ignore it."

"All right," he said.

"I want you," she said.

"You're going to have me," he said.

"Not just right away, very sensually, darling. Very sensually and nicely. And sleepily. Are you wide awake?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it wonderful? I'm not. But I know what's going on, sweet. Oh, do I ever?"

That day they had lunch together at one of the hotels where they were not likely to encounter anyone who had seen them the night before. At the coffee Joe said: "I know the moment you leave me the sadness will begin. But I've been putting it off, and I haven't really been thinking all day."

"No, neither have I."

"Kate! In a few minutes—do you realize? It'll all be over!"

"Yes, I realize. But we've got to stick to it."

"That's why it's going to be so sad, because right now I feel as though my full life had just begun."

"Don't think of it as beginning or ending. Think of the night as a separate part of your life. That's what you have to do. You know, that song that Grace Moore sang 'The Night of Love.'"

"Tonight I'll be in Gibbssville, going from the ~~house~~ house. And I'll know every face I see, and the ~~house~~ house I passed a thousand times. I know which ~~ones~~ ones are concrete. Everything ~~is~~ is as it was left yesterday morning. But I won't be ~~the same~~ the same. Nobody in the town will know I've been ~~away~~ away. I've come back to what? To ~~nothing~~ nothing. To ~~nothing~~ nothing away from you, Kate. To ~~nothing~~ nothing. To life. To death. To life away from you."

"Oh, Joe, I know. Please."

"Then I'm coming back ~~tomorrow~~ tomorrow."



"No, please. Everything we said last night is true, all the things we thought out."

"They've stopped being true, Kate."

"No, they haven't. They're *worse* true. More true and worse true."

"No, you're wrong."

"I won't be here. I'm going away."

"Where?"

"I won't tell you, but I'm going. And I won't tell Ann where I'm going. It's the only solution."

"Wait till tomorrow, Kate. I'll have my talk with my wife when I get home tonight."

"By that time I'll be gone. I mean it, Joe. I'll be far away."

"You'd really go away, Kate?"

"I'm going. Please believe me. Please impress it on your mind. I'm going, and I don't know when I'll be back. So don't say anything to your wife, don't do anything that will make your life different."

"That's already happened."

"But I mean your life in Gibbstville. Your home, your law practice. Joe, you decided everything that I decided, we decided the same things, and then I weakened because I love you. But everything we said was true. And I take that back. I didn't weaken. I wanted you, and I love you, but everything else is wrong for us. So don't say anything to your wife, because if you do you won't change a thing. You'll only make things worse for us and for goodness knows how many other people. Please see that. Do you love me?"

"Oh, Kate."

"And I love you. I love you just as much as though we were both going to be killed today. Love me that way, Joe. As far as love is concerned, it'll never change. But the other things won't change either."

"Waiter, will you bring me the bill, please?" said Joe.

"My dearest," said Kate.

"You're right," said Joe. "But you don't have to go away, Kate."

"Yes, I'm going."

"But don't go because you want to run away from me. I give you my word of honor, I'll stay away, I'll stay out of your life."

"I want to go away."

"Yes, I'm beginning to see that, too. Yes, I guess you have to go." He looked at the check and put down a fifty-dollar bill. "You may keep the change."

"Twelve-forty, gentleman. This is fifty, gentleman. Keep the change?"

"I want to make somebody happy," said Joe.

"Merci, m'sieur, and much happiness to you, sir, and mademoiselle. Thank you."

The waiter stood away from the table. "The waiter now thinks that the middle-aged gentleman has persuaded the beautiful young lady—well, we know what he thinks," said Joe.

"The unhappy young lady thinks that the middle-aged gentleman will be with her till the day she dies, in her heart."

"The unhappy middle-aged gentleman loves you, Kate, and is grateful to you for being all that you are. I have a soul now, and I never believed in it before. But I wouldn't have missed it for the world. I want you to go home now, and start packing, and I know you'll cry when you get home, but Jesus, we'll always have this, won't we?"

She suddenly kissed him and walked away from him fast, much faster than he could have walked even if he had tried to pursue her.

It was late evening in the den at 10 North Frederick Street and Edith sat looking at her husband while he spoke of this and that in New York.

"Did you get a chance to stop in at Lord & Taylor's?" said Edith.

"No, I'm sorry I didn't."

"Oh?"

"I'm sorry, but a lot of things went wrong. I didn't get downtown till this afternoon."

"Downtown?" said Edith.

"Yes. Wall Street. Where did you think I meant?"

"I didn't know whether downtown meant downtown from the Seventies or the Sixties or what."

"Downtown in New York always means the financial district. Wall Street. Broad Street. Cedar. So forth."

"Well, since I hate New York I never have learned much about it. How did you come home? By way of Philadelphia?"

"No. Reading. I was downtown, more convenient to go over to Jersey City."

"Did you see Dave?"

"For a few minutes. And Alec. I got everything done that I wanted to do, but I'm sorry about Lord & Taylor's."

"Where did you spend the night?"

"Yale Club. I might as well get something out of my membership."

"No, Joe. You registered at the Yale Club, but that isn't where you spent the night."

"Oh, didn't I? I thought I did."

"Well, you didn't."

"Well, if you're so positive, I guess I stayed at the Harvard Club by mistake," said Joe.

"I'd believe you if you told me you were with Alec Weeks. He's always been that kind. Is that where you were?"

"I saw Alec this afternoon."

"Were you with him last night?"

"Don't you think you ought to swear me before asking a lot of these questions? I declare, I feel as though I were on the stand. What's got into you?"

"Were you with Alec last night?"

"Now look here, Edith, let's have a little common politeness. Have I ever said to you, 'Edith, what did you do while I was in Philadelphia, while I was in New York?' Have I?"

"No, you haven't. You've been so smugly complacent about me that you were never even curious."

"I don't call it smugly complacent. I call it trusting you. You're right if that's what you mean. I have trusted you, and do."

"It would be unthinkable that I might sleep with another man."

"Why, yes, I guess it would. Yes, I'd say that."

"Why?"

"Why? Because you're not that sort of person. Because our marriage has been a happy one."

"What sort of person am I? How long is it since you gave any thought to me as a person. Not as your wife, but as a person."

"The sort of person you are? Well, I think the answer to that is in how long we've been married, with never the slightest suspicion on your part or certainly on mine."

"Don't be so gracious. I'm suspicious of you right this very minute, but the reason you haven't been suspicious of me is that I happen not to be pretty or flashy or cheap. But you've had good reason to know that I'm not a cold woman, and wouldn't it take some of the wind out of your sails to hear that someone else knows that?"

"Are you trying to tell me that you're having an affair with another man?"

"What if I were?"

"Are you? Or have you?"

"Yes, damn you, I have."

Joe lit a cigarette before asking another question. "Since we've been married, of course?"

"Yes."

"Recently?"

"I don't think I'll answer that."

"Just as of course you won't tell me who the man was."

"Of course I won't."

"But you'll let me guess."

"You'll try to guess, I suppose for the rest of your life, but I'll never tell you."

"Is it someone I know?"

She hesitated. "I've decided I'll answer that just to infuriate you. Yes, it's someone you know."

"Well, you don't like Arthur, so it wasn't Arthur. And he'd be the only one that would infuriate me."

"No, I don't think so. If you ever knew, you'd be infuriated."

"A friend of mine rules out Harry Jackson."

"Oh, it wasn't a servant," said Edith.

"I didn't think so. You're too much of a snob for that. Well, I suppose I'll spend the rest of my life studying how you and Henry Laubach look at each other, and the rest of our men friends."

"If you'd studied me a little more carefully it might not have happened."

"I wonder if you'll answer this question. Have you discontinued it?"

"I think I've indicated that I have."

"Well, have you?"

"It is not going on now."

"Well, will you answer this? Would you resume it?"

"I've thought of it," said Edith.

"Your best opportunity, of course, was after I broke my leg. Was there just one man, or have there been others?"

"One."

"Yes, a woman can probably get away with one, but when two people have been married as long as we have, they know each other too well for the woman to be promiscuous. And men gossip. They brag about their conquests, which is not only ungentlemanly, but I've always thought unsound."

"Women know that."

"And that's what keeps so many of you from being promiscuous?"

"No more questions. Let me ask a few. Did you spend the night with Alec?"

"No."

"But you didn't stay at the Yale Club."

"Edith, you've been so astute, suppose you arrive at your own answer to that one." He picked up the telephone and asked for Long Distance, and then gave the Butterfield 8 number of Ann's and Kate's apartment.

"Why are you calling Ann?" said Edith. "You're surely not going to tell *her*."

Joe smiled at her. "Keep ringing," he told the operator.

"You might as well hang up," said Edith, suddenly, triumphantly. "Ann's in Bermuda."

"So she is," said Joe, and hung up.

"Why should you tell Ann? I know why. You wanted to make her feel better about her elopement. You wanted to make her feel superior."

"No, I didn't, Edith," said Joe. He stood up. "You're going to hate me because you told me, but I'd like to tell you something. There'll be no reprisals. Whether we like it or not, we're both getting old, and I'm going to bed. Good night, Edith."

## Part 'Two'







Well, then, what was Joe's life during the final, unresponding years?

It was night after night of the warming companionship of Arthur McHenry in the den at 10 North Frederick Street. From there Joe watched the Anschluss and the carryings-on in Washington and never told the story of Kate Drummond. The new highway was by-passing Gibbssville, and the two friends could not decide whether it meant that Gibbssville was becoming important, or passé. A large bakery was going up on South Frederick Street, and Joe's opposition to the change in zoning ordinances was disregarded. A Gibbssville High School boy became runner-up in the national junior singles championship, and neither Joe nor Arthur knew the boy's parents. A man at the Lantenengo Country Club told Joe that a fellow named Chapin, who never played golf, underwrote the expenditures of the greens committee (which was not completely true). The young Pennsylvania Law Review fellow was doing splendidly at McHenry & Chapin. The new slag roof on 10 North Frederick had cost Joe not quite one-third as much as the entire dwelling had cost his grandfather. Arthur was sure he had seen the last of the Chapin Pierce-Arrows—without tires, the windshield smashed, the top crumpled—just sitting in a ravine near Collieryville. Harry Jackson had an operation for hernia, successful. Billy English had a prostatectomy. Joby Chapin had informed his family and friends that he preferred to be called Joe or Chape.

The two friends hardly ever discussed professional matters at 10 North Frederick. In the office they called each other by their first names, but each referred to the other as Mr. Chapin, Mr. McHenry, and the relationship was conducted on such politely businesslike terms that the long silences and the informality of 10 North Frederick Street could not have been suspected by acquaintances who had not witnessed them. The Chapins and the McHenrys did not go out much any more. There were The Second Thursdays and some smaller and some larger dinner parties, and the two annual Assemblies; but they stayed away from the regular dances at the country club and the Gibbssville Club, and they would appear at cocktail parties only when the parties were in honor of a friend or a friend's guest or had something to do with a coming wedding.

The meetings in the den at 10 North Frederick were a fixed custom, without ever quite losing spontaneity. Each night before leaving his house Arthur would say to Rose: "Going over to see Joe," just as he had said it to her sister and predecessor Mildred. And Joe would say to Edith: "I think Arthur's going

to drop in this evening." There were just enough breaks in the strings of meetings to keep them irregular. There were no meetings on Friday or Saturday or Sunday evenings, although Arthur sometimes dropped in on Sunday afternoons.

As the years went by, and beginning rather soon after Joe's hotel luncheon with Kate Drummond, the silences often were longer, and whiskey became more a part of the meetings. The bottle of Scotch, the glasses, the ice, the water carafe, the soda for Arthur would be placed on a large silver tray on an old mahogany taboret, the last act before Mary retired for the evening. Arthur continued to drink Scotch and soda, but Joe, after the last lunch with Kate, stopped putting ice in his drinks and the proportion of water to whiskey became closer to even. The quiet drinking never increased to the point where Arthur, saying good night, could have called his friend drunk, but he could not help noticing that every night there was a fresh, new bottle, and without asking, Arthur had no way of knowing how long Joe would sit in the den, smoking a pipe, humming old songs, sipping watered whiskey and reviewing his life.

The habit of politeness, the early discipline in good behavior, were upon him, and Joe made Edith the beneficiary of the boyhood training and the mature execution. He had no cross words with her, no recriminations, no proud confessions. He gave her no cause for disturbance other than his more orderly repetition of her own father's devotion to whiskey. At midnight, at one-thirty, at two, he would come to their room and undress by the light of a heavily frosted small bulb, hanging up his suit, putting the trees in his shoes, disposing of the linen, and quietly lowering himself into his bed. "Good night, Joe," she would say.

"Good night, Edith," he would say.

They would exchange their good nights as though taking pains not to disturb anyone in the sleeping house, as if to let a baby lie in his slumber. Then soon Joe's long inspiration and expiration would begin, and then the snoring, and then the talking, and she would listen for a telling word or a name, but the only sensible sentence she ever heard was, "We know what the waiter thinks."

As a younger man Joe had always used Harry Jackson as a social chauffeur as distinguished from a chauffeur who drove him in his professional rounds. Joe always walked to and from the office of McHenry & Chapin, and the distances between offices and banks in the business district were too short to require a car. Following the leg fracture, during the first months back in the office, Joe had used Harry on trips to the court-

house, the hill being too steep for a man with a bad leg. It was, indeed, too steep for many lawyers with cardiac and vascular imperfections, and the incidence of damage worsened by the courthouse hill was high but virtually unrecognized. When the leg got better, Joe restored Harry to his previous household status, but Arthur had taken over as much of the courthouse work as he could, and Joe was in effect the downtown, or office, partner.

He thus became an even more familiar figure on Main Street, and to be seen so often helped to create the illusion that he was as active as ever. Gibbsville consequently was not immediately aware that Joe was slowing down. He was cutting out more and more of his community-charitable endeavors, but the reduction was easily attributable to his cessation of all but nominal political activity. His quick two Martini cocktails before lunch at the Gibbsville Club were so quick that they often were not noticed at all, and his way of drinking them was as neat as the small-figured neckties he always wore, his well-boned English shoes, his narrow-sleeved double-breasted suits. He would stand at the bar and he would not touch his glass until he was ready to drink, then he would take one sip, consuming half the cocktail, another sip for the other half. He would nod to the barman, and another two-sip cocktail would be on its way. Then he would go to his reserved table or to the common table and eat his lunch. There was no standing with glass in hand, no glass at the table. Sometimes, but not every day, and in the beginning never on two successive days, he would go to the club before going home for dinner; on the non-club days he would drop in at the John Gibb Hotel bar. His afternoon visits to the club and the hotel bars were moved up from six o'clock to five-thirty and to five, the changes in schedule taking place over a period of three years. The extension of the hours was followed by an understanding with both barmen that the Martinis were to be served as doubles, without being so ordered. In about five years Joe was having two double Martinis before lunch and four double Martinis before going home to dinner, and a single Martini with Edith before going in to dinner.

The changes were not lost on Arthur, but he withheld comment. For Uncle Arthur knew something that Joe Chapin did not tell him. And he had known it almost from the beginning of its existence: he knew of Joe's hopeless love for Kate Drummond.

Arthur's meeting with Ann took place at her request in New

York, when three or four months had passed from the time of the last meeting of Kate Drummond and Joe Chapin. The meeting took place because Ann had a conversation with Kate.

"Where did you ever get this ruby? Isn't it something new?"

"An unknown admirer," said Kate.

"Well, unknown maybe, but rich. Boy!" said Ann. "Someone you met in California, no doubt."

"No doubt," said Kate.

"The way you say it, there is some doubt," said Ann. "You know, Kate, I have to admit that when you suddenly upped and took off for Santa Barbara, I thought it was because you were unhappy in New York. But I guess this shows you weren't, whether you got the ruby from California, or here."

"I never wear the ruby."

"Or at least I've never seen it before."

"It's something to look at and touch. If I wear it, I'll be asked questions."

"Believe me, if I owned it, I'd wear it and to hell with the questions."

"Well, then I might as well tell you, I've left it to you. In my will. I'd give it to you, but I can't while the person's still alive."

Ann thought a moment. "That's a strange statement. It sounds as though you expected him to die."

"I don't, but I wouldn't ever want him to know I gave you the ring. If he saw it on . . ."

"Somebody that's likely to see it on me? I don't know anybody that I see that's likely to give you a ruby, do I? It is somebody older. Who do I know older?"

"Don't guess any more, Ann. It's no good. But I've left it to you, so consider it mine only temporarily. And change the subject."

A few days later Ann said to Kate: "Kate, did my father give you the ruby?"

Kate nodded her head.

"I thought so. I'm glad."

"How did you guess?"

"Well, it wasn't too clever of me. I knew you were protecting somebody, somebody older, somebody fairly well-to-do, somebody that sees me. And I always knew that night you went out together, when I couldn't go . . . Kate, did you have an affair with my father?"

"Well, I love him too. But it's over?"

"Yes."

"It's been over. It never really was. It was one night and that was all."

"How sweet you were. My father at last! Oh, rubies aren't good enough for you, Kate. To have someone lovely and young and beautiful. You don't know, Kate. You don't know. And you fell in love with him?"

"Yes."

"Yes, he'd take off the armor with you. He wears armor." Ann smiled. "Where did he hang it? In this apartment, I hope."

Kate nodded.

"I'd love to be able to talk to him, but that's impossible."

"Yes, everything's impossible."

"I can see how that would be. You've made up your minds? Yes, of course you have. It couldn't be any other way with my poor, dear stuffed-shirt father."

"A stuffed shirt didn't give me the ruby."

"No, you're damn right. I'll always look at you differently now, Kate. I hope it doesn't make you self-conscious, because I'm full of admiration. And I'm obligated to you. A lot of things I want to ask you, but—"

"Don't," said Kate.

"I won't," said Ann.

She called Arthur McHenry. They met at a restaurant and she said: "Uncle Arthur, what do you consider the holiest thing you know?"

"The holiest thing I know? Give me a moment."

"In other words, what would you swear on that would make it the most solemn promise you ever made?"

"Ann, if I gave my word to you."

"Good enough, as long as you appreciate the seriousness of it." She then told him about her father and Kate Drummond.

"He'll never tell you, I know that," she said.

"He tells me a lot, and he's had a lot of chances to tell me that, but he hasn't. But it explains some things."

"What things? Is he in trouble?"

"It's a kind of trouble you or I can't do anything about. You might call it stopping the clock. It can't be done."

"Yes, and he not only wants to stop it. He wants to turn it back," said Ann. "Well, another secret of the Chapin family for you. God knows you have a full share of them."

A year later, in an elaborately chatty letter to her father, Ann wrote:

*And my nice Kate Drummond has announced her engagement to a man from Santa Barbara, California, whom I have yet to meet but she has asked me to be her matron of honor and I have accepted with alacrity. Wedding in Buffalo, Oct. 20th. Stuart also to be an usher. Kate's fiancé was also '27 Princeton although they were not close friends, but since Stuart is a Buffalo native and Jack Rupert, Kate's fiancé, is having most of his ushers from the east, it is a logical choice.*

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ness. If a friend has an incurable disease, you do what you can to make his last years comfortable, and Arthur did what he could: he respected his friend's reticence, he allowed his friend to administer alcohol, precisely as though Joe secretly had diabetes and gave himself insulin.

At fifty-nine a man's indignation at an insult to his country's honor is likely to be controlled by the knowledge that there is nothing much he can do about it. It soon became apparent also that Joe's protest was not going to be carried to the front by his son, who was drafted and released because of the inner-ear trouble which no one had known about. Ann's husband, Stuart Musgrove, accompanied his Ivy League friends to Quonset and Naval Aviation in the Pacific, and Ann spent much more time at 10 North Frederick, which gave Joe Chapin pleasure, but not all pleasure, for it was inevitable that Ann should begin to confide again in her father, and she confessed that if it had not been for the war she would now have been divorced from Musgrove. She could bring herself to say no more—even to Joe—than that she and Musgrove were incompatible, that incompatibility had led him to other women and her to other men.

"Well, after the war you can try again," said Joe.

"Not with Stuart," said Ann.

"Oh, as bad as that?"

"Well, maybe I'll try. Yes, I'll try. But maybe he won't want to. I keep hoping he'll get a girl somewhere and want to marry her." And so it was, and Musgrove did ask Ann to get a divorce, and she got it. But he did not marry another girl. Instead he begged Ann to try again with him, and she did, on his leave. She left him in the middle of the night in a Washington hotel, and waited in the Union Station for the first of the trains that would take her back to 10 North Frederick Street.

That was in 1944.

"What really was the trouble, Ann?" said Joe. "I have a considerable knowledge of such things, and you can tell me."

"No, I couldn't tell you. It's a sexual matter and nothing will change it."

"I see," said Joe. "Well, at least you didn't marry him again, and we have you home, the old place. You know it's approaching its hundredth anniversary, this dear old shack. Gloomy old barn, but I love it. Don't you?"

"Yes, I guess so. I always seem to come back to it," said Ann.

"Don't worry, you'll have a place of your own. You'll meet

somebody that you can love, then you can bring your grandchildren here."

"You mean your grandchildren."

"Of course I mean my grandchildren. Your children, my grandchildren. But you might bring your grandchildren here too. If Joby, or Joe, as he wants to be called, if he gets married and lives here, although I can't say I expect to live to see the day when that happens. Joe is going to want to live in some God damn foreign country and shake the dust of Gibbsville from his heels, if I know Joe."

"Most likely," said Ann.

"I'll live out my life here, and then your mother will, but after she's gone I'll bet you and Joby sell the place. Well, why shouldn't you? It's too expensive to run, and people aren't coming along to take the place of the Marians and Harrys. Still, I'm glad you had a Marian and a Harry. You'll be able to tell your grandchildren what it was like to have servants, decent, capable, self-respecting people. I understand there's a new kind of servant called a baby-sitter. Fifty cents an hour, use of the radio, eat everything they can out of the icebox, rationed or not. Young man at the office, inclined to think of us as candidates for the guillotine. But I happened to hear him complaining about these baby-sitters, how they steal his cigarettes and go home with half a pound of his butter, besides getting paid fifty, seventy-five cents an hour. But he didn't see any inconsistency, looking down his nose at us for having servants, at the same time complaining about the quality of the servant he has to have. I wanted to say to him, 'Frank, you've got the kind of servant you deserve. Just ask Marian and Harry to work for you, for any amount of money.' They'd laugh him to scorn, because Harry's more of a gentleman than Frank is, in every way except that Frank is a member of the bar, and Harry is a butler, if that difference means anything any more. Which I doubt. I guess the truth of the matter is that people like us treated servants better than we did our own children. But Frank wouldn't know that." He smiled, and she returned his smile. "After you're sixty you're expected to say these things, but I never had any difficulty saying them when I was fifty. Or thirty. I haven't changed my mind much since I was thirty."

"Why should you, if you were right then?"

"If I was right," said Joe. "Some things don't change, but all people do. And that isn't as inconsistent as it sounds. I haven't changed my mind much since I was thirty. By my mind, when I speak of my mind, I mean the things I believed in then."

*I still believe in them. But of course I've changed; you need only to look at me. You've changed. We all do. There was a nice girl that used to be a friend of yours, Kate Drummond."*

*"Well now, she hasn't changed."*

*"How do you mean she hasn't changed? I'd like to hear about that."*

*"She looks the same as when we had our apartment, just the same."*

*"Beautiful, smart, lovely," said Joe. "Yes?"*

*"And still in love with the same man."*

*"Her husband," said Joe.*

*"No, Kate was in love with someone else, and still is, whoever it is. But she's happy with her husband. I suppose that's inconsistent, too."*

*"Well, of course life is full of inconsistencies, Ann. I'd like to think that your friend Kate can be happy and still continue to love the other man. Very fond of Kate. Never got to know her very well, but she was quite a remarkable girl."*

*"I just love her," said Ann.*

*"Yes, you were great friends. Well, you must be tired."*

*"And you want to read. All right, you dear man, my lovely father:" She kissed him and hurried out of the room, hurrying—although she could not know it—from their last good talk together.*

*Between Joe and Edith there came into being a relationship that never quite reached hostility, but with each day onward from her angry admission the relationship moved away from love. The practice of love had gone out of their life together; they continued to live in the same house, eat their meals together, expose themselves to the intimacies of living together; and Edith could count on Joe to pay the bills, to be the husband "for show." Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Benjamin Chapin took pleasure in this, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Benjamin Chapin regretted that, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Benjamin Chapin requested this, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Benjamin Chapin were among those . . . There was nothing, certainly, in the public prints or in the public view that could be inferred to be proof or hint of a change in their relationship. They were getting older, like a lot of people their age, and unlike a good many people their age, they behaved toward each other with the same precise politeness they had observed all their lives.*

*Edith's angry admission had, of course, been provoked by the sudden first suspicion that she no longer owned Joe, a doubt that never had given her the slightest reason for being*

in all the years of their marriage. The admission, she first feared, was a tactical error, but almost immediately she corrected herself: it had not been an error; it had been a lucky accident, for simultaneously, in the same scene, she and Joe had overtly put an end to pretense and deception. It was not one partner to the marriage who had done the disrupting thing; it was both. "I charge you—and I have done the same." There was no lingering doubt between them; no miserable humility on the part of the guilty one; no waiting for a reprisal; no miserable humility on the part of the offended one; no waiting for the opportunity to strike back. Realizing all this, Edith at first referred to the situation, in her mind, as a clean break. But when she had time for more reflection she saw that it was not a clean break at all, but something in its way better. It was a new relationship, brand-new, with a man she had lived with most of her life and whom she had secretly, secretly despised. She had despised him because he, the catch of the town, had taken in marriage her, the plainjane, the notquite. In her mind she had condemned him because for so many years he had come back to her body, and hers alone, for the satisfaction and renewal of his passions. She remained convinced that until the affair of the woman he was protecting, he had known only one woman, and that herself. And she had other reasons for her secret scorn of him; he was too polite, too considerate, too easily defeated, and not very lucky or very unfortunate. But then she had found him out and had boasted of her own infidelity, and as the relationship was undergoing one sort of change for the worse, it was also undergoing another sort of change for the better. She saw him as someone who had more to him than he had ever revealed. She could not like him in the new relationship, but she accorded him a sort of retroactive respect, and some of it carried over into the new relationship.

It was thus not difficult to maintain outward appearances of felicity, even though she found a new reason for the old contempt. She was, inevitably, the first and for a long time the only person to notice Joe's drinking. The matter of quantity became apparent on their household liquor bills, then on the chits Joe signed at the Gibbssville Club. She looked for, and always found, the progressive signs that indicated the effect on his body. "The Mister is off his feed," Marian would say. "I try to give him all his favorites." And Edith would lie Joe out of it by pretending to believe he was eating bigger lunches at the club. She herself cleaned up after his first hemorrhage

and vomiting, and she obeyed him when, in reply to her soft suggestion, he forbade her to call Billy English, but Billy English went to her.

"Edith, Joe is drinking too much," said Billy English. "We'd better do something about it."

"I wish you'd talk to him—or have you?" said Edith.

"No, I haven't, and I consider myself remiss, the way I found out. I, his friend, I didn't notice it. Do you know who noticed it?"

"Is it noticeable?"

"It is to an eye doctor. He went to Ferguson to see about new glasses, and Ferguson wouldn't give him new glasses. He told Joe straight from the shoulder, he told him it was liquor that made him think he needed glasses. Central retinal degeneration. Trouble seeing things straight on, and I should have noticed, because a couple of people have commented to me, asked me if Joe was worried about something or working too hard. He looked right through them. Edith, I want you to tell him to come in and see me at my office."

"I'd like to, but how can I do that?"

"I don't know how. You're his wife. Have you taken a good look at your husband lately? I mean that seriously."

"What a question!"

"All right, answer some of these questions: has he had to have his pants let out lately?"

"Well, yes."

"Have you noticed whether his pubic hair is thinning out?"

"No, I haven't noticed that."

"Well, maybe you don't look in that direction any more. Have you noticed the palms of his hands?"

"No."

"Then notice them. They're probably turning pink," said Billy.

"What are you leading up to?"

"You've heard of cirrhosis of the liver. Your father died of it."

"Oh," said Edith.

"Ferguson did a very unusual thing, coming to me, but he knows Joe's a friend as well as a patient, and he knows I've been seeing fewer and fewer patients. But he likes Joe. Now I'll tell you, Edith. If Joe had any timidity or doubt about coming to see me, that's all right. I'll forgive him if he goes to another doctor. But you get him to somebody, and don't take too long about it."

"I'll try," said Edith.

"You'd better more than try. And you watch out for a hemorrhage. If Joe starts vomiting blood, you call me right away."

"Thank you, Billy."

"Don't thank me, thank Ferguson."

"I hardly know Dr. Ferguson," said Edith.

Well, what was the use of having a talk with Joe when a man named Ferguson, whom he hardly knew, had already told him he was drinking too much? And what was the use of talking to a man who obviously was drinking because of an affair with some woman in New York, the misdirected gallantry of protecting a cheap tart?

It was never any great problem for Edith to find a reason to be failing in admiration for her husband. And in the new relationship—now no longer so new—they avoided as though by agreement discussions that would entail the disclosure of any feeling of concern, one for the other. If, as seemed to be the case, they had condemned themselves to the habit of intimacy without even a friendship, that at least was a way to live that had advantages over living apart; and to disturb the way, to risk losing the advantages through a distasteful scene, was not according to Edith's accepted plan. And besides, Edith told herself, she was according Joe the courtesy of allowing him to live as he wanted to.

Only once was her philosophical decision subjected to a judgment. Joby, who was teaching code-work at an O.S.S. camp near Washington, came home to Gibbsville "for a steak" one day, and during his visit he encountered Dr. English at the Gibbsville Club. As a result of the encounter he presented himself in his mother's sewing room.

"What's happening to Father?" he said.

"Why, he's at the office."

"No, I don't mean this minute. Or I do mean this minute. Every minute. I think he looks like hell."

"Do you?"

"Well, don't you?" said Joby.

"You get home so seldom, naturally we've both changed. And there'll be changes the next time you come home, I dare say."

"Look, Mother, I don't know a God damn thing about medicine, but anybody can see that Father's falling apart."

"Really? How do you think you're going to look when you're sixty-two? You're not yet thirty, but you don't look the healthiest."



"Never mind me. How long since Father has seen a doctor, gotten a check-up?"

"A year?"

"Oh, I don't really know."

"A year?"

"Possibly," said Edith.

"Two years?"

"It could even be two. Or three."

Joby stood up. "Will you make him go to a doctor?"

"Why, no, I don't think so."

"He's old enough to take care of himself. Is that the idea?"

"That is exactly the idea."

"And you refuse to make him go see a doctor?"

"Refuse? Joby, it isn't a question of refusing. If I understand you correctly, you're ordering me to tell your father to see a doctor—"

"Yes, I am."

"And I pay no attention to orders from you. It isn't a question of refusing. Do you order people about in this job of yours? Are you really a lieutenant or a captain or something of the sort?"

"God orders you, not me."

"Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear, dear. You must be higher than captain, to be so close to the Almighty."

"Mother, I don't think I'll ever set foot in this house again."

"Oh, you said the same thing in the very same words at least half a dozen times before, beginning when you were about twelve or thirteen. You always seemed to think that the way to solve your problems was to announce that you were never going to set foot in this house again. But that threat isn't as effective as it may have been when you were a naughty, helpless little boy. We forgive our children a lot because they are children. What if I said you're not welcome here? What if I reminded you that it's time you had a home of your own, and a wife to give orders to as long as her patience held out? I can't abide rudeness, never have, and I've never had to, except from you. We always tried to understand you, and we put up with a great deal because you were—I'm sure these modern child psychologists have some word for it. But we just thought you needed a little more understanding than most children, and we tried to give it to you. But of course we've known for a long time that our efforts were wasted. Well, now you threaten to leave us forever, I for one no longer consider it a threat."

"No, I guess you don't. A woman that would commit murder wouldn't be bothered by any threat I could make."

"I wish you'd pack your things and go, and before you ever come back here you'd better write me and make sure you'll be allowed in this house."

"All right, Mother. But you didn't have to lie to Dr. English."

"Lie? I never even mentioned your name to Dr. English."

"No, and you never mentioned his name to Father, did you? How long is it since he ordered you to have a doctor for Father? Mother, I know what you're doing, and it stinks."

He was gone from the house in less than half an hour, and he never again saw his father alive.

Joe's second hemorrhage occurred at the McHenry & Chapin office, and Dr. George Ingram was called because he was Arthur McHenry's physician and because the Chapins had no family doctor since the complete retirement of Billy English. They took Joe to the hospital.

"Mr. Chapin has had a rupture of an esophageal varix," he told Edith. "Could you tell me about any previous hemorrhage, Mrs. Chapin?"

"Well, I suppose vomiting blood several years ago—would that constitute a hemorrhage, Dr. Ingram?"

"It would indeed. Well, then Dr. English must have warned your husband."

"Dr. English wasn't called."

"Oh? Who was?"

"No one. My husband wouldn't have it."

"But it must have been—well, never mind. The point is, another hemorrhage like this—we know what it's from, Mrs. Chapin. Your husband has cirrhosis of the liver."

"Can you tell that right away?"

Ingram smiled joylessly. "You can make a pretty good guess if you've been watching a man put it away at the club for several years. Dr. English would have had Mr. Chapin on a full diet, proteins, carbohydrates, et cetera."

"Is Mr. Chapin going to die?"

"We're all going to die, Mrs. Chapin."

"But Mr. Chapin is going to die sooner than the rest of us."

"It looks that way. I'm sorry."

"Today?"

Ingram hesitated. "I'd advise you to send for your son and daughter. You've always been known as a woman of great courage, and that's why I felt free to speak frankly to you."

Deep on his dark prison floor.

Dionysus! Do your eyes  
See us? O son of Zeus, the oppressor's rod  
Falls on your worshippers; come, mighty god,  
Brandish your golden thyrsus and descend  
From great Olympus; touch this murderous man,  
And bring his violence to a sudden end!

Where are you, Dionysus? Leading your dancing [Epode  
bands

Over the mountain slopes, past many a wild beast's lair,  
Or on Corycian crags, with the thyrsus in their hands?  
Or in the wooded coverts, maybe, of Olympus, where  
Orpheus once gathered the trees and mountain beasts,  
Gathered them with his lyre, and sang an enchanting air.  
Happy vale of Pieria! Bacchus delights in you;  
He will cross the flood and foam of the Axius river, and  
there

He will bring his whirling Maenads, with dancing and  
with feasts,

Cross the father of waters, Lydias, generous giver  
Of wealth and luck, they say, to the land he wanders  
through,

Whose famous horses graze by the rich and lovely river.

*Suddenly a shout is heard from inside the building –  
the voice of DIONYSUS.*

DIONYSUS:

Io, Io! Do you know my voice, do you hear?  
Worshippers of Bacchus! Io, Io!

HORUS:

Who is that? Where is he?  
The shout of Dionysus is calling us!

DIONYSUS:

Io, Io! Hear me again:  
I am the son of Semele, the son of Zeus!

CHORUS:

Io, Io, our lord, our lord!

Come, then, come to our company, lord of joy!

DIONYSUS: O dreadful earthquake, shake the floor of the world!

CHORUS [*with a scream of terror*]:

Pentheus' palace is falling, crumbling in pieces! [*They continue severally*]

- Dionysus stands in the palace; bow before him!

- We bow before him. - See how the roof and pillars

Plunge to the ground! - Bromius is with us,

He shouts from prison the shout of victory!

*The flame on Semele's tomb grows and brightens.*

DIONYSUS:

Fan to a blaze the flame the lightning lit;

Kindle the conflagration of Pentheus' palace!

CHORUS:

Look, look, look!

Do you see, do you see the flame of Semele's tomb,

The flame that lived when she died of the lightning-stroke?

*A noise of crashing masonry is heard.*

Down, trembling Maenads! Hurl yourselves to the ground.

Your god is wrecking the palace, roof to floor;

He heard our cry - he is coming, the son of Zeus!

*The doors open and DIONYSUS appears.*

DIONYSUS:

Women of Asia, why do you cower thus, prostrate and terrified?

Surely you could hear Dionysus shattering Pentheus' palace? Come,

Lift yourselves up, take good courage, stop this trembling of your limbs!

CHORUS:

We are saved! Oh, what a joy to hear your Bacchic call ring out!

We were all alone, deserted; you have come, and we rejoice.

DIONYSUS:

Were you comfortless, despondent, when I was escorted in,  
Helpless, sentenced to be cast in Pentheus' murky prison-cell?

CHORUS:

Who could help it? What protector had we, once deprived of you?  
Tell us now how you escaped the clutches of this wicked man.

DIONYSUS: I alone, at once, unaided, effortlessly freed myself.

CHORUS: How could that be? Did not Pentheus bind your arms with knotted ropes?

DIONYSUS:

There I made a mockery of him. He thought he was binding me;  
But he neither held nor touched me, save in his deluded mind.  
Near the mangers where he meant to tie me up, he found a bull;  
And he tied his rope round the bull's knees and hooves, panting with rage,  
Dripping sweat, biting his lips; while I sat quietly by and watched.  
It was then that Dionysus shook the building, made the flame  
On his mother's tomb flare up. When Pentheus saw this, he supposed  
The whole place was burning. He rushed this way, that way, calling out  
To the servants to bring water; every slave about the place  
Was engaged upon this futile task. He left it presently,

hinking I had escaped; snatched up his murderous sword, darted indoors.

hereupon Dionysus – as it seemed to me; I merely guess –

made a phantom hover in the courtyard. Pentheus flew at it,

stabbing at the empty sunlight, thinking he was killing me.

Let a further humiliation Bacchus next contrived for him:

He destroyed the stable buildings. Pentheus sees my prison now

lying there, a heap of rubble; and the picture grieves his heart.

Now he's dazed and helpless with exhaustion. He has dropped his sword.

He, a man, dared to take arms against a god. I quietly walked

Out of the palace here to join you, giving Pentheus not a thought.

But I hear his heavy tread inside the palace. Soon, I think, He'll be out here in the forecourt. After what has happened now,

What will he have to say? For all his rage, he shall not ruffle me.

It's a wise man's part to practise a smooth-tempered self-control.

*Enter PENTHEUS.*

PENTHEUS:

This is outrageous. He has escaped – that foreigner. Only just now I had him locked up and in chains.

*He sees DIONYSUS and gives an excited shout.*

He's there! Well, what's going on now? How did you get out?

How dare you show your face here at my very door?

DIONYSUS: Stay where you are. You are angry; now control yourself.

PENTHEUS: You were tied up inside there. How did you escape?

DIONYSUS: I said – did you not hear? – that I should be free –

PENTHEUS: By whom? You're always finding something new to say.

DIONYSUS: By him who plants for mortals the rich clustered vine.

PENTHEUS: The god who frees his worshippers from every law.\*

DIONYSUS: Your insult to Dionysus is a compliment.

PENTHEUS [*to attendant GUARDS*]: Go round the walls and tell them to close every gate.

DIONYSUS: And why? Or cannot gods pass even over walls?

PENTHEUS: Oh, you know everything – save what you ought to know.

DIONYSUS:

The things most needful to be known, those things I know.

But listen first to what this man has to report;

He comes from the mountain, and he has some news for you.

I will stay here; I promise not to run away.

*Enter a HERDSMAN.*

HERDSMAN:

Pentheus, great king of Thebes! I come from Mount Cithaeron,

Whose slopes are never free from dazzling shafts of snow.

PENTHEUS: And what comes next? What urgent message do you bring?

HERDSMAN:

I have seen the holy Bacchae, who like a flight of spears

\* This is conjecturally supplied in place of a missing line.

Went streaming bare-limbed, frantic, out of the city gate.  
I have come with the intention of telling you, my lord,  
And the city, of their strange and terrible doings – things  
Beyond all wonder. But first I would learn whether  
I may speak freely of what is going on there, or  
If I should trim my words. I fear your hastiness,  
My lord, your anger, your too potent royalty.

PENTHEUS:

From me fear nothing. Say all that you have to say;  
Anger should not grow hot against the innocent.  
The more dreadful your story of these Bacchic rites,  
The heavier punishment I will inflict upon  
This man who enticed our women to their evil ways.

HERDSMAN:

At dawn today, when first the sun's rays warmed the  
earth,  
My herd of cattle was slowly climbing up towards  
The high pastures; and there I saw three separate  
Companies of women. The leader of one company  
Was Autonoe; your mother Agauë was at the head  
Of the second, Ino of the third; and they all lay  
Relaxed and quietly sleeping. Some rested on beds  
Of pine-needles, others had pillows of oak-leaves.  
They lay just as they had thrown themselves down on  
the ground,  
But modestly, not – as you told us – drunk with wine  
Or flute-music, seeking the solitary woods  
For the pursuit of love.

When your mother Agauë  
Heard the horned cattle bellowing, she stood upright  
Among the Bacchae, and called to them to stir themselves  
From sleep; and they shook off the strong sleep from  
their eyes  
And leapt to their feet. They were a sight to marvel at  
For modest comeliness; women both old and young,



Girls still unmarried. First they let their hair fall free  
Over their shoulders; some tied up the fastenings  
Of fawnskins they had loosened; round the dappled fur  
Curled snakes that licked their cheeks. Some would have  
in their arms

A young gazelle, or wild wolf-cubs, to which they gave  
Their own white milk – those of them who had left at  
home

Young children newly born, so that their breasts were  
full.

And they wore wreaths of ivy-leaves, or oak, or flowers  
Of bryony. One would strike her thyrsus on a rock,  
And from the rock a limpid stream of water sprang.  
Another dug her wand into the earth, and there  
The god sent up a fountain of wine. Those who desired  
Milk had only to scratch the earth with finger-tips,  
And there was the white stream flowing for them to  
drink,

While from the thyrsus a sweet ooze of honey dripped.  
Oh! if you had been there and seen all this, you would  
Have offered prayers to this god whom you now  
condemn.

We herdsmen, then, and shepherds gathered to  
exchange

Rival reports of these strange and extraordinary  
Performances; and one, who had knocked about the  
town,

And had a ready tongue, addressed us: 'You who live  
On the holy mountain heights,' he said, 'shall we hunt  
down

Agauë, Pentheus' mother, and bring her back from these  
Rituals, and gratify the king? What do you say?'  
This seemed a good suggestion; so we hid ourselves  
In the leafy bushes, waiting. When the set time came,  
The women began brandishing their wands, preparing

To dance, calling in unison on the son of Zeus,  
'Iacchus! Bromius!' And with them the whole mountain,  
And all the creatures there, joined in the mystic rite  
Of Dionysus, and with their motion all things moved.

Now, Agauë as she danced passed close to me; and I  
At once leapt out from hiding, bent on capturing her.  
But she called out, 'Oh, my swift-footed hounds, these  
men

Are hunting us. Come follow me! Each one of you  
Arm herself with the holy thyrsus, and follow me!'

So we fled, and escaped being torn in pieces by  
Those possessed women. But our cattle were there,  
cropping

The fresh grass; and the women attacked them, with  
their bare hands.

You could see one take a full-uddered bellowing young  
heifer

And hold it by the legs with her two arms stretched  
wide;

Others seized on our cows and tore them limb from limb;  
You'd see some ribs, or a cleft hoof, tossed high and low;  
And rags of flesh hung from pine-branches, dripping  
blood.

Bulls, which one moment felt proud rage hot in their  
horns,

The next were thrown bodily to the ground, dragged  
down

By hands of girls in thousands; and they stripped the flesh  
From the bodies faster than you could wink your royal  
eyes.

Then, skimming bird-like over the surface of the  
ground,

They scoured the plain which stretches by Asopus' banks  
And yields rich crops for Thebes; and like an enemy  
force

They fall on Hyria and Erythra, two villages  
In the low slopes of Cithæron, and ransacked them  
hoist:

Smashed bulks out of the houses; any plunder which  
They carried on their shoulders saved there without  
snaps -

Nothing fell to the ground, not bronze or iron: they  
carried

Fire on their heads, and yet their soft hair was not burnt

The villagers, enraged at being so plundered, armed  
themselves to resist; and then, my lord, an amazing  
sight:

Was to be seen. The spears those men were throwing  
drew

No blood; but the women, hurling a thyrsus like a spear,  
Dealt wounds; in short, those women turned the men to  
flight.

There was the power of a god in that. Then they went  
back

To the place where they had started from, to those  
fountains

The god had caused to flow for them. And they washed  
off

The blood; and snakes licked clean the stains, till their  
cheeks shone.

So, master, whoever this divinity may be,  
Receive him in this land. His powers are manifold;  
But chiefly, as I hear, he gave to men the vine  
To cure their sorrows; and without wine, neither love  
Nor any other pleasure would be left for us.

CHORUS:

I shrink from speaking freely before the king; yet I  
Will say it: there is no greater god than Dionysus.

PENTHEUS:

This Bacchic arrogance advances on us like

A spreading fire, disgracing us before all Hells.

We must act now. [To the HERDSMAN] Go quickly to the Electron gate;

Tell all my men who carry shields, heavy or light,

All riders on fast horses, all my archers with

Their twanging bows, to meet me there in readiness

For an onslaught on these maniacs. This is beyond

All bearing, if we must let women so defy us.

DIONYSUS:

You refuse, Pentheus, to give heed to what I say

Or change your ways. Yet still, despite your wrongs to me,

I warn you: stay here quietly; do not take up arms

Against a god. Dionysus will not tolerate

Attempts to drive his worshippers from their holy hills.

PENTHEUS:

I'll not have you instruct me. You have escaped your chains;

Now be content – or must I punish you again?

DIONYSUS:

I would control my rage and sacrifice to him

If I were you, rather than kick against the goad.

Can you, a mortal, measure your strength with a god's?

PENTHEUS:

I'll sacrifice, yes – blood of women, massacred

Wholesale, as they deserve, among Cithacron's glens.

DIONYSUS:

Your army will be put to flight. What a disgrace

For bronze shields to be routed by those women's wands!

PENTHEUS:

How can I deal with this impossible foreigner?

In prison or out, nothing will make him hold his tongue.

DIONYSUS: My friend, a happy settlement may still be found.

PENTHEUS: How? Must I be a slave to my own women?

They fell on Hysiae and Erythrae, two villages  
On the low slopes of Cithaeron, and ransacked them  
both;  
Snatched babies out of the houses; any plunder which  
They carried on their shoulders stayed there without  
straps –  
Nothing fell to the ground, not bronze or iron; they  
carried  
Fire on their heads, and yet their soft hair was not burnt.  
The villagers, enraged at being so plundered, armed  
Themselves to resist; and then, my lord, an amazing  
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Was to be seen. The spears those men were throwing  
drew  
No blood; but the women, hurling a thyrsus like a spear,  
Dealt wounds; in short, those women turned the men to  
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To the place where they had started from, to those  
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The god had caused to flow for them. And they washed  
off  
The blood; and snakes licked clean the stains, till their  
cheeks shone.

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Receive him in this land. His powers are manifold;  
But chiefly, as I hear, he gave to men the vine  
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Nor any other pleasure would be left for us.

CHORUS:

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Will say it: there is no greater god than Dionysus.

PENTHEUS:

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A spreading fire, disgracing us before all Hellas.

We must act now. [*To the HERDSMAN*] Go quickly to the Electran gate;

Tell all my men who carry shields, heavy or light,

All riders on fast horses, all my archers with

Their twanging bows, to meet me there in readiness

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PENTHEUS:

How can I deal with this impossible foreigner?

In prison or out, nothing will make him hold his tongue.

DIONYSUS: My friend, a happy settlement may still be found.

PENTHEUS: How? Must I be a slave to my own slave-women?

DIONYSUS: In case they kill you, if you are seen there as a man.

PENTHEUS: Again you are quite right. How you think of everything!

DIONYSUS: It was Dionysus who inspired me with that thought.

PENTHEUS: Then how can your suggestion best be carried out?

DIONYSUS: I'll come indoors with you myself and dress you.

PENTHEUS: What?

Dress me? In woman's clothes? But I would be ashamed.

DIONYSUS: Do you want to watch the Maenads? Are you less eager now?

PENTHEUS: What kind of dress did you say you would put on me?

DIONYSUS: First I'll adorn your head with locks of flowing hair.

PENTHEUS: And after that? What style of costume shall I have?

DIONYSUS: A full-length robe; and on your head shall be a snood.

PENTHEUS: Besides these, is there anything else you'll put on me?

DIONYSUS: A dappled fawnskin round you, a thyrsus in your hand.

PENTHEUS: I could not bear to dress myself in woman's clothes.

DIONYSUS: If you join the battle with the Maenads, blood will flow.

PENTHEUS: You are right; I must first go to spy on them.

DIONYSUS: That way is better than inviting force by using it.

PENTHEUS: And how shall I get through the town without being seen?

DIONYSUS: We'll go by empty streets; I will show you the way.



PENTHEUS:

The Maenads must not mock me; better anything  
Than that. Now I'll go in, and think how best to act.

DIONYSUS: You may do so. My preparations are all made.

PENTHEUS:

I'll go in, then; and either I'll set forth at the head  
Of my armed men – or else I'll follow your advice.

*Exit PENTHEUS.*

DIONYSUS:

Women, this man is walking into the net. He will  
Visit the Bacchae; and there death shall punish him.

Dionysus! – for you are not far distant – all is now  
In your hands. Let us be revenged on him! And first  
Fill him with wild delusions, drive him out of his mind.  
While sane, he'll not consent to put on woman's clothes;  
Once free from the curb of reason, he will put them  
on.

I long to set Thebes laughing at him, as he walks  
In female garb through all the streets; to humble him  
From the arrogance he showed when first he threatened  
me.

Now I will go, to array Pentheus in the dress  
Which he will take down with him to the house of  
Death,  
Slaughtered by his own mother's hands. And he shall  
know

Dionysus, son of Zeus, in his full nature God,  
Most terrible, although most gentle, to mankind.

*DIONYSUS follows PENTHEUS into the palace.*

CHORUS: ^

O for long nights of worship, gay  
With the pale gleam of dancing feet,  
With head tossed high to the dewy air –  
Pleasure mysterious and sweet!  
O for the joy of a fawn at play

[*Strophe*

In the fragrant meadow's green delight,  
 Who has leapt out free from the woven snare,  
 Away from the terror of chase and flight,  
 And the huntsman's shout, and the straining pack,  
 And skims the sand by the river's brim  
 With the speed of wind in each aching limb,  
 To the blessed lonely forest where  
 The soil's unmarked by a human track,  
 And leaves hang thick and the shades are dim.

What prayer should we call wise? [Refrain  
 What gift of Heaven should man  
 Count a more noble prize,  
 A prayer more prudent, than  
 To stretch a conquering arm  
 Over the fallen crest.  
 Of those who wished us harm?  
 And what is noble every heart loves best.

Slow, yet unfailing, move the Powers [Antistrophe  
 Of heaven with the moving hours.  
 When mind runs mad, dishonours God,  
 And worships self and senseless pride,  
 Then Law eternal wields the rod.  
 Still Heaven hunts down the impious man,  
 Though divine subtlety may hide  
 Time's creeping foot. No mortal ought  
 To challenge Time – to overbear  
 Custom in act, or age in thought.  
 All men, at little cost, may share  
 The blessing of a pious creed;  
 Truths more than mortal, which began  
 In the beginning, and belong  
 To very nature – these indeed  
 Reign in our world, are fixed and strong.

What prayer should we call wise?  
 What gift of heaven should man  
 Count a more noble prize,  
 A prayer more prudent, than  
 To stretch a conquering arm  
 Over the fallen crest  
 Of those who wished us harm?  
 And what is noble every heart loves best.

[Refrain

Blest is the man who cheats the stormy sea  
 And safely moors beside the sheltering quay;  
 So, blest is he who triumphs over trial.  
 One man, by various means, in wealth or strength  
 Outdoes his neighbour; hope in a thousand hearts  
 Colours a thousand different dreams; at length  
 Some find a dear fulfilment, some denial.

[Epodi

But this I say,  
 That he who best  
 Enjoys each passing day  
 Is truly blest.

*Enter DIONYSUS. He turns to call PENTHEUS.*

DIONYSUS:

Come, perverse man, greedy for sights you should not  
 see,

Eager for deeds you should not do – Pentheus! Com  
 out

Before the palace and show yourself to me, wearing  
 The garb of a frenzied Bacchic woman, and prepared  
 To spy on your mother and all her Bacchic company.

*Enter PENTHEUS dressed as a Bacchic devotee. He is dazed  
 and entirely subservient to DIONYSUS.*

You are the very image of one of Cadmus' daughters.

PENTHEUS:

Why, now! I seem to see two suns; a double Thebes;  
 Our city's wall with seven gates appears double.

DIONYSUS *takes PENTHEUS by the hand and leads him forward.*

You are a bull I see leading me forward now;  
A pair of horns seems to have grown upon your head.  
Were you a beast before? You have become a bull.

DIONYSUS:

The god then did not favour us; he is with us now,  
We have made our peace with him; you see as you  
should see.

PENTHEUS:

How do I look? Tell me, is not the way I stand  
Like the way Ino stands, or like my mother Agaue?

DIONYSUS:

Looking at you, I think I see them both. Wait, now;  
Here is a curl has slipped out of its proper place,  
Not as I tucked it carefully below your snood.

PENTHEUS:

Indoors, as I was tossing my head up and down  
Like a Bacchic dancer, I dislodged it from its place.

DIONYSUS:

Come, then; I am the one who should look after you.  
I'll fix it in its place again. There; lift your head.

PENTHEUS: You dress me, please; I have put myself in your  
hands now.

DIONYSUS:

Your girdle has come loose; and now your dress does not  
Hang, as it should, in even pleats down to the ankle.

PENTHEUS:

That's true, I think – at least by the right leg, on this  
side;

But on the other side the gown hangs well to the heel.

DIONYSUS:

You'll surely count me chief among your friends, when  
you

Witness the Maenads' unexpected modesty.

PENTHEUS:

Ought I to hold my thyrsus in the right hand – so,  
Or in the left, to look more like a Bacchanal?

DIONYSUS:

In the right hand; and raise it at the same time as  
Your right foot. I am glad you are so changed in mind.

PENTHEUS:

Could I lift up on my own shoulders the whole weight  
Of Mount Cithaeron, and all the women dancing there?

DIONYSUS:

You could, if you so wished. The mind you had before  
Was sickly; now your mind is just as it should be.

PENTHEUS:

Shall we take crowbars? Or shall I put my shoulder under  
The rocks, and heave the mountain up with my two arms?

DIONYSUS:

Oh, come, now! Don't destroy the dwellings of the  
nymphs,  
And the quiet places where Pan sits to play his pipes.

PENTHEUS:

You are right. We ought not to use force to overcome  
Those women. I will hide myself among the pines.

DIONYSUS:

Hide – yes, you'll hide, and find the proper hiding-place  
For one who comes by stealth to spy on Bacchic rites.

PENTHEUS:

Why yes! I think they are there now in their hidden nests,  
Like birds, all clasped close in the sweet prison of love.

DIONYSUS:

What you are going to watch for is this very thing;  
Perhaps you will catch them – if you are not first  
caught yourself.

PENTHEUS:

Now take me through the central streets of Thebes; for I  
Am the one man among them all that dares do this.



On the swift wild mountain-dances of Cadmus' daughters?  
Which of you is his mother?

No, that lad never lay in a woman's womb;  
A lioness gave him suck, or a Libyan Gorgon!

Justice, now be revealed! Now let your sword  
Thrust – through and through – to sever the throat  
Of the godless, lawless, shameless son of Echion,  
Who sprang from the womb of Earth!

See! With contempt of right, with a reckless [*Antistrophe*  
rage

To combat your and your mother's mysteries, Bacchus,  
With maniac fury out he goes, stark mad,  
For a trial of strength against *your* invincible arm!  
His proud purposes death shall discipline.  
He who unquestioning gives the gods their due,  
And knows that his days are as dust, shall live untouched.  
I have no wish to grudge the wise their wisdom;  
But the joys *I* seek are greater, outshine all others,  
And lead our life to goodness and loveliness:  
The joy of the holy heart  
That night and day is bent to honour the gods  
And disown all custom that breaks the bounds of right.

Justice, now be revealed! Now let your sword  
Thrust – through and through – to sever the throat  
Of the godless, lawless, shameless son of Echion,  
Who sprang from the womb of Earth!

[*Then with growing excitement, shouting in unison, and  
dancing to the rhythm of their words*]

Come, Dionysus!

[*Epode*

Come, and appear to us!

Come like a bull or a

Hundred-headed serpent,

Come like a lion snorting

Flame from your nostrils!  
 Swoop down, Bacchus, on the  
 Hunter of the Bacchae;  
 Smile at him and snare him;  
 Then let the stampeding  
 Herd of the Maenads  
 Throw him and throttle him,  
 Catch, trip, trample him to death!

*Enter a MESSENGER.*

MESSENGER:

O house that once shone glorious throughout Hellas,  
 home

Of the old Sidonian king who planted in this soil  
 The dragon's earth-born harvest! How I weep for  
 you!

Slave though I am, I suffer with my master's fate.

CHORUS: Are you from the mountain, from the Bacchic  
 rites? What news?

MESSENGER: Pentheus, son of Echion, is dead.

CHORUS: Bromius, lord! Your divine power is revealed!

MESSENGER:

What, woman? What was that you said? Do you exist

When such a cruel fate has overtaken the king?

CHORUS: I am no Greek.

I sing my joy in a foreign tune.

Not any more do I cower in terror of prison!

MESSENGER: Do you think Thebes has no men left who can  
 take command?

CHORUS: Dionysus commands me;  
 Not Thebes, but Dionysus.

MESSENGER:

Allowance must be made for you; yet, to rejoice

At the accomplishment of horrors, is not right.

CHORUS: Tell us everything, then: this tyrant king  
 Bent on cruelty – how did he die?



## MESSENGER:

When we had left behind the outlying parts of Thebes  
And crossed the river Asopus, we began to climb  
Toward the uplands of Cithaeron, Pentheus and I –  
I went as his attendant – and the foreigner  
Who was our guide to the spectacle we were to see.  
Well, first we sat down in a grassy glade. We kept  
Our footsteps and our talk as quiet as possible,  
So as to see without being seen. We found ourselves  
In a valley full of streams, with cliffs on either side.  
There, under the close shade of branching pines, the  
Maenads

Were sitting, their hands busy at their happy tasks;  
Some of them twining a fresh crown of ivy-leaves  
For a stripped thyrsus; others, gay as fillies loosed  
From painted yokes, were singing holy Bacchic songs,  
Each answering other. But the ill-fated Pentheus saw  
None of this; and he said, 'My friend, from where we  
stand

My eyes cannot make out these so-called worshippers;  
But if I climbed a towering pine-tree on the cliff  
I would have a clear view of their shameful practices.'

And then I saw that foreigner do an amazing thing.  
He took hold of a pine-tree's soaring, topmost branch,  
And dragged it down, down, down to the dark earth.

It was bent

In a circle as a bow is bent, as a wheel's curve,  
Drawn with a compass, bends the rim to its own shape;  
The foreigner took that mountain-pine in his two hands  
And bent it down – a thing no mortal man could do.  
Then seating Pentheus on a high branch, he began  
To let the tree spring upright, slipping it through his  
hands

Steadily, taking care he should not be flung off.  
The pine-trunk, straightened, soared into the soaring sky,

Bearing my master seated astride, so that he was  
More visible to the Maenads than they were to him.  
He was just coming into view on his high perch,  
When out of the sky a voice – Dionysus, I suppose;  
That foreigner was nowhere to be seen – pealed forth:  
'Women, here is the man who made a mock of you,  
And me, and of my holy rites. Now punish him.'  
And in the very moment the voice spoke, a flash  
Of dreadful fire stretched between earth and the high  
heaven.

The air fell still. The wooded glade held every leaf  
Still. You could hear no cry of any beast. The women,  
Not having caught distinctly what the voice uttered,  
Stood up and gazed around. Then came a second word  
Of command. As soon as Cadmus' daughters recognized  
The clear bidding of Bacchus, with the speed of doves  
They darted forward, and all the Bacchae after them.  
Through the torrent-filled valley, over the rocks,  
possessed

By the very breath of Bacchus they went leaping on.  
Then, when they saw my master crouched high in the  
pine,

At first they climbed the cliff which towered opposite,  
And violently flung at him pieces of rocks, or boughs  
Of pine-trees which they hurled as javelins; and some  
Aimed with the thyrsus; through the high air all around  
Their wretched target missiles flew. Yet every aim  
Fell short, the tree's height baffled all their eagerness;  
While Pentheus, helpless in this pitiful trap, sat there.  
Then, with a force like lightning, they tore down  
branches

Of oak, and with these tried to prize up the tree's roots.  
When all their struggles met with no success, Agaüē  
Cried out, 'Come, Maenads, stand in a circle round the  
tree

And take hold of it. We must catch this climbing beast,  
Or he'll disclose the secret dances of Dionysus.'

They came; a thousand hands gripped on the pine and  
tore it

Out of the ground. Then from his high perch plunging,  
crashing

To the earth Pentheus fell, with one incessant scream  
As he understood what end was near.

His mother first,  
As priestess, led the rite of death, and fell upon him.  
He tore the headband from his hair, that his wretched  
mother

Might recognize him and not kill him. 'Mother,' he  
cried,

Touching her cheek, 'It is I, your own son Pentheus,  
whom

You bore to Echion. Mother, have mercy; I have sinned,  
But I am still your own son. Do not take my life!'

Agauë was foaming at the mouth; her rolling eyes  
Were wild; she was not in her right mind, but possessed  
By Bacchus, and she paid no heed to him. She grasped  
His right arm between wrist and elbow, set her foot  
Against his ribs, and tore his arm off by the shoulder.  
It was no strength of hers that did it, but the god  
Filled her, and made it easy. On the other side  
Ino was at him, tearing at his flesh; and now  
Autonoë joined them, and the whole maniacal horde.  
A single and continuous yell arose - Pentheus  
Shrieking as long as life was left in him, the women  
Howling in triumph. One of them carried off an arm,  
Another a foot, the boot still laced on it. The ribs  
Were stripped, clawed clean; and women's hands, thick  
red with blood,

Were tossing, catching, like a plaything, Pentheus' flesh.  
His body lies - no easy task to find - scattered

Under hard rocks, or in the green woods. His poor head –  
 His mother carries it, fixed on her thyrsus-point,  
 Openly over Cithaeron's pastures, thinking it  
 The head of a young mountain-lion. She has left her  
 sisters

Dancing among the Maenads, and herself comes here  
 Inside the walls, exulting in her hideous prey,  
 Shouting to Bacchus, calling him her fellow-hunter,  
 Her partner in the kill, comrade in victory.  
 But Bacchus gives her bitter tears for her reward.

Now I will go. I must find some place far away  
 From this horror, before Agauë returns home.  
 A sound and humble heart that reverences the gods  
 Is man's noblest possession; and the same virtue  
 Is wisest too, I think, for those who practise it.

*Exit the MESSENGER.*

CHORUS:

Let us dance a dance to Bacchus, shout and sing  
 For the fall of Pentheus, heir of the dragon's seed,  
 Who hid his beard in a woman's gown,  
 And sealed his death with the holy sign  
 Of ivy wreathing a fennel-reed,  
 When bull led man to the ritual slaughter-ring.  
 Frenzied daughters of Cadmus, what renown  
 Your victory wins you – such a song  
 As groans must stifle, tears must drown!  
 Emblem of conquest, brave and fine! –  
 A mother's hand, defiled  
 With blood and dripping red  
 Caresses the torn head  
 Of her own murdered child!

But look! I see her – there, running towards the palace –  
 Agauë, Pentheus' mother, her eyes wildly rolling.  
 Come, welcome them – Dionysus' holy company.

AGAUË appears, frenzied and panting, with PENTHEUS' head held in her hand. The rest of her band of devotees, whom the CHORUS saw approaching with her, do not enter; but a few are seen standing by the entrance, where they wait until the end of the play.

AGAUË: Women of Asia! Worshippers of Bacchus!

AGAUË tries to show them PENTHEUS' head; they shrink from it.

CHORUS: Why do you urge me? Oh!

AGAUË: I am bringing home from the mountains  
A vine-branch freshly cut,  
For the gods have blessed our hunting.

CHORUS: We see it . . . and welcome you in fellowship.

AGAUË: I caught him without a trap,  
A lion-cub, young and wild.  
Look, you may see him: there!

CHORUS: Where was it?

AGAUË: On Cithaeron;  
The wild and empty mountain -

CHORUS: Cithaeron!

AGAUË: . . . spilt his life-blood.

CHORUS: Who shot him?

AGAUË: I was first;  
All the women are singing,  
'Honour to great Agauë!'

CHORUS: And then - who next?

AGAUË: Why, Cadmus' . . .

CHORUS: What - Cadmus?

AGAUË: Yes, his daughters -  
But after me, after me -  
Laid their hands to the kill.  
Today was a splendid hunt!  
Come now, join in the feast!

CHORUS: What, wretched woman? Feast?

AGAUË [*tenderly stroking the head as she holds it*]:



Where is my father? Let old Cadmus come. And where  
Is my son Pentheus? Let him climb a strong ladder  
And nail up on the cornice of the palace wall  
This lion's head that I have hunted and brought home.

*Enter CADMUS with attendants bearing the body of  
PENTHEUS.*

CADMUS:

Come, men, bring your sad burden that was Pentheus.

Come,

Set him at his own door. By weary, endless search  
I found his body's remnants scattered far and wide  
About Cithaeron's glens, or hidden in thick woods.  
I gathered them and brought them here.

I had already

Returned with old Teiresias from the Bacchic dance,  
And was inside the walls, when news was brought me of  
My daughters' terrible deed. I turned straight back; and  
now

Return, bringing my grandson, whom the Maenads killed.  
I saw Autonoe, who bore Actaeon to Aristaeus,  
And Ino with her, there among the trees, still rapt  
In their unhappy frenzy; but I understood  
That Agauë had come dancing on her way to Thebes —  
And there indeed she is, a sight for misery!

AGAUË:

Father! Now you may boast as loudly as you will  
That you have sired the noblest daughters of this age!  
I speak of all three, but myself especially.  
I have left weaving at the loom for greater things,  
For hunting wild beasts with my bare hands. See this prize,  
Here in my arms; I won it, and it shall be hung  
On your palace wall. There, father, take it in your hands.  
Be proud of my hunting; call your friends to a feast; let  
them  
Bless you and envy you for the splendour of my deed.







AGAUË: Father, where is the beloved body of my son?

CADMUS: Here. It was I who brought it, after painful search.

AGAUË: And are his limbs now decently composed?

CADMUS: Not yet.\*

We came back to the city with all possible haste.

AGAUË: How could I touch his body with these guilty hands?

CADMUS: Your guilt, my daughter, was not heavier than his.

AGAUË: What part did Pentheus have, then, in my insanity?

CADMUS:

He sinned like you, refusing reverence to a god.

Therefore the god has joined all in one ruin – you,

Your sisters, Pentheus – to destroy my house and me.

I have no son; and now, my unhappy child, I see

This son of yours dead by a shameful, hideous death.

You were the new hope of our house, its bond of  
strength,

Dear grandson. And Thebes feared you; no one dared  
insult

Your old grandfather if he saw you near; you would

Teach him his lesson. But now I shall live exiled,

Dishonoured – I, Cadmus the great, who planted here,

And reaped, that glorious harvest of the Theban race.

O dearest son – yes, even in death you shall be held

Most dear – you will never touch my beard again, and  
call

Me Grandfather, and put your arm round me and say,

'Who has wronged you or insulted you? Who is unseen

Or vexes or disturbs you? Tell me, Grandfather,

That I may punish him.' Never again. For me

All that remains is pain; for you, the pity of death;

For your mother, tears; torment for our whole family.

If any man derides the unseen world, let him

Ponder the death of Pentheus, and believe in god.

\* This and the three following lines are missing in the manuscript  
here conjecturally supplied.

CHORUS:

I grieve for your fate, Cadmus; though your grandson's death

Was justly merited, it falls cruelly on you.

AGAUË:

Father, you see how one disastrous day has shattered  
My whole life,\* *turned my pride to shame, my happiness*  
*To horror. Now my only wish is to compose*  
*My son's body for burial, and lament for him;*  
*And then die. But this is not lawful; for my hands*  
*Are filthy with pollution of their own making.*  
*When I have spilt the blood I bore, and torn the flesh*  
*That grew in my own womb, how can I after this*  
*Enfold him to my breast, or chant his ritual dirge?*  
*And yet, I beg you, pity me, and let me touch*  
*My son, and say farewell to that dear body which*  
*I cherished, and destroyed unknowing. It is right*  
*That you should pity, for your hands are innocent.*

CADMUS:

*My daughter, you and I and our whole house are crushed*  
*And broken by the anger of this powerful god.*  
*It is not for me to keep you from your son. Only*  
*Be resolute, and steel your heart against a sight*

\* At this point the two MSS on which the text of this play depends show a lacuna of considerable extent; it covers the end of this scene, in which Agauë mourns over Pentheus' body, and the appearance of Dionysus manifested as a god. The MSS resume in the middle of a speech by Dionysus. A number of quotations by ancient authors, together with less than twenty lines from *Christus Patiens* (an anonymous fourth century A.D. work consisting largely of lines adapted from Greek tragedies) make it possible to attempt a guess at the content of the missing lines. Since this play is often performed, it seems worth while to provide here a usable text. In the lines that follow, the words printed in italics are mere conjecture, and have no value except as a credible completion of the probable sense; while those in Roman type represent the sources available from *Christus Patiens* and elsewhere.

*Which must be fearful to any eyes, but most of all  
To a mother's. [To attendants] Men, put down your burden on  
the ground*

*Before Agauë, and remove the covering.*

AGAUË:

*Dear child, how cruel, how unnatural are these tears,  
Which should have fallen from your eyes on my dead face!  
Now I shall die with none to mourn me. This is just;  
For in my pride I did not recognize the god,  
Nor understand the things I ought to have understood.  
You too are punished for the same impiety;  
But which is the more terrible, your fate or mine,  
I cannot tell. Since you have suffered too, you will  
Forgive both what I did, not knowing what I did,  
And what I do now, touching you with unholy hands –  
At once your cruellest enemy and your dearest friend.*

*I place your limbs as they should lie; I kiss the flesh  
That my own body nourished and my own care reared  
To manhood. Help me, father; lay his poor head here.  
Make all exact and seemly, with what care we can.  
O dearest face, O young fresh cheek; O kingly eyes,  
Your light now darkened! O my son! See, with this veil  
I now cover your head, your torn and bloodstained limbs.*

*Take him up, carry him to burial, a king  
Lured to a shameful death by the anger of a god.*

*Enter DIONYSUS.*

CHORUS:

*But look! Who is this, rising above the palace door?  
It is he – Dionysus comes himself, no more disguised  
As mortal, but in the glory of his divinity!*

DIONYSUS:

*Behold me, a god great and powerful, Dionysus,  
The son whom Theban Semele bore to immortal Zeus.  
I come to the city of seven gates, to famous Thebes,  
Whose people slighted me, denied my divinity,*

*Refused my ritual dances. Now they reap the fruit  
Of impious folly. The royal house is overthrown;  
The city's streets tremble in guilt, as every Theban  
Repents too late his blindness and his blasphemy.  
Foremost in sin was Pentheus, who not only scorned  
My claims, but put me in fetters and insulted me.  
Therefore death came to him in the most shameful way,  
At his own mother's hands. This fate he justly earned;  
No god can see his worship scorned, and hear his name  
Profaned, and not take vengeance to the utmost limit.  
Thus men may learn that gods are more powerful than they.*

*Agauë and her sisters must immediately  
Depart from Thebes; their exile will be just penance  
For the pollution which this blood has brought on them.  
Never again shall they enjoy their native land;  
That such defilement ever should appear before  
The city's altars, is an offence to piety.*

Now, Cadmus, hear what suffering Fate appoints for you.  
You\* shall transmute your nature, and become a serpent.  
Your wife Harmonia, whom her father Ares gave  
To you, a mortal, likewise shall assume the nature  
Of beasts, and live a snake. The oracle of Zeus  
Foretells that you, at the head of a barbaric horde,  
Shall with your wife drive forth a pair of heifers yoked,  
And with your countless army destroy many cities;  
But when they plunder Loxias' oracle, they shall find  
A miserable homecoming. However, Ares shall  
At last deliver both you and Harmonia,  
And grant you immortal life among the blessed gods.

I who pronounce these fates am Dionysus, begotten  
Not by a mortal father, but by Zeus. If you  
Had chosen wisdom, when you would not, you would  
have lived

In wealth and safety, having the son of Zeus your friend.

\* Here the MSS resume.

CADMUS: Have mercy on us, Dionysus. We have sinned.

DIONYSUS: You know too late. You did not know me when you should.

CADMUS: We acknowledge this; but your revenge is merciless.

DIONYSUS: And rightly; I am a god, and you insulted me.

CADMUS: Gods should not be like mortals in vindictiveness.

DIONYSUS: All this my father Zeus ordained from the beginning.

AGAUË: No hope, father. Our harsh fate is decreed: exile.

DIONYSUS: Then why put off a fate which is inevitable?

*Exit DIONYSUS.*

CADMUS:

Dear child, what misery has overtaken us all –

You, and your sisters, and your old unhappy father!

I must set forth from home and live in barbarous lands;

Further than that, it is foretold that I shall lead

A mixed barbarian horde to Hellas. And my wife,

Harmonia, Ares' daughter, and I too, must take

The brutish form of serpents; and I am to lead her thus

At the head of an armed force, to desecrate the tombs

And temples of our native land. I am to reach

No respite from this curse; I may not even cross

The downward stream of Acheron to find peace in death.

AGAUË: And I in exile, father, shall live far from you.

CADMUS:

Poor child, why do you cling to me, as the young woman

Cling fondly to the old, helpless and white with age?

AGAUË: Where can I ~~now~~ find comfort, ~~loneliness and exile?~~

CADMUS: I do not know. Your father is little help to you.

AGAUË:

*Farewell, my home; farewell the land I know.*

*Farewell, summer and winter, now I go*

*From this cold place that I came a child.*

CADMUS:

Go, daughter; find some secret place to hide  
Your shame and sorrow.

AGAUË: Father, I weep for you.

CADMUS: I for your suffering, and your sisters' too.

AGAUË:

There is strange tyranny in the god who sent  
Against your house this cruel punishment.

CADMUS:

Not strange: our citizens despised his claim,  
And you, and they, put him to open shame.

AGAUË: Father, farewell.

CADMUS: Poor child! I cannot tell

How you can *fare well*; yet I say, Farewell.

AGAUË:

I go to lead my sisters by the hand  
To share my wretchedness in a foreign land.

*She turns to the Theban women who have been waiting at  
the edge of the stage.*

Come, see me forth.

Gods, lead me to some place

Where loath'd Cithaeron may not see my face,

Nor I Cithaeron. I have had my fill

Of mountain-ecstasy; now take who will

My holy ivy-wreath, my thyrsus-rod,

All that reminds me how I served this god!

*Exit, followed by CADMUS.*

CHORUS:

Gods manifest themselves in many forms,

Bring many matters to surprising ends;

The things we thought would happen do not happen;

The unexpected God makes possible:

And that is what has happened here today.

*Exeunt.*

## NOTES



### ION

- p. 41 *Phoebus Apollo*: also frequently called *Loxias*, a name applying especially to his prophetic function. In the translation I have generally used 'Apollo' to avoid confusion.
- p. 42 *Erechthonius*: the father of *Erechtheus* the founder of Athens.
- p. 49 *Is the common story true . . . ?* If the conversation which occupies the next 25 lines is compared with that on p. 58, beginning for example at 'Ha! another child of the earth!' I think there will be no doubt as to which passage Euripides meant to be accepted as giving the real facts of Ion's birth.
- p. 63 *I'm worn out*: it is a convention that old men need help in walking when they arrive; sometimes, as in this instance, the excitement of action later makes them (or their author) forget their feebleness. The same thing happens with *Peleus* in *Andromache*.
- p. 70 *At that time the Earth . . .*: the whole of this passage is 'stichomythia', i.e., the characters alternate with a single line each. The Greek language was at home in such quick exchange; in English it would be tedious, and I have therefore telescoped some of the lines to vary the length of speech.
- p. 73 *Look now, you who with . . .*: in this last stanza the Chorus step, as it were, out of the drama and address the audience, and in particular any poet or playwright who may be present. The lines are interesting as coming from one so often called a misogynist.
- p. 78 *Enter Ion*: it is sometimes thought that Ion does not see Creusa until near the end of his speech, *See how she weaves*, etc. But I think it more likely that he sees her as soon as he enters; and is at first too overcome with indignation to be able to address her directly.  
*To say nothing of my mother*: it seems that he must here refer to the priestess, who is the only mother he has known.
- p. 80 *I am so glad . . .*: the expression is stronger in Greek. It is the sort of moment when understatement is more effective in English.
- p. 81 *The Priestess stands by the temple door*: the text gives no indication of her exit; but it would be dramatically right for her to wait to see Creusa and Ion reconciled.
- p. 84 *You have another father*: all of Creusa's explanation is in lyric metre; but for an English production the essential note here is



intimacy; and this is almost bound to be sacrificed if verse is attempted.

- P. 86 *Unless perhaps it is timely*: Ion for a moment reverts to his child-like attitude shown at the beginning of the play; then recollects how much he has learnt, and braces himself to listen with the mind of a man.
- P. 87 *Apollo has done all things well*: but when she comes to enumerate these blessings, she finds the list disconcertingly short.

### THE WOMEN OF TROY

- P. 89 *Poseidon*: the younger brother of Zeus. *Athene*: the daughter of Zeus. Although Greeks usually referred to Trojans with some contempt for their oriental outlook – love of luxury, acceptance of despotism, and so on – yet it is assumed from Homer onwards that they had the same language, and that at least the principal gods of Hellas were also honoured in Asia.
- P. 96 *Peirene*: a spring struck by the foot of Pegasus from a rock at Corinth.
- P. 97 *The land of Aetna*: the complimentary reference to Sicily seems to be a protest against the Sicilian expedition, which was in preparation at the time this play was produced.
- P. 102 Cassandra's speeches seem to be deliberately made a mixture of pertinent sanity and ironical nonsense. Her warning of the folly of distant military undertakings is only too plainly wise; her superficial arguments of comfort for those bereaved in war, capped by her fatuous praise of Paris's distinguished marriage, equally plainly imply the opposite of their proposed effect.
- P. 104 *In his long wandering . . . ills innumerable*: This passage is of doubtful authenticity.
- P. 105 *Avengers*: the Furies, avengers of blood, who moved Clytemnestra to kill Agamemnon, and later Orestes to kill Clytemnestra.
- P. 107 *Good fortune means nothing*: a more literal translation would be: 'Of those (seemingly) blessed with good fortune, call none even lucky until he is dead.'
- P. 107 In this Ode the MSS are faulty and confused in several places, so that exactness in translation becomes impossible.
- P. III *As Hector's wife*, etc.: the sentences which follow here, with their didactic tone regarding the behaviour of women, are not to be regarded as merely another instance of the author's personal views dragged in on an unsuitable occasion. The

topicality of Andromache's words serves a dramatic purpose in emphasizing for the audience that this woman being taken off by soldiers to be a slave and concubine is just such a one as themselves; that this is what an Athenian army did to wealthy and cultured women in Melos only two years ago.

- P. 120 For the interpretation of Helen's speech see the Introduction.
- P. 122 *It's a confusion easily made*: Euripides here refers to *aprosynesis*, 'folly', connecting it with *Aphrodite*. Such puns seemed to fifth-century Athenians to have point; there is, of course, no etymological connection.
- P. 124 *On the ensuing attitude . . .*: literally, 'on how the mind of the beloved turns out'. Since Menelaus does not say 'on how she has behaved', it seems that his words may contain already a hint of possible reconciliation with Helen.
- P. 125 *Will our home be holy Salamis?*: to an English audience this topographical speculation might seem to come more suitably from their mothers (as before, p. 96) than from the children. A producer would probably wish to close the inverted commas at *rovers ready* and in the following line change *our* to *their*.
- P. 126 *Peleus . . . Peleas*: in 'Peleus' the first *e* is long, and *-eus* is one syllable; 'Peleas' has three syllables, and the first *e* is short.
- P. 127 *If only you and I both do our best . . .*: if this seems a tactless call for cooperation, surely its purpose is to remind us that a few minutes ago Hecabe was eagerly offering cooperation to Menelaus in the judgement of Helen.
- P. 130 *Yet, had not heaven cast down . . .*: this is a difficult passage, made harder by a lacuna of half a line in the text. The thought seems to be: If future ages learn a lesson from what poets shall write about us, perhaps we will not have suffered in vain.

## HELEN

The translation of this play is based, with only occasional exceptions, on the text of A. Y. Campbell.

- P. 151 *Once he heard my name*: the subtle absurdity of this argument takes a few moments to work out.
- P. 152 *Leave my clothes alone!*: an echo from *Hippolytus*, the scene where the Nurse clings to Hippolytus. Here the word for *clothes* is humorously inappropriate.
- P. 155 *The endless chain of tedious days*: this is one of several hints that life with the phantom Helen had not satisfied every aspiration.

## EURIPIDES

*Speak, for my sake*: literally, 'Speak; for it is pleasant to hear of sufferings.' Menelaus means that he wants to hear the story, and explains his wish by this characteristically Euripidean generalization. *For my sake* conveys part of the sense of his appeal while avoiding the impossibly un-English sententiousness.

PP. 159-60 *Tell me about your adventures*: this sudden irrelevance is a parody of a similar moment in *Iphigenia in Tauris*, which had probably been often criticized.

P. 169 *The gods are going to be kind*: an assurance given to the audience that the Apolline fiasco of *Iphigenia in Tauris* will not be repeated.

P. 182 *Darling of Nereus*: the ship. Nereus is a sea-god.

P. 189 *Women, I wish you joy . . .*: the obscurity of the last two lines is surely deliberate. They may be addressed to the Dioscori, to the Chorus, or to the audience. They will satisfy equally the many who insist on regarding Euripides as a misogynist, and the few who perceive the poet's true attitude to women and to Helen as the avatar of her sex. The literal meaning is 'Rejoice in the most noble heart of Helen - a thing not found in many women.'

## THE BACCHAE

P. 191 *Thyrsus*: a light stick of reed or fennel, with fresh strands of ivy twined round it. It was carried by every devotee of Dionysus; and the action of the play illustrates the supernatural power that was held to reside in it.

P. 196 *The celebrant*: Dionysus and the Chorus comprise the typical group of Bacchic worshippers, a male leader with a devoted band of women and girls. The leader *flings himself on the ground* in the climax of ecstasy, when the power of the god enters into him and he becomes possessed.

P. 201 *The ancient word for a pledge*: the translation necessarily expands the original. *Homeros* means 'pledge', and *meros* 'thigh'.

P. 206 *Bromius*: another name of Dionysus, meaning 'noisy' or 'thunderous', and referring probably to the drums used in his worship.

P. 230 *Were singing holy Bacchic songs*: The Greek word is *Bacchic* songs. In English this adjective is too often associated with the 'profane' drinking of wine, whereas in this play it always has a religious or at least a ritualistic meaning. In translation I have been deliberately inconsistent, using either *Bacchic* and *holy* or, as in this line, both.







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